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LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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School News

Alumnæ Department



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No. 1

THE ART OF GREECE

A god of perfect symmetry,
Marble white;
A group of sculptured beauty,
Grace, or might.

The ancient gods have left for ever
Their temple's portal,
But the loveliness of Greece will ever
Be immortal.

FLORENCE ARMSTRONG.

LONELY LOVERS

Her name was Janet Sue, and she was fourteen years old. She was standing before the mirror looking at a very important object—herself. She had been at boarding school only three weeks, but already she was passionately in love. As she eyed the plain little figure in the glass, her mind was making a vivid

comparison with the object of her new affection, the wonderful Miss Beals; a beautiful young person who taught her Algebra.

"Now if only I were tall and slim instead of short and stubby, and if only I had heaps of wavy black hair instead of a little short reddish mane," Janet Sue was thinking, "and if I had an ivory complexion without freckles, and if only I had lots of lovely gowns I'd look just like darling Miss Beals." Janet Sue sighed. Then she turned from the mirror and looked down at her nose the way Miss Beals did and imagined that her thin little eyelashes curled softly on her cheeks the way Miss Beals' long, thick ones did. Then Janet Sue unfolded her handkerchief and blew her nose ever so daintily as she had watched her favorite teacher do often, and she wandered downstairs to see if she couldn't meet her ideal just to look at her once more.

Miss Beals was coming out of the library and she smiled at Janet Sue and said, "Hello."

Janet Sue had a queer feeling inside her. She wanted to throw her arms about her teacher, but all she did was try to smile sweetly in return. She couldn't even smile, she just grinned with her mouth wide open, and then she flew upstairs to her room and wrote a passionate love letter.

Later, her note deep in her pocket, she stole into the school room where Miss Beals taught Algebra. There was another teacher at the desk, Miss Hammond; but she rose at the moment and went out, frowning at the little girl as she passed. Miss Hammond was both gaunt and intellectual, and Janet Sue was secretly afraid of her. Miss Hammond combed her hair straight back; she nearly always wore black dresses; and her mouth was turned down. Janet Sue waited until she had gone, and then she slipped the note into the desk.

When she came into class on the following day Miss Beals looked more beautiful than ever in a jade green gown. Janet Sue just couldn't help penning her admiration and adoration on her best stationery to leave it in the desk once more. The day following Miss Beals had a cold; but Janet Sue thought she was twice as lovely. She secreted a little package of candy in the desk, stealing back after the class and teacher had departed. She

never knew what Miss Beals thought of her letters; but how could she? Janet Sue didn't even address them nor sign her name, because she was afraid of being found out. So, day by day she wrote her notes and left her gifts. It was a joy just to do that. In contrast to Miss Beals, Miss Hammond was dismal. Her hair was dismal, her dress was dismal, and her face was dismal. She came into the schoolroom late one afternoon and sat down at her desk. Whatever it had been before, it, too, seemed to grow dismal. She frowned at the black walls bedecked with Algebra and wished Miss Beals would clean the boards after her class. She looked at her skirt, which was sadly out of date. She didn't care now. She used to care, but no one ever noticed whether her skirt was out of date or not, so why care? Miss Hammond knew a great deal that was in books, but now she wished she didn't know so much. Knowledge hadn't brought her any friends. She had thought that, after the hard work of going through college and learning all she could was over, she would make friends. That was to be her reward.

As she opened the top drawer of her desk to get a pencil, she noticed a little white note which she opened and read with curiosity:

"Please don't think I'm bold. I must tell you how I like you. I like you for yourself, and all the things you don't say to me."

Miss Hammond did not read further. She frowned and threw it into the waste basket.

She was a very conscientious teacher, and remained after class on the following day. When she opened her drawer a small package in the desk caught her eye. She untied it and found a little box of chocolate peppermints. A note fell out of them.

"Sweets for one I love. Please wear your dark dress tomorrow. I adore it with your hair. I wish I had brown eyes."

Miss Hammond did not throw the little note away this time. She read it twice and then she carefully tucked it into her pocket. That evening as she stood before the mirror in her room, Miss Hammond studied her eyes. They were brown, and once, long ago, some one had told her that they were the merriest

eyes he had ever seen. For a moment the old sparkle came into them; but it was only for a passing moment. Miss Hammond got out her old black dress again.

From that day she began to look expectantly, and then eagerly for the notes. Sometimes she wished that Miss Beals didn't have to use her desk even for one period. She feared that the younger teacher might by some chance find the notes. For a week she read them eagerly. There were several girls in her class whom she had secretly admired and wished to be friends with, but she had never dared even to appear friendly. Her reputation was too surely fixed, and she knew it. After all, she must be mistaken. Some one of them had seen something likeable in her and had taken this way of showing it. She checked off in her mind the various girls, but she could not make up her mind who her new friend might be. She determined to watch her classes more closely.

That evening as she dressed for dinner, Miss Hammond pulled her hair softly about her face. She caught herself smiling at her reflection, and somehow she felt glad she had found a little note that actually had made her feel young again.

"My dear," it read, "I can't help thinking of you. I don't know why, but I am just fascinated. I don't know what it is about you, but there's something wonderful that makes me love you. If I were a man I'd marry you."

Miss Hammond made up her mind she must discover her admirer. Admirers were too scarce to be unnoticed in her life. It was not until several days later that the opportunity came to her. The note she found accompanying a rose said, "I can't look at you anymore, my dearest one. They are sending me to the Infirmary. What shall I do without you? I know I am sick. My face is swollen up like the mumps. I shall think of you every minute and wonder what dress you are wearing. How I should love to see you!"

Miss Hammond made her way to the Infirmary

Janet Sue was miserable. Her hair had never seemed so red, her eyes never felt so small, and her face so swollen. She lay

in the little white bed of the infirmary and dreamed of her very best teacher. That wonderful Miss Beals! Those glorious brown eyes, that gorgeous dark hair, those glimmering soft gowns! Oh!

Suddenly, footsteps came down the hall. They were not the nurse's, for Janet Sue knew them by now. Could, O could they be Miss Beals'? Was she coming at last to see her! The footsteps paused at the door, and a hand was laid on the knob. Janet Sue held her breath.

The door opened, and in walked the tall, plain figure of Miss Hammond. For a minute Janet Sue could have cried for disappointment. Then she suddenly smiled. Miss Hammond, her brown eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed, and her hair waved about her face, came to the bed, and bending over the little girl kissed her on her plump cheeks.

Then Janet Sue did cry, but she didn't know why she did it. And Miss Hammond's eyes grew dim as she held the little girl's hand. Janet Sue looked up and said: "You came, Miss Hammond."

"Yes, Janet Sue, I came to thank you for your notes."

"Oh!" said Janet Sue. The mumps choked back all the other words that tried to tremble out. "Oh," she said again, and held Miss Hammond's hand tightly.

ELINOR MACBRAYNE.

WHAT I SHOULD LIKE

I should like to be in the circus,
When it travels from town to town,
To ride in the high yellow wagons,
That rattle and joggle down
Cobblestone streets and country lanes
Where mud cakes on the horses' manes,
And the lions roar and the tigers growl,
And the hyenas set up a terrible howl.

I should like to be a lion-tamer,
My whip I should loudly crack,
Over some lion's sensitive nose,
I should make him cringe and back;
His body quivering with fear and rage
As he tumbled against the side of the cage.
I'd like to see him snarl and cower,
Because he was afraid of my power.

KATHERINE DYER.

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN

They call him "Moses" or "The Prince of Pilsen" according to their stations in life and their ideas of humor. His real name is Wilhelm Eberhardt, and his life story is one of the unnoticed and unremarked tragedies that are occasionally—but very seldom—discovered. Sometimes, when the gods or fates who direct our petty destinies on this earth feel in a cynical or perhaps playful mood, they open hidden doors for us and reveal a tale impossible to believe. Such a story is the history of this lovable old German.

Pekin is a small unimportant town that rests resignedly on the banks of the Illinois, a river not dirty enough to be noteworthy, and too dirty to be good for swimming. The town has nothing to commend it and nothing to condemn it. In fact, it is one of those peculiar towns that seem to have no reason for existing.

There are rightly three parts to Pekin. The South Side, The North Side, and Court Street dividing the two sides. This Court Street extends from the East Bluff to the River and is by far the most important street in Pekin. Along its way, the stores push their gaudy and inartistic show-windows into the public view. Small shops for shoe repairing, cleaning and pressing, so-called fancy fruit, Paris hats, drugs, hardware, victrolas and their accompanying records vie with innumerable

pool-halls and "soft-drink parlors" for prominence. In one block, the county court house and jail rear flag poles bristling with authority to the patient sky. The one street-car takes its course down the center of this street, running slowly in the business section and advancing its speed to thirty and forty miles an hour when nearing its stopping place, the O. and A. railroad track, which one crosses just before entering the city park where disorderly and uncultivated crowds attend exceedingly poor baseball games every Sunday throughout the long hot summer.

People from "The South Side" do not attend these games, nor do they spend their Saturday nights on Court Street, as do the people from "The North Side." Here on the South Side one finds Washington Street that Holy of Holies—peaceful and assured, on which are gathered the homes of more prominent people than any other street in Pekin. It is on Washington Street that one sees the substantial mansion of Mrs. Conzelman, and the large, comfortable home of Mrs. Martha Steinmetz and her son, John Armand, who startled Pekin with his interest in racing motor boats. Still on the South Side can be found Park Avenue where the stately homes of the two Herget brothers stand haughtily aloof and close forbidding doors to the lowly of Pekin; and Buena Vista with "the old Conklin Place," proud and aristocratic. These homes shelter the favored people who belong to the inner circle of "Pekin society"—the inner circle which has for its circumference the membership list of the small but complete country club which proudly defends itself from undesirable new members from the top of a high hill on the out-skirts of the town.

The North Side presents a very different scene. Margaret Street, Market Street and their companions, as like as twin peas in a pod, stretch their dreary, weary lengths across that part of Pekin. Queer and ugly little houses squat forlornly on these dull streets. No grass grows in the tiny front yards because of the playing children and barking dogs, and none grows in the pathetic back yards because of ever searching, hungry flocks of chickens and ducks which are sometimes enlarged by a proudly strutting gander always followed by his gray gowned harem. In

such streets tired working people plod through drab colored lives that are so often drab colored only to the outside world.

Back sometime between the years 1860 and 1863—nobody seems to remember exactly what year—young Wilhelm Eberhardt brought his still younger bride Louisa to a dilapidated grayish-white house on the disheartening Market Street. He settled her among their scanty possessions and then, in true German fashion, left her to make her own way during the times when he was busy in his small untidy but altogether satisfactory butcher shop. Wilhelm's shop was situated on upper Court Street, which was a very good thing indeed, for all the people from the South Side did their trading at that end of the street, leaving the "lower end" (as it was called by those same people) to the more unfortunate inhabitants. The South Side people were very fond of the excellent German sausage that Wilhelm sold for a rather ridiculously low price and with an exceptionally cheery smile, so Wilhelm's trade prospered and, as the years went by, his smile grew ever brighter.

In the meantime life in the dark little house on Market Street went serenely on in a way lives have of doing. Louisa soon made friends among her neighbors, being a kind, jolly person and the small list of acquaintances grew into a great number, so that when Wilhelm and Louisa strolled contentedly down Court Street on Saturday nights they were kept busy nodding and speaking to their intimates. Before long a lusty young Wilhelm come to the home on Market Street, and later a wee Louisa, who with her blue eyes and shining flaxen hair gave promise of duplicating her mother. Then came the twins, Otto and Teena and other children whose names I have forgotten, but all except the fair Louisa died before reaching maturity. Thus Wilhelm and Louisa lived their lives peaceful and marked by no outstanding event until one day tragedy came to them.

Every day, prominent and jovial Mrs. Steinmetz drove to Wilhelm's now fashionable little shop in her powerful and well-known car to purchase fresh, tender meat for her small and greatly loved granddaughter, Patricia Steinmetz Conover. Mrs. Steinmetz approved of Wilhelm as he smiled happily be-

hind the sticky glass counter that sheltered his fine meats and trusted him implicitly, believing the meat he sold to be the best procurable in Pekin. From no other shop would she buy food for her adorable Patty. One afternoon Mrs. Steinmetz bought some of the famous Eberhardt sausage for Patty and as her nurse said it would be safe to allow her to eat it, Patty indulged in a hitherto forbidden delight. The next morning, little Patty was found dead. The doctors called it "death from ptomaine poisoning."

Everyone, under the leadership of Mrs. Steinmetz, blamed Wilhelm, even after a food inspector had proclaimed the meat unspoiled and the poisoning to have been caused by impure milk; and partly through fear and partly through a desire to wound, people went no longer to buy sausage from the cozy shop. Day after day Wilhelm sat behind the counter arrayed with the tempting food, and kept watch in an empty shop. Slowly the jolly smile faded as he saw his former customers go scornfully by and faster than the fading smile, the scanty hoard of savings dwindled into less and less. Before long Louisa began to make crispy brown potato chips to sell to the men's clubs and the same aristocratic little country club, and at Christmas time she made old-fashioned German cookies according to old-fashioned German recipes.

By the time five years had passed Wilhelm had become weak and old, and Louisa, worn from the toil of a long life one cold night in January very quietly died. The only remaining relative that Wilhelm could claim was the daughter Louisa. This daughter who had given such glorious promise and had failed so completely to achieve the sweet calm and majestic self-sacrifice of her mother's life, would not shelter her despised father. Wilhelm had no place to live, his health was broken, and his mind tottering perilously close to the edge of insanity. The authorities followed the easiest course and ordered him sent to the county poor farm,—a miserable place at best—as a charity inmate. The poor food and harsh life shattered the remaining links of Wilhelm's contact with the thinking world, and so Wilhelm joined the

pathetic ranks of those known as the harmless and incurably insane.

Today he wanders in freedom about the town that shamed him and with his short bushy white beard is a pitiful object for the jokes and jeers of small boys who cry shrilly: "Oh! Moses, Moses, there goes Moses!" When they see him and when he chances in the grounds of that haughty hillside club, the members speak in tones of amused and scornful contempt of the eccentricities of "The Prince of Pilsen."

LOIS KROLL.

THE STREAM

The stream bubbled and sang in the sunlight,
In the glorious warmth-bringing sunlight
Of autumnal day.

It gurgled and skipped on its course,
On its shadowy, light-filtered course,
Like a fairy at play.

Till the stream in its care-free existence,
In its play-loving, merry existence,
Met with the bay.

MILDRED MANN.

A DOG'S DIARY

I arose this morning at the late hour of six and having consumed my usual breakfast of scrambled egg, bread-crumbs and hamburg steak, started a most unusually busy day.

To begin with, I had an extremely important business proposition to discuss with my next door neighbor—Rags—a most benign individual who treats me with the utmost respect as I

should be, and am treated by all but my mistress, who refuses to take me seriously. Consequently I have a very hard time to appear grown-up before people I wish to impress.

The business which Rags and I proposed to transact was this: all bones, torn collars (our masters'), pieces of cloth to be worried and all other edibles and playthings which were found by the garage, which is between our houses, were to be considered joint property and placed behind said garage until it became necessary to use them. The matter was adjusted most satisfactorily for all parties concerned, and we parted feeling well satisfied with our efforts.

After this, I partook of a light lunch consisting of a cup of milk and two Sprates' bog-biscuits. Rested and refreshed by my lunch and a slight nap, I felt ready for the afternoon's pleasures.

I decided to reconnoitre the neighborhood in search of congenial fellowship. Instead, much to my sorrow and chagrin, a most humiliating accident befell me.

As I was walking along the pavement with the demeanor befitting a gentleman of leisure, I was suddenly attacked from the rear in a most unsportsmanlike fashion. I was surprised to say the least and was quite overcome for a moment, but soon rallied my forces and wheeling, sped onward to meet a most ferocious bull terrier. From the moment I attacked, I knew that he was a match for me and soon decided that I must retreat in a dignified manner. As I did so, I could scarcely refrain from making a few slurring remarks about certain people who could not attend to their own affairs.

I was much the worse for the fray, as I had suffered a bitten tail, a black eye and a torn ear. I returned home much crestfallen and was met at the door by my mistress who kindly bound up my wounds, wrapped me up in a warm blanket and fed me a delicious concoction of shredded wheat and chicken soup. I have come to the conclusion that after all, it is pleasant to be treated like a baby once in a while.

DEBORAH TRULL.

MOON FANCIES

The moon is but a silver boat
A sailing in the sky,
And the wondrous might of the dark blue night
Tosses her far and high.

The Milky Way is just the wake
She left the night before,
As she made her way towards the light of day
To sail her course once more.

KATHARINE PRICHARD.

THE OLD MUSICIAN

The small room, with its hopelessly jumbled furniture, was hazy in the soft glow of the dying fire. The shabby, worn articles could scarcely be distinguished—only the great, massive mahogany piano with its layer of dust, stood out against the twilight of the window. Disorderly piles of frayed music were on the floor beneath it. The few pictures on the walls were dull, fading into the grayness of the background.

An old man, with a bent back and a wrinkled, care-worn face, sat by the fire, warming his delicate, long fingers over the remaining embers. At intervals, he nervously shook back his disarranged white hair and paused to glance at the girl by his side. She was a slender pale person with a mass of golden hair, which curled about her ears and shone as the only spot of brightness in the room. Her large eyes, with their deep, dark circles, which told of sleepless nights and toilsome days, twinkled excitedly. She eagerly clasped and unclasped her hands which were like the old man's, fascinatingly slender and white.

"My child," he was saying, "I am very old, oh, do not interrupt me. I shall not live to fit another pupil for the concert stage and probably, not long enough to see you, a success.

That road is long and difficult and our lives are short, I am a failure, but you—you shall not be. Suffer and learn. Experience is necessary. This is your last lesson with me before you go. I want to play for you my "Love of Life." I have not given it to the public, I composed it for the woman I loved—she deceived me—I added more. I shall play it to you, my dear. Listen well—I have put my soul into it."

The old man sat down and began to play, glorious, mellow tones filled the room. The very air throbbed. Laughter and gaiety rose from the old chairs. Beautiful women and gallant men were everywhere. Rustling silks and powdered wigs were on all sides. Then the music grew sweeter, sweeter than a nightingale at evening, sweeter still. The girl sat entranced, her eyes fixed upon the fingers, which moved so quickly over the ivory keys. Low, soft music, in which all the sorrow and suffering of the world seemed to linger, came now. Tears glistened in the eyes of the girl. A few more notes, beseeching, pleading—and silence followed. Then the old man rose from the piano.

"That music," he said "the fire, life—it is all the same. A flash—then nothing—"goodbye, my child."

At the door, the girl paused and looked back. The room was dark, but through the window, the light of the harvest moon shone in. The last spark of the fire had died out. The old man sat motionless, his white head bowed.

CECIL GRAY JOHNSTON.

OUR BUDDHA

The most prized possession of our household is an old, old Buddha which was dug up in the courtyard of a ruined temple in far-off Burma. Looking at the Buddha's life-like face one can almost understand how it has commanded the respect of peoples for countless generations, for, though the expression is cynical and cold, there is something very fascinating about it—all the more so when one remembers that it has probably squatted in an orna-

mental niche for a great many centuries with the same superior expression while beneath it were enacted tragic and pitiful scenes, the stories of which would fill many interesting books if Buddha could only open his scornful, cruel lips and tell of them. The weeping mother who confidently offered up her girl baby on the altar in the hope that as a reward her next born would be a boy; the colorful procession accompanied by the discordant blowing of horns and the beating of drums; many priests, their half-naked bodies shiny with oil, kneeling to lay their bloody offerings at Buddha's feet; all these he had looked at coldly. Who knows but what the small dark stain on the idol's hand may be the blood of human sacrifice?

Now, no longer enthroned, Buddha sits on an Italian marble table in our hallway between two Venetian glass vases looking scornfully down on the ladies who powder their noses and put on their hats in the reflection of the mirror behind him.

PATTI FOOS

FREEDOM

A faint red glow across the western sky,
Mingles with streaks of indigo and rose,
From out the east, fierce inky darkness rides,
Fast followed by a silvery crescent moon,
Then with a shriek an eagle soars away
Out of the blackness, toward the fleeing light.

HELEN SHANNON.

THE THUNDER STORM

The poor old world is very hot and dusty and still. It sits in an impatient silence awaiting the arrival of the dancers and the commencement of the play of the elements.

There is a sudden hush, a prolonged stillness and then very gently and lightly, the wind instruments in the orchestra

start up their overture. They begin with a light, capricious melody, gradually swelling into a deep volume of music and finally the whole orchestra enters in with a startling clash of sound. Then a pause and the curtain slowly rises. The lights are low and the dancers that make their appearance are at first only dimly seen. But as the world accustoms itself to the darkness it can follow the lovely dancers, in their filmy costumes of colors varying from a bluish-white to a deep dark gray. The action is extremely swift and it gives the impression of many, many clouds chased in confusion by a furious wind. In the meantime the orchestra keeps up a strange tune which at times is very loud and which again sinks to a mournful murmur.

Then enters suddenly an exquisite creature clothed in a startling costume of vivid yellow. She dazzles all eyes as she rushes in, performs a few intricate steps, and is gone. The other dancers have in the mean time retreated to the back of the stage, where a shadow envelops them and they are almost obscure in the darkness. Another dancer enters. This one is dressed in black and he terrifies the audience with the violence of his dance, then, he too is gone. Again enters the lovely yellow creature, staying a little longer this time and then disappearing, only to be followed by the frightful black dancer. These two keep up their antics until finally they both enter at once and with a loud clash they meet and together perform a weird, intricate dance. However they are almost immediately surrounded by hundreds of little dancers clothed in silvery gray who patter in and execute their steps daintily. Suddenly they back away and make room for a gorgeous creature dressed in cloth of gold, who pirouettes in and takes possession of the stage. The lights come up brightly and this magnificent person takes full possession of the stage and gladdens the world with her delightful dancing. The orchestra commences a gay, light little melody and the curtain slowly falls again.

The world, very much refreshed, takes its load up again on its weary shoulders and goes on its way once more.

CONSTANCE CLEVELAND.

SCHOOL NEWS

Fall Term at Rogers Hall

THE KID PARTY.

The first intimation the new girls received of the opening of Rogers Hall Social Season came on hearing vague allusions to a New Girls Party to be given by the Old Girls on Saturday night. Great mystery shrouded the event, and the new girls did not know who their escorts were to be till a few days before the great affair—the picnic to Robin's Hill settled the last lingering fears of the new girls for all were invited then. During the day wailing cries and frenzied shrieks might be heard in all the different houses of, "What shall I wear?" "Where is that old dress of mine? Oh dear!"—

At seven-thirty promptly, numerous figures of strange little boys and girls were seen running swiftly across the campus in search of their partners for the evening. Your heart felt sorry for some of the tiny tots—they did seem so little to be out at that hour of the evening. But eventually all had found their partners and were safely within the "gym" doors.

Inside, a merry scene met the eye. The orchestra was off in a blare of music and the children began to dance! Such a riot of color and such a good time as they seemed to be having!

Toward the end of the evening, a murmur was heard that sounded strangely like "food." Dancing was relegated to the back of the mind and each one turned his or her thoughts on the problem of getting ice cream cones or lolly pops. Suddenly the realization was forced on the children that the end had come, and a general exodus was then in order, while the night echoed to gay shouts and calls.

The first Sunday evening of the year, everyone was initiated into the absorbing mystery of House Suppers, and we all flocked to our houses. Of course as they were suppers, the main feature was food, and the most delicious food imaginable, and the next

most important feature was getting to know your neighbors with whom you would probably live for at least one term. Everyone exerted herself to add to the complete success of the party and before the supper was half over being entertaining was no effort at all. You shortly found yourself on the road to a most interesting term and started in the right direction by the time-honored custom of House Suppers.

One morning the usual crowd about the bulletin board had increased so that for a time it seemed necessary to have a traffic policeman. The reason, I found out, when at last I got near enough to see, was a sight-seeing trip.

"Salem! Marblehead! Charlestown! Bunker Hill Monument! Old Boston!" announced the sign. Under these words were scrawls which looked like a Chinese laundry ticket, but to these I added my signature.

It was a moist drizzly morning the day of the trip and when the word went about that we were going in spite of the weather, everyone was delighted. Soon a huge gray bus drew up and we swarmed in, and were on our way. It was early autumn, foliage of scarlet and gold greeted us everywhere and we sniffed the sweet odor of fall. Merrily we swung along into that town of lovely old houses, Salem. We wound through narrow streets, stopping here and there to see "the oldest house in Salem," "the witches' house," "Hawthorne's house," and after more turnings came to the "House of Seven Gables." We entered the door of Miss Hepzibah's shop and a young girl took us through the house. Excitedly we crept up the secret staircase, and thrilled at the old furniture in the quaint, low-ceilinged rooms.

After we had driven through Marblehead past rows of little, square houses, visions of broiled live lobsters floated before us all and we hastened to the Adams House to make them real. We set out again much refreshed to continue our way along the shore, admiring Swampscott and various shore resorts as we went.

It was not long before we turned into the gates of Charlestown Navy Yard. We drove to the docks and everyone crowded

out and scampered down to the "Constitution." Boston came next, with the Paul Revere House, the Common and the Public Gardens, then out Commonwealth avenue, over the bridge and through Cambridge, home, where we arrived tired but happy and crammed full of historic wisdom.

While we are on the subject of sight-seeing trips we must not neglect to mention the famous Saturday when we played Paul Revere and were whiskered, not on horses but in automobiles, through Concord and Lexington. We even had time for Sleepy Hollow cemetery and a few of us saw the house of Louisa Alcott.

We had a rather unusual vesper service on Sunday afternoon, October twenty-first. We always enjoy having Mr. Brown come but to have a girl of our own age stand up before us in the gymnasium and play as exquisitely as Carmella Ipolita did that afternoon is really something out of the ordinary. The famous girl-violinist had a charming foreign manner and appearance and we might add that her enthusiastic companions also gave us a great deal of interest. Her playing was delightful and, frankly, we were chagrined to realize that one of our own age should be so much our superior in her accomplishment.

THE DENISHAWN DANCERS.

"The Denishawn Dancers are coming," said Miss Parsons, one morning in chapel, "all who wish to go please sign on the bulletin board."

And nearly the whole school hurried out of study hall to crowd about the small piece of paper with "Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn" at the top. Everyone wanted to go.

When, at last, the night came, after eagerly preparing our next day's lessons, we set out merrily, in the midst of a drizzling rain for the Auditorium. The performance was listed to begin at eight o'clock but it was much later when the curtain finally went up. And such impatience attended it—seats were crowded, spectacles adjusted, positions changed. But after the music began, we were held spellbound. There, on the stage before us,

were the lightest, most graceful people imaginable, whirling about. It was like a fantastic dream with its gorgeous waves of color and rythm. There Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn appeared. We could hardly stay in our seats, so anxious were we not to miss even a movement.

Each dance was more wonderful than the one before. The costumes were exquisite—it seemed like a page from the Arabian Knights. But all too soon the curtain came down for the last time and we found ourselves in the darkness outside. The rain had begun to pour and we had to run through it to the top of the hill, to meet our special car.

After we had been at school just long enough to arrange our schedules satisfactorily, and to learn about all of our room-mates' beaux, Father Time ushered in October with its brisk, cool mornings, and red and gold autumn leaves and football games. But most of all the football games interested us. Each Saturday we anticipated with great glee, for everyone delighted in the excitement which goes with a trip to th Stadium in Cambridge.

Sometimes we went in groups with a chaperone but there were always the lucky few who had "dates," which they met at the Touraine and enjoyed till time for the five thirty train to Lowell. Even though we all looked forward to the Harvard-Yale game, we were sorry to see the big day come for it meant the last of our football games this fall.

MARY GARDEN AND JERITZA.

Some of the most enjoyable of our pleasures at Rogers Hall are the concerts given in the Lowell Auditorium. This year we heard one of the newest of the operatic stars, as well as one of the old favorites.

We first heard Mary Garden, who sang in her customary vivacious manner. Her voice combined the rich gold tones of the violin with the clear silvery tones of the flute, and captivated us with its flexibility and power. Her colorful personality was im-

pressed upon us by her gay smile, her apparently never ending kindness and generosity in giving the much desired encores.

Jeritza was just as delightful in an altogether different way. Her calm, almost timid appearance upon the stage, as she stood, a perfect figure in white, silhouetted against dark red curtains, gave her singing an almost ethereal quality. Pure tones of her voice charmed us as decidedly as did her sweet smile and shy response to the repeated request for encores.

We shall cherish fond memories of concerts of this term, and remember often the pleasure they have given us.

Mysterious summons to meetings among the different houses aroused much speculation as to the "stunts" to be enacted at the Hallowe'en party. Each house firmly believed that its stunt would win the prize which Miss Parsons had offered, and we all looking forward with anticipation to the Saturday after Hallowe'en.

The first stunt of the evening was a stunning fashion show—given by the Hall, with everything from street clothes to night clothes in the latest styles. This was followed by a Norcross act which consisted of three stunts beginning with an extremely humorous impersonation by Eleanor Stearns, followed by Harriet Cushman in a futuristic sketch, and Virginia Brown in a lovely Spanish dance. The Day School then gave an amusing Hallowe'en playlet which was a combination of dramatic Shakespearian language and modern slang. The cottage presented us with a piratical stunt, which was followed by a song by Marjorie Damon and Lucy Prindle. The faculty stunt was perhaps the most appropriate to the season as they all dressed as witches. Henrietta Page and Helen Sherer made a most attractive colored couple in the negro wedding which the House gave, and Charlotte Rushton married them in quite the proper manner. But what won the prize was a scene in the Infirmary also given by the Hall, with Rachel Holt as Miss Jacques, and Evelyn Dimeling as Miss Parsons. It was very well done, and particularly true to life. The prize, a five-pound box of candy, was awarded them, and after dancing we formed in line for "eats" which were just what

they should be for a Hallowe'en party—cider, apples, and doughnuts.

NOVEMBER 5TH.

“Cae or Kava” “Cae or Kava” “Cae or Kava.” These words will ever be in my memory for on this eventful day the Clubs of Rogers Hall were to choose their members and excitement reigned supreme. Speculation and agitation had their own places to fill but their places seemed very small, for no one knew so much but everyone ached to know more.

The setting for the great event was perfect. The white fence seemed whiter and the trees upon the old lawn stood erect as sentinels. The massive pillars upheld the porch roof as only soldiers could and watched the puerile play of those in the power of the queen, Excitement. Red and white swarmed everywhere, while orange and blue mingled here and there with it and produced a pleasing effect.

At two-thirty there was a Shakespearian mob scene and the poor victims who had to wait below until they could join the athletic mob suffered many a pang, for wild shrieks of joy,, stamping and various other forms of greeting were exercised as the old members greeted the new.

“Cae!”

“Kava!”

“Cae!”

“Kava!”

When several of the girls asked permission to use their councillor privilege and leave on Friday for a week-end trip, they were surprised by the announcement that every one must come to the school-room that night to the first of a series of talks on musical appreciation. I think we all dreaded that evening for we pictured the typical boring lecture but after Miss Damon of the Normal School was introduced we all were interested. It was impossible not to listen to such an energetic, refreshing speaker. She fairly made us go with her down the centuries to trace the beginning of music, regardless of how hard we tried to think of

Christmas vacation or going to Boston. She also played for us some victrola records, which though they were to illustrate the ideas of the Roman priests in melody reminded us of the weirdest parts of some musical comedy. We enjoy our lectures now, and no one minds remaining at school over Friday night.

One of the very loveliest things in the entire term was Pavlowa and her ballet. Gorgeous colours, light, swiftly moving, graceful slender figures, and with it all perfect rhythm: these are the impressions that remain of a shimmering kaleidoscope of color, light, and movement. When the divine Pavlowa herself clad in glittering, glistening white, fluttered delicately over the stage in the enchanting Swan Dance, each and everyone of us held her breath in ecstasy, almost fearful of the moment when she should stop.

Just as though we had never been to the movies! Just as though we did not know what they were! That was the way we thronged into the Strand on Saturday afternoon of November tenth. Wasn't it a treat to be going to the movies after so many weeks of school? Kava chose a wonderful way to entertain the Caes. As soon as everyone had lost herself in the dark theatre and had deposited her hat in some one else's lap and lost her gloves or bag we settled down to be thrilled by "The Virginian." We fell in love with the hero, told him how to act, laughed at the comedy, and clapped at the American flag. We even considered seeing the show again, but it was too late so we went back to school.

Egypt, with all its glory and mystery, was brought to us from out the ages by Mr. Arthur Weigall in his most interesting illustrated lecture on Tutankhamen and the recent discoveries in Upper Egypt. We had heard all sorts of fascinating things about the old Pharaohs and the wonderful things they did, but we never before realized how truly remarkable they were. When the colored pictures of a land so vague and far-away came before us and we saw the ancient tombs of long-forgotten kings and the

wonderful objects of art in them we realized that before we ever thought of existing there was a remarkable race of people who had a well developed civilization. How we thrilled at the sight of an old man of five thousand years ago who might have been anyone's grandfather, he looked so human! We went away feeling that after all we were not the only great nation, but that there was one just as clever as we, years ago.

Almost everyone has ventured at one time or another this fall on "Teddy," "Don," or "Duke," according to the extent of her riding experience. At two-thirty promptly on fine afternoons, the horses have appeared opposite the front gate and groups of four or five enthusiastic girls in variegated riding costume have dashed across the street, each trying to get there first and choose her favorite horse. At first there were many sore limbs and we found it difficult to discover a comfortable position after dismounting but that wore off as it always does, and it was possible to truly enjoy a glorious ride out in the country over soft dirt roads where the horses pranced gaily along. Mr. Flaherty with his horses is a favorite figure at school, and a good many of us know each of the horses personally!

THE ROGERS HALL COMMUNITY CHEST.

Rogers Hall has a new institution, namely, a community chest. It was started in November, and we hope that it will prove so indispensable to the school, in saving time and worry, that it will continue to be used.

Through this community chest we are enabled to give a certain amount of money to various charitable organizations, such as the Boy Scouts, the Y. W. C. A., the Red Cross, the Lowell Guild, the Salvation Army, the Intercollegiate Community Service Association, the Students' Friendship Fund, and others as noteworthy. Thus we will have an organized system of giving aid to those who need it, and we will know at the end of the year just what has become of the money that we have contributed. This first year the faculty and girls of Rogers Hall have given approximately a thousand dollars.

THANKSGIVING AT ROGERS HALL.

When Thanksgiving vacation came, there was a general exodus from Rogers Hall, but a few of the girls who lived too far away to go home remained at school. At first they bemoaned the fact, not realizing to what extent they would enjoy Thanksgiving at Rogers Hall, but, needless to say, they did not complain for very long. On Wednesday afternoon and again that night they turned out in full force for the movies. Thursday morning they were permitted to choose between a football game, and church, and neither was neglected. Then came the big event, Thanksgiving dinner, and all found that the Rogers Hall cooks had done themselves credit. After a most wonderful and bounteous meal, every girl was perfectly happy, and so came to an end the vacation which they look back upon with the greatest of pleasure.

THE HOCKEY GAME.

The Cae-Kava hockey game! Even the words thrilled us—for months we had been preparing for it, working every day in our shin-guards and “T” shirts, in the warm sunshine, or in the biting wind. For weeks we had gone without sweets and water with our meals—“training” as professionals do. And all of this was for our hockey game!

At last the day came, brisk and cool, perfect weather for “athleticking.” The teams were chosen, the captains elected, and every one was happy and excited. The Caes swarmed about in their red and white costumes, and the Kavas in their new sweaters of orange and blue. At luncheon we sang lustily, and the whole dining-room rang with praises of our clubs, and “dear Rogers Hall.” But we scarcely finished our desert (which, by the way, was one of Miss Bagster’s specialties) so eager were we to be starting. The cheer-leaders led us down to the field and urged us to shout our hardest, (they were performing strange antics all the while). Then the teams ran down to the field, amid much cheering; they took their positions; the whistle blew, (Miss McGregor was the referee), and the game began.

Such a game—both teams played wonderfully and with fine spirit, but the good team-work of the Caes put them ahead and the final score was 5 to 2, in Cae's favor. Harriet Cushman, who was playing in spite of a strained ankle, made both of Kava's points. Phillis Mitchell, and Ruth Lenfesty each made two points for Cae, and Connie Cleaveland made the other. But everybody did remarkably well, and some of the old girls, who came back for the afternoon, said that it was the best game in years.

The spirit of both clubs was wonderful, the winners and the losers alike cheering each other heartily. Every one left the field satisfied.

THE TEAMS:

Cae	Position	Kava
R. Lenfesty	Center	A. Safford
G. MacDougall	Left Inside	R. Farnham
M. Rice	Left Wing	H. Cushman
P. Mitchell	Right Inside	K. Thayer
C. Cleaveland	Right Wing	E. Knapp
M. Damon	Right Halfback	R. Devol
M. Fox	Center Halfback	E. Stearns
R. Holt	Left Halfback	J. Myer
D. Tremble	Right Fullback	J. Stronach
M. Wells	Left Fullback	M. Cooper
H. Sherer	Goal	E. Frost
Subs: P. Fox, M. Mann, S. Wyman	Subs: K. Leonard, P. Foos, F. Armstrong	

 THE McCORMACK CONCERT.

About thirty Rogers Hall girls helped to make up the large crowd of people who heard John McCormack sing on the night of December sixth in the Lowell Auditorium. The selection of songs which made up his rather short program was most pleasing and delightful to the audience who demanded encores with hearty and prolonged applause. His voice, though not very powerful, was mellow, and clear, and his rich tones in singing the simple melodies captivated the hearts of every one, and will live long in the memory of those who heard him.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

June 3rd, Mabel Laughton, '02, was married to Mr. Stephen Foster Gardner at her home in Wollaston, Mass. After October First they will be at home at 62 Aldworth St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

June 16th, Harriet Stevens, '18, was married to Mr. Andrew Alexander Robey in All Souls' Church in Lowell.

June 20th, Harriet Davey, '05, was married to Mr. Edwin R. Davey at St. James church, Exeter, England. They will make their home at Mansfield Lodge, 80 Old Tiverton Rd., Exeter, Eng.

September 1st, Frances Fenton was married to Mr. Will Ghost Kelley at her home in Hinsdale, Illinois. They are at home at 769 Foxdale Rd., Winnetka, Ill.

September 4th, Cornelia Cook, '08, was married to Mr. Percy Lee Menefee in Portland, Oregon.

September 5th, Virginia Tutwiler, '21, was married to Mr. Jefferson Kreisler Hoshor at her home in River Forest, Illinois.

September 15th, Natalie Conant, '08, was married to Mr. Edwin Nellis Darrin in St. Anne's Church in Lowell.

September 18th, Mary Harris was married to Mr. Allen Killebrew Wood at Saint Mary's on the Highlands, Birmingham, Alabama.

September 19th, Angeline Rush, '20, was married to Mr. Eugene Joseph Weiner at her home in Omaha, Nebraska.

September 22nd, Eloise Tolman was married to Mr. Ronald Francis Douglass at her home in Dover, New Hampshire. They will make their home in Providence where Mr. Douglass is in business.

October 6th, Rachel Brown, '16, was married to Mr. Albert Stearns Loring in The First Church of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

October 24th, Lesley Pope, '21, was married to Mr. Charles Brainard Cook in Glencoe Union Church in Glencoe, Illinois. After December fifteen they will be at home in Clarendon Hills, Illinois.

October 27th, Pauline Goodnow, '19, was married to Mr. Chandler Brewer Gardiner at her home in Keene, New Hampshire.

October 27th, Priscilla Hall was married to Mr. Gordon Messinger Leland at her home in Brookline.

December 8th, Lorna Bugbee, '20, was married to Mr. Chandler Whiting Symmes at the Unitarian Church in Winchester, Massachusetts.

June 25th, a daughter, Katherine June, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sewall N. Dunton (Katherine Jennison, '16) in Lowell, Massachusetts.

June 26th, a daughter, Beal Baker, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Powell Hyde (Alice Baker, '14) in Houston, Texas.

July 24th, a son, Giulio Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Giulio Pontecorvo (Sara Dorothy Scott, '14) at her home in Great Notch, New Jersey.

July 27th, a son, Charles Denison Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Brown (Kathryn Redway, '13,) in Salem, Massachusetts.

August 14th, a daughter, Margaret Adelaide, was born to Rev. and Mrs. A. R. McKinstry (Isabel Van Dorn.)

August 20th, a son, Everett III, was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Thornton Nealey, Jr. (Dorothy Tobey) in Kennebunkport, Maine.

September 28th, a daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Granton H. Dowse (Juliette Huntress, '04) in Wrentham, Massachusetts.

October 26th, a daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William A. Emerson (Gladys Ranlett) in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

October 20th, a son, Thomas Edward III, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Yerxa (Thelma Berger, '12) at their new home, 1000 Underhill Rd., Oakland, Calif.

Helen Obenaus, '20, has announced her engagement to Mr. Raymond Carr.

June 18th, Elizabeth Meigs announced her engagement to Mr. Daniel Webster MacDonald, Yale 1921, of Uniontown, Pa., at a tea given in her honor by Laura Pearson Pratt, '14. Mr. MacDonald is a brother-in-law of Ruth Greene MacDonald, '15.

Harriet Louise Grover has announced her engagement to Mr. Mario de Mesquita.

This fall Dorothy Johnson Salisbury, '16, announced her engagement to Mr. Porter Adams of Brookline, Mass.

In November Mary Searles, '21, announced her engagement to Mr. Thaddeus Biddle of Altoona, Pa. Mr. Biddle is a graduate of Lafayette. The wedding is planned for December or January.

The Alumnae will be interested to know the sisters in school this year. We have one new daughter, Phyllis Ellsworth, daughter of Alice Chalifoux Ellsworth and sister also of Helene Ellsworth. The other sisters are Ethel Frost (Dorothy Frost, '23); Mary Gittins (Virginia Gittins, '22); Mariam Lins (Margaret Lins, '23); Louise Lowell (Gertrude Lowell Savage); Marjorie Nicholson (Janet Nicholson, '20); Virginia Stuart (Katherine Stuart, '22); and Marion Zabriskie (Marjorie Zabriskie, '23.) Caroline Bourne is a niece of Nora Bourne. This makes four daughters in school (with Madeline and Priscilla Fox, daughters of Maria Stevens Fox, '98) and Phyllis Mitchell, daughter of Belle Read Mitchell, and ten sisters including Mary Hussey (Margaret Hussey, '19) and Eleanor Stearns, '23 (Elizabeth Stearns, '23.)

In August Mary Andrews, '23, sailed to Europe for a short trip. "We had a wonderful summer. Every place we went was full of Americans and we always met someone we knew. We went to Paris first and then to London, Ostend, Brussels and back to Paris. In November mother and I are coming east and expect to be in Boston for a while after the football season is over."

Meda Hulbert, '22, visited Lillian Cruikshank on her way home West last summer and Lillian went back with Meda for a visit.

Frances Fenton Kelley was present as a bride at Lesley Pope's wedding and sends "Splinters" an account. "The church was lovely with its decorations of yellow and brown chrysanthemums. Lesley made a lively bride and wore a beautiful gown while her veil worn high like a crown was most becoming. Helen was the maid of honor and there were six

bridesmaids I am living in Winnetka since my marriage and am having such fun managing my competent Scotch maid. But I often wish I had had Norcross training in managing my allowance!"

Emily Hulick, '22, was awarded at Commencement the Mary Ann Nesmith Medal given by Miss Parsons to the senior who makes the best record in her college entrance examinations and also in her freshman midyears. Emily is a sophomore at Wellesley.

Marie Harris, '21, is having a most enjoyable trip abroad with her mother. "We had a taste of real winter when we took a trip up Mont Blanc to see the great Glacier. The train went half-way up the mountain, six thousand feet, and the glacier was almost at our feet. We have been at Montreux and are now in Venice. I have just been to see the glass-making and bought three strings of beads as a result. From Venice we go on to Florence."

Carlotta Heath Moore, '11, writes: "Getting Ann brought up for Rogers Hall is keeping me busy. It is the ambition of my life to bring my small daughter back for Field Day. I have always said I didn't want a 'pepless' child and the Lord has answered my prayer generously, for Ann keeps me at high speed from morning till night!" Still Carlotta did manage to find time to take charge with Hazel Coffin Brown, '16, of a Rogers Hall luncheon for the Alumnae in the Philadelphia section.

The luncheon was held at the Manufacturers' Club and eighteen old girls were present. Miss Parsons went down from school to give the latest news and stayed with Carlotta. The girls organized a Philadelphia Chapter of the Alumnae Association, elected officers and voted to have two meetings a year. One of these to be held always on March first in honor of Miss Parsons' birthday. They plan to have one meeting a purely social one and at the other to have some representation of the school present to tell of the growth of Rogers Hall and how the Alumnae may be more closely identified with it.

LUNCHEON OF THE PHILADELPHIA ALUMNAE.

Miss Parsons, Mrs. Albert Moore (Carlotta Heath), Mrs. James Thayer Tenner (Charlotte Allen), Mrs. Orlando Maiden (Irma Fogg), Mrs. George Tompkinson (Charlotte Tibbetts), Mrs. H. V. Whitney (Christine Rose), Mrs. Robert B. Parker (Margaret Hockmeyer), Mrs. Maynard Creighton (Helen Towle), Mrs. M. R. Berger (Stella Fleer), Elizabeth Suenderhauf, Mrs. Newman B. Romero (Amy Curtis), Mrs. Herman Gailey (Elizabeth McConkey), Hannah McConkey, Mary T. Weiser, Frances Taylor, Mrs. W. Wallace Brown (Hazel A. Coffin).

Officers elected:—President, Mrs. W. Wallace Brown; Secretary, Mrs. Albert Moore; Treasurer, Miss Mildred Wilson.

Florence Harrison, '02, is executive secretary for the League of Women Voters in the Eastern region. For the present her address is care of Miss Gertrude Ely, Bryn Mawr, Pa. "This summer I had the same position in the western district and covered the state of Montana. Early in September with the executive secretary of the fourth region of the League, headquarters at Chicago, I toured twenty-six hundred miles in my car. We went through Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana and West Virginia. We stopped at all state headquarters, held Board meetings and had dinners and luncheons at the meetings in many towns. I averaged a speech a day and it's an occupation to which I am fast becoming hardened and am really coming to enjoy. Before taking up my new work I spent a few days in Harrisburg with Almeda Herman Fager, '17. My region covers New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware and while at present I have my headquarters in Bryn Mawr, later they may be located in New York City. I shall be in Washington for a three days' intensive training to be given to all executives on the legislative side of Child Welfare, Social Hygiene, Minimum Wage, Hours of Labor, etc. One of my recent duties has been to go over the records of the Williamstown Conference and make an abstract of them for the use of the League. I had an opportunity recently to be visiting in the same home with Lloyd George's ex-secretary and the late ambassador to Japan and it

was a rare chance to hear foreign affairs discussed. I am much engrossed in this work and am thoroughly enjoying meeting the people and the travelling about."

Mary Kellogg Sherrill, '00, spent the summer abroad with her husband. "We had a most delightful time at Cambridge University, then London and some fine golf. We stayed with my cousin in Paris and are now at a lovely resort in the mountains near Grenoble."

Dorothy Jackson Hazen (Mrs. Albert R.) has returned to her home town and her new address is School St., Lebanon, N. H.

Margaret Mallon, '23, expects to spend the winter at home in Malone, N. Y. "I am thinking of taking music lessons to keep busy. Helen Orvis spent a day with me recently and we hope to meet occasionally as she will be in Massena this year."

Josephine Philipp writes "I am leaving for the Pacific Coast some time in October but I do not expect to be there more than two weeks at the most. When I return I expect to run the house for mother. Last summer we had a small Rogers Hall reunion when the two Kroeche's, Flora Dingwall and myself were the guests of Helen Sherer and her mother for a very happy week at their country home at Kelly Lake, Wisconsin."

Minnie Perry entered social service work last winter. "I volunteered my services for three months with the Charity Organization Society of Bridgeport. I did family visiting or case work as it is generally called. It was entirely new to me and an education in itself and if I hadn't had such good training in responsibility at Rogers Hall, I am afraid I could not have done much. Along with this I was tutoring in psychology, biology, etc., putting all my book learning to practice and vice-versa. At the end of my three months I volunteered in my own town of Fairport. Here I discovered my problems were slightly different, involving a great deal more study of family trouble. Now I feel as though I could manage a large estate, raise an enormous family and have them all model children! Aline Phelan, '23, has visited me and while she was here Doris Turney and Charlotte Blight came over so that we had an old fashion talking bee."

Harriet Stevens Robey, '18, and her husband went to Europe for their honeymoon and were at her uncle's villa on Lake Como. They returned to Lowell in the fall where they are now hunting for a house.

Eleanor Rowe was graduated from the Grand Rapids High School in June and this year is at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Detroit. "Father wanted me to go to school near home this year and then next year I am going east to school. Our address is changed and we are living at 211 Norwood Ave., Grand Rapids."

Elizabeth Suenderhauf, '14, sends a new address: 3714 Berry Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.

Katherine Smith, '23, was operated on for appendicitis this summer but is fully recovered now. She is making some visits on her way north and will reach school by the time of the hockey game.

Ruth Shafer, '19, was at Ann Arbor for the Commencement festivities at the time of our reunion. "Margaret Betts, '19, has a brother there and she had motored out with friends. They urged me to return with them and I couldn't resist such a lovely trip and being with Margie for a little visit. But I did hate to miss the Alumnae reunion at school and the chance to see so many of the girls."

Ella Thomas, '04, sends in two corrections for the Alumnae Register. Her address should read Blackstone, Mass., and both she and her sister received their A. B. from Smith College in 1908.

Doris Turney has entered Miss Fannie A. Smith's kindergarten in Bridgeport and her address while there will be 1124 Iranistan Avenue.

Dorothy Woods Castle and Dorothy Castle Sisson had a visit together this summer. "My daughter, Mary Edith, who is eight months and her son Rufus Dale who is a year old are very cunning together."

Margaret Wood, '16, is again in charge of the physical training department at Miss Ransom's School in Piedmont, Cal. "I love the work and have all the grades from the first up through

the high school, almost two hundred children in all I did not go home this summer but spent the vacation in Seattle visiting one of my associates in school and in a trip to Alaska. I have bought a little Chevrolet roadster and just hop from place to place every free moment even though my friends do call it the "Baby Buggy!" I am becoming a so-called Californiac for I do love the climate and the people and it's wonderful to be able to go anywhere anytime without considering weather."

The class of 1923 is well represented at the various colleges and universities in different parts of the country. Elizabeth Ball has entered the University of Wisconsin; Isabelle Dahlberg, Dorothy Dorman, Elizabeth Kroech and Marjorie Multer Smith; Margaret Donaldson is at Vassar; Dorothy Dibble at the University of Michigan, Margaret Lins and Isabel Marvin at Connecticut College; and Alice Madden at Wellesley. Julia Kroech is in Boston studying piano, French and Psychology. Her address is care of the Student's Union or 96 Fenway, Boston, Mass.

Several members of 1922 have made changes in their college. Barbara Ball is at Chicago University; Elizabeth Essick is at Wells College in Auburn, New York; Asenath Mitchell is at Smith, and Katherine Stuart at Connecticut College. Meda Hulbert is studying interior decorating in Chicago.

Elizabeth Ball writes: "Rushing is over and I am pledged Gamma Phi Beta and letters will reach me either there or at 251 Laydon St., Madison, Wisconsin I see Helen Richardson and Helen Wright often 'up on the hill' I am hoping to persuade Flora Dingwall and Puss Philipp to join me at the University in February and they were both delighted with the place on a recent week-end visit with me The work is hard but this is a wonderful place, just ideal for a university. I have gone sailing for the first time in my life and am anticipating the ice-boating this winter."

Isabelle Dahlberg is living in one of the old Burgess houses at 11 Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Mass., and Asenath Mitchell is in the same house.

Dorothy Dorman and Marjorie Multer are rooming together in Baldwin House, Northampton, Mass. Early in the fall term

President Neilson announced the winners of the entrance examinations in the freshman class and Dorothy Dorman had next to the highest rank of those entering by the new plan. The alumnae editor was told by a faculty friend that there was but the slightest difference in the ranks of the three highest students and that all their papers were well above the average of those read hitherto.

Margaret Donaldson is living in Strong Hall, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "I like Vassar so much and I seem to be more thankful everyday that I chose it. Everyone is so friendly and congenial that I have not had a single moment in which to be lonely. The first week of college Dorothy Sebastian, '21, was visiting Helen McCullough, '20, and I saw a great deal of them. I have been out with Helen several times and see as much of her as a freshman can. I have had dinner with Helen Weld, '21, and Margaret Whitlock, '22, runs in all the time. Eleanor Smith, '22, is in my astronomy class so that I seem to be seeing someone from school every day . . . Hockey is beyond all my expectations, the fields are splendid and everyone goes out for it. Most of the girls went to the Vassar Hockey Camp but I know that the Kava games did as much for me as a camp could have. I expect to see Peg Lins and Isabel Marvin in New York in two weeks. Their letters are very enthusiastic about college."

Alice Madden is living in Mrs. Goring's house at Wellesley, 599 Washington St., Wellesley, Mass.

Margaret Lins came on to Portsmouth early this fall for a visit with Isabel Marvin before they drove down to Connecticut College. Isabel writes: "This summer has been a very busy and perfect one with plenty of golf, tennis and swimming. I am feeling better than I ever expected to and mean to stay out of the infirmary at college! In the pageant here this summer, I had the part of an Indian maiden. Betty Stearns has been with me for a short visit and Peg and I hope to drive over to Canterbury to see her."

Asenath Mitchell writes: "I have been given advanced standing in English at Smith . . . Elizabeth Essick visited me this summer at Marblehead and it seemed so good to see her."

again. Peg Liggett, '22, writes that her mother wants her to stay over in Europe another winter and perhaps go to school in Florence."

Mildred Collins writes: "I expect to enter Teachers College this fall I keep in touch with Ruth Finnoff and Katherine Genger and hear of the girls through them."

Virginia Gittins, '22, is at the Boston School of Physical Education this winter and enthusiastic over the work. She spent one week-end at school in the fall with her sister.

Louise Carr, '23, is abroad with her family and her general address with be care of The American Express, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris. "We expect to be over for six months anyway and perhaps a year or two. We have had perfect weather for sailing although we sighted icebergs during a storm and had to go South to the Azores and so across. We are planning a fine trip with visits to friends in London, Paris and Rome and hope to go to Egypt in the late winter."

Constance Smith, '23, is at school in Rome this winter at Miss Risser's School where her sister was. The "school" started over together and travelled through southern Italy before settling in Rome for the winter. "There are only fourteen of us girls, it is such a small number after being used to Rogers Hall and I always feel that there must be more tucked away in some corner. We landed at Naples after a calm trip. Our boat was the Giulio Cesare very new and attractive. There were two other girls' schools on board and we could see nothing but girls pacing the decks. The day we landed we rode around Naples and saw old Roman ruins of temples, baths, and the tomb of Nero's mother, and also visited the crater of an extinct volcano supposed to be connected with Vesuvius. We took a motor trip to Pompeii, Ravello and Amalfi where we stayed at the Cappuccini Convent, high upon the side of a hill and only to be reached by a long flight of steps. Pompeii is most interesting and when I saw the ruts in the road made by the old chariot wheels more than a thousand years ago, the whole period was more of a reality. From Amalfi we motored to Sorrento where we spent

two days shopping industriously for shawls, linens and laces. We crossed to Capri and in little boats explored the Blue Grotto. At Capri I had my first swim in Italy and we have visited villas and a castle owned by Tiberius, where he is said to have kept wild beasts chained to be used in killing his enemies. We expect to be in Rome by the twentieth of October and begin classes at once."

When Texarkana had its Golden Jubilee celebration this summer the Women's Club selected as queen Evelyn Estes. The local paper has this paragraph: "Not only has Miss Estes all the personal charm that accompanies such an honor but she is a representative of one of the older families noted for its prominence and popularity since Texarkana was founded."

Louise Taylor Gerdine sends a new address, 1109 Buena Vista St., South Pasadena, Calif. "The above address may be called permanent for we have a home in this lovely spot and are now Californians. My son Philip, a six-footer, is a freshman at the University of Southern California. Eleanor is at Westridge school, very near us. I have various activities and shall be busy in the scribbler's department of the college Women's Club. Please tell my old friends that they will find me in Pasadena when they come west and will be sure of a welcome. We are enchanted with the motor trips. Last week we were in the snow at Big Bear Lake eating canvas-back ducks, this week we shall be at the ocean."

November 27th, Janet Stanley, '18, announced her engagement to Mr. Francis Goodwin, 2nd, of Hartford, Connecticut.

In November a son, George Bard, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ermentrout (Mary Bard, '04) at their home in Southampton, Pa.

Eulalia Peterson, '23, writes: "I am very busy these days for I'm office girl, housekeeper and nurse maid!"

The girls of '22 and '23 will be interested to know that Miss Keene formerly of the Mathematics department at school has accepted a similar position at the Lincoln School in Providence and is living at home with her mother.

Miss Margaret Peterson expects to study voice in Boston this winter and has already filled several concert engagements near Boston.

In October when the bridge over the Allegheny river was opened to travel, Martha Louise Koch, the twelve year old daughter of Ethel Clark Koch, was chosen as "Miss Pennsylvania" to dedicate the bridge together with little "Miss New York."

In November Miss Parsons went to Northampton and had a luncheon with all the old girls now in Smith, Helen Fogg, Dorothea Hake and Rachel McCalmont of the class of '20, Asenath Mitchell and Meroe Pratt of '22, and Isabelle Dahlberg, Dorothy Dorman, Elizabeth Kroeck and Marjorie Multer of '23.

Helen Fogg is one of the Editors of the Smith College Weekly. She is trying for special honors in English, Dorothea Hake in Landscape Gardening and Rachel McCalmont in advanced Psychology and the field of intelligence measurement tests. Helen is living in Haven House, Dorothea is one of the senior house on Belmont Avenue and Rachel in Cushing House.

The class of 1914 and other friends will feel deep sympathy for Ruth Bill Brooks, '14, who lost her little daughter by accident this fall.

November 23rd, a daughter, Dorothy Marion was born to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gerber (Dorothy Scott, '22) at their home in Fremont, Mich.

Last spring Anna Kuttner, '11, received the degree of Ph. D., from Columbia. She is working at the William H. Singer Memorial Research Laboratory, N. E., Cor. Sandusky and Park Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., along the same lines of bacteriological investigation that she did in Paris during the war.

December 1st, Elizabeth Hayes, '20, was married to Mr. Robert William Mortimer at her home in Toronto, Canada.

December 15th, Frances Dixon was married to Mr. Charles Henry Maynard at Trinity Episcopal Church, Utica, New York.

Frances Pille has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter Ellsworth Shively of Akron, Ohio. Mr. Shively is with the Goodyear Company of Akron.

Katherine Wilson, '18, is living this winter at 56 West 50th St., New York City. She is continuing her studies in drama and music and has appeared in several plays thus far.

Florence Towner Buckley, '22, writes: "We had a small Rogers Hall reunion at my wedding for Elizabeth Shelp, '22 was one of my bridesmaids and Dorothy Scott Gerber, '22; Margaret Fox, '21; Mildred Collins, and Ruth Finnoff were all present, which made the day so much nicer. Ted and I spent our honeymoon in Chicago before coming to Cambridge to live.

Recently, Elizabeth Shelp has visited me for a couple of weeks and I found it such a pleasure entertaining her in our own home. I am feeling quite domesticated after making curtains, canning and keeping house all this time."

December 5th, Mary Searles, '21, was married to Mr. Thaddeus Andrew Biddle at her home in Akron, Ohio. They will be at home after January 15th at 2015 Broad Ave., Altoona, Pa.



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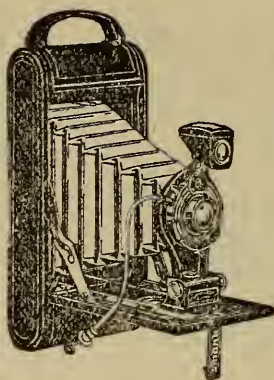
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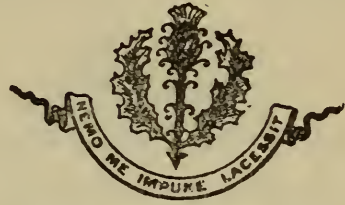
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SCHOOL NEWS

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT



FANCIES

Let's you and me together
 Into dreamland go,
And dance along the heather
 That we both love so.

We will smell the roses' fragrance,
 We will play in gardens green,
And will find our keenest pleasure
 In the rainbow's sheen.

Let's you and me together
 Into dreamland stray,
And play with peacock's feathers
 Along the dappled way.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

THE REINCARNATION

Someone has said that Mr. Montgomery never smiled. Perhaps he had but if so, no one had ever seen him, and no one claimed that he had except, perhaps his wife, who sometimes said that "Monty really wasn't so *very* cross." Monty was a tall, thin, man, who always looked perplexed, and whose chief characteristic was his thorough hatred of animals. His wife was a tiny woman, inclined to be quite kind-hearted, at least one could imagine so from her soft gray eyes, the only intimation that she was ever merry. Often she was tempted to bring in some homeless kitten or wandering mongrel, but she never yielded to this temptation now, having had one experience on which to contemplate.

It was when they had been married only two years, and although Mrs. Montgomery knew that her husband detested animals, she had had no occasion to discover the magnitude of his wrath. So when she found two homeless kittens on the street outside her house, she did not hesitate to bring them in and feed them. She enjoyed herself thoroughly that afternoon, playing with the kittens, and fixing a basket for them to sleep in. It was the first day since her marriage that she hadn't felt at least a little lonesome in the afternoon. When her husband returned from business that night, she was in the kitchen fixing dinner not knowing he entered until she heard a loud bellow of anger. She immediately rushed out to find the cause of his wrath.

"Plenty cause, for a man to be angry when he comes home and finds a couple of dirty cats tearing around the parlor!" he cried in a rage.

Mary gasped when she saw her two kittens firmly held in her husband's hands. Then trying to keep calm, "But those adorable kittens wouldn't hurt anything! They were so pitiful and cold I just had to take them in.. I didn't think you'd mind."

"You think they won't hurt anything, do you? Well if I hadn't come in just then, they would have ruined the whole house, tearing around, pulling everything with them!"

And with that, Mr. Montgomery opened the door and thrust the kittens, homeless once more into the street. The incident was closed, and Mary never mentioned it again but remembered it in the future when she almost let her kind-heartedness get control of her.

The Montgomerys lived a very ordinary life until the advent of the automobile. And then one day, out of a clear sky, Mr. Archibald suggested that "they have one too. Most of the neighbors have one now and we might as well get a little enjoyment out of life."

His wife was quite startled at the idea but saw the thrill and excitement of owning an automobile, "Oh, how wonderful, Monty, what kind will it be?"

And so a very common scene for several weeks was Mr. Montgomery, nearing his home burdened with little pamphlets, each one claiming that the car it represented was the best. It was fully a month before the Montgomerys, or rather Mr. Montgomery, decided which they would buy. Of course, they wanted a good car, but it really wasn't wise to spend *too* much money on a car.

Automobiles would drive up to their house by the dozens, waiting to take the couple out for a ride, large closed cars, touring cars, little coupes, and once, even a bright red racer with big black wheels, which, when decidedly snubbed by the Montgomerys, sped back through the country village, a source of gossip for months to come. And then, when the momentous decision had been made, Mr. Montgomery could be seen driving up and down the street with a strange dark man beside him, talking incessantly and pointing out all the minor details.

"That's right, let out the clutch, easy, there," said the strange dark man. But either Mr. Montgomery or the car, did not obey, for the car lurched forward and came to a dead stop.

"You've stalled it," said Mr. Wans, as the dark man was called.

"What do you mean, stalled it? I only did what you told me to."

"Well, never mind, but start her up again and go easy this time."

"All right, but don't try to blame me every time the car goes wrong."

"Oh, no, you're getting along fine, now, drive her up to the house, that's it, pull on the brakes—there, I think you've had enough for one day, how about it?"

And Mr. Montgomery quietly assented.

After many scenes similar to this one, Mr. Montgomery was given a white slip which certified that he was absolutely capable of driving a car, although many would doubt this statement. Then one bright spring day, he deigned to take his wife out for a ride.

Mrs. Montgomery, having a milder temperament than her husband, sat placidly back, seeming to enjoy the view after being definitely squelched several times for offering much-needed advice. They were progressing smoothly along a highway at a moderate speed, when Mrs. Montgomery saw a big brown collie crossing the road a few feet ahead. She became terrified and with the purpose of saving the dog's life, grasped the steering wheel and even against the efforts of her husband, succeeded in turning it with the result that the dog's life was saved—only one leg was hurt—and the car was hurled over the embankment of the road.

The result is obvious. Mr. Montgomery was thrown through the windshield but Mrs. Montgomery escaped with only a few slight bruises. Mr. Montgomery was taken to the nearest hospital where he lay unconscious, and no one thought he was sensible to any feelings, but he was.

Suddenly, without warning, he was falling through space, down, down, down, as though he would never stop. But as quickly again he was walking on something as soft and light as clouds and he kept walking up, with a feeling of semi-consciousness, until he came up to earth again. There everything was very familiar although he felt strange. He saw things that

seemed quite natural to him and humans who were absolutely normal. But for Mr. Montgomery the situation was different. He was sure he was walking on all fours but the idea never occurred to him to try any other way, and it seemed quite usual for him to lie on a doorstep and sleep for the night. One day, after many other days of walking along country roads, he came into a town. The first person he saw was a peddler who was calling out, "Hot dogs, nice and fresh." A wonderful odor came to him but when he followed his animal instinct in trying to get food for himself, he was immediately chased by the ferocious peddler. He was sure he had never run so fast in all his varied life, but to elude his pursuer he had to take refuge in a house, where a door was luckily open. He was hot and tired but it was cool in the house and so he stayed there going from room to room. In one room he saw a mirror and when he stood in front of it, it returned to his searching eyes, the image of a dog—a big brown collie! Everything was explained—the sleeping on doorsteps—walking on all fours—everything.

After walking for days and days, he reached the town where he used to live before his reincarnation. No one seemed to miss the late Mr. Montgomery and it seemed very strange to see so many familiar faces which showed no sign of recognition. He felt hurt but soon realized that it was not his former friends who were at fault, but himself.

No one ever fed him, and he had no place to sleep at the end of a wearisome day. It seemed months since he had had any rest, for whenever he had settled on some porch or even a yard, he was quickly interrupted in his repose and started on his way towards the next town. His life was misery day after day, never sleeping, rarely eating, always hot and tired. He roamed the streets at night, in search of some hospitable home where he would perhaps find a home to satiate his seemingly unlimited hunger, for another of his strange discoveries was that bones were extremely palatable. Even the children seemed frightened when he approached and never did one of them raise a hand to rub his shaggy coat. He was only a wandering homeless dog, tormented by thoughts of his helplessness and insignificance.

One night he found an abandoned cottage and jumped up on the porch to find a place to sleep. There was an old delapidated hammock which seemed wonderfully soft and cozy to one unaccustomed to such luxury. He curled up in it and soon was in a deep refreshing sleep. His mind was not troubled by dreams and no unexpected intruder interrupted his sleep. He seemed to sleep for a very long time and when he awoke he was not on the cottage porch. Everything around him was white, so very white, and dizziness prevented him from seeing clearly his surroundings. Slowly his vision cleared and he could discern a figure, also white, beside him. The figure seemed far away but gradually approached and became clearer until he was sure it was a doctor. The doctor turned and said to a white-garbed nurse, "He's all right now. You can go out now and call his wife."

And then the doctor heard a weak voice calling, "A mirror, quick," and when he had obeyed, his patient sank back almost unconscious again.

When Mr. Montgomery opened his eyes, his gray-eyed wife was at his bed-side. She didn't notice his half-opened eyes and he looked at her critically and then closed them. Then, "Monty, are you all right?"

"No, my head's splitting and everything's all whirly," as if the assurance that he was not a reincarnated dog had brought back his old self. Then he asked his wife, "I see you're all right. I guess I can manage a car all right if I save others from injury."

"Yes, you are wonderful, Monty. You even saved the dog's life."

"Huh! Still worrying about animals, are you? But—er—I say you might take the old dog in if you want to, until I'm better anyway. Keep you company. We can decide later whether we'll keep him or not."

SUSAN MANN.



HERO WORSHIP

“Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown—”

Well, Jack was always falling for something. As long as I could remember he had been my chum, or rather I had always been his. We grew up next door to each other. Of course, we had our childish tilts now and then, but that happens among the best of friends. Anyway they're not worth mentioning, mainly because Jack always had a way of coming out on top. That's why I worshipped him (silently of course); he was my hero. He was a couple of years older than I, but that only strengthened my admiration. And as I said, Jack was always falling for something; first, it was wireless, then electricity, then boats, then airplanes and not a few times the fairer sex. How he ever accomplished the latter I haven't the faintest idea; for he was as homely as the side of a barn. I guess he was so homely he was attractive. Seems to me I've heard of such a thing. Anyway he got away with it.

Then one day he brought home an old racing car. Where he got it I don't know, but by the looks of the old thing he couldn't have had much trouble. Immediately, as would be the natural supposition, he fell for motors, and in compliance with the usual course of events I fell, too (as I had a habit of doing). Well, we tinkered with it for about six months. I say “we,” meaning, of course, that he did the work and I handed him the tools. The motor wasn't so bad when we got it overhauled and Jack entered it in the race at the fair in our home town. He kindly let me ride as mechanic. Then, wonder of wonders, we won that race. It wasn't long before that prize money had bought a new racer.

Immediately Jack began negotiations to enter it in the big “sweep stakes,” and to my bitter disappointment he hired a professional mechanic. I was not to ride the right-hand side of the new car! A few days before the race I watched Jack and

the little new racer off. It seemed like hours I watched that train fading away to the big race, then sorrowfully, I homeward plodded my weary way. For two days I moped around the house or absent-mindedly tinkered on the old car. It was while thus engaged that the one and only messenger the town boasted of found me the day before the race. I half-heartedly tore open the envelope his extended hand offered and read, then reread: "This mechanic doesn't know beans. Take first train. You ride the right-hand side tomorrow. Jack."

And well—

"Jill came tumbling after."

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

LOVE SONG

When a summer night is falling,
And the shadows creep around.
And the pearly dew of night time
Seems to cover all the ground.

Then I want to sit beside you
In the quiet evening glow
Just to hear the distant banjos
Humming faintly, soft and low.

When the lovely summer blossoms
Bring to me their fragrance sweet.
Then I pluck the southern roses,
And I lay them at your feet.

Much more pure than southern roses,
Was the love-light in your eyes.
When I met you in the garden,
'Neath those sparkling southern skies.

MARY GRAY WOOD.

THE BEQUEST

All was silent in the little front bed room, that awe-inspiring stillness left by the visit of the Reaper. If one had looked out of the window he would have seen the greenish-blue waters of the bay, sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, bearing their white crests high with the force of each incoming breaker, and playing buoyantly with the dirty and stained fishing schooners at anchor there, which seemed to be jeering and mocking at a few scattered yachts as if in defiance of their spotless white coats and shining brass. But today no one looked out of that window for the shades were tightly drawn, emitting no sunlight, and on a bed, having obeyed his last summons, lay the massive body of Captain Abner Brewer. Massive, I say, because it was all of six feet three inches in length, and its weight was so great, that the bed upon which it rested was reinforced by strong iron supports. His eyes, once steely blue, were closed, and the pallor of his visage was increased by the contrast of his shaggy black hair and great beard, which still showed no traces of silver, though he had long since ceased to be a young man. During his lifetime he had been a formidable character, a source of terror to his men, and a creature by whom the parents of erring children hoped to frighten their little ones into being good. His terrible character had not failed to leave its marks upon his countenance, and now, in death, his face was one of cruelty and grim determination.

Crowded together in the back kitchen, were scores of villagers engaged in earnest conversation. The room which they occupied was furnished simply with plain chairs and tables, and upon the floor were several bright braided rugs so common among the houses of the neighborhood. Although the room had an air of cheerfulness, the people had not. It was not sorrow which filled their hearts, but instead every face wore an expression of horrible expectancy. The Captain's few acquaintances, accustomed to seeing him come striding along, swinging his huge cane, and shaking it at anything which unintentionally annoyed him,

looked uneasy, and occasionally a shudder passed among them. The faces of the sailors, aged by continual service before the mast under his command, when they were in constant peril of being sent to Davey Jones' Locker during one of his fits of rage, had a look of utter terror. This entire state of dread had been caused by an extraordinary scene which had taken place in the little upstairs bedroom only an hour previous.

The much-hated captain was dying. His breath was coming slowly, and his eyes peered out from his ashen face like gimlets. Just before the end, as if to resist death, he had raised himself up on his elbows, and shaking, partly from weakness and partly with rage, had bellowed, "Mark my words! All of you! I have not gone for good. Some time I shall come back!"

* * * *

It was a summer afternoon of twenty years later. The poplar trees were casting long thin shadows toward the east, and the sky was of that serene blue that we so often notice on August days, when only a fleecy white cloud now and then sails majestically across it and out of sight. Several sea gulls circling high above an old-time graveyard, turned, and flew screaming back to the sea. This forsaken burying ground, lying hidden behind the little white church, was surrounded by a low stone wall, partly screened by wild blackberry bushes and burdocks. The wild roses had gone, giving place to red berries, and the place had rather a cheerful aspect. Inside the low wall the grass was long and unkempt, sprinkled here and there with mosspinks as if these little flowers had sprung up in an effort to comfort the dead. The old-fashioned slate tomb stones leaned at various angles, most of their inscriptions being dim or entirely blotted out by time and weather.

Today, as on every day, scores of people had visited this cemetery. They had been coming to this spot year after year, and with each new year their numbers had increased. But it was to one particular gravestone which they all came. It stood a little apart from the others and bore only a name, partly obliterated, having no laudatory epitaph. Youngsters came jokingly and half in fun to see this grave, but as soon as their eyes

had rested upon it their faces grew puzzled, and their voices rose in exclamations of surprise. Grey-haired old men came, tottering on their feeble legs, who shook their heads as if refusing to believe what their faded eyes beheld. Several of the visitors poked fun at those who stood about the stone gazing as if hypnotized. Only a few appeared to take what they saw seriously.

Several years before a curious phenomenon had taken place. The slate tombstone, which from exposure to the elements had begun to chip off and corrode, commenced to show upon its surface peculiar markings. These had grown more and more distinct with each oncoming year until now crowds thronged to see what seemed to them a weird coincidence or perhaps a miracle. At last the marks had become so vivid that they left no doubt as to what was there. It was the horrible face of Captain Abner Brewer which had come back to glower threateningly at all who came.

HELEN SHANNON.

QUESTIONS

Gaunt Pines, why are you trembling
Upon your rocky ledge?
Because you are cold and lonely
By the water's edge?

And Waves, why are you throbbing?
Why do you rage and roar?
Is it your restless spirit
Beating on the shore?

Oh Wind, why are you howling
And moaning woefully?
Are you grieving for the world,
Or angry with the sea?

HARRIET WILSON.

SONNET

Much have I thought of Death, that Spectre grim,
 Who, caring not for all the grief he brings,
 Strikes maiden meek, just as the song she sings
 Has passed the note of sorrow, deep and dim.
 Perhaps that Ghost, to please a passing whim
 Cuts loose the line to which a mortal clings,
 And to that one bright ray of hope then flings,
 Gay pictures false, and hopeless dreams to limn.
 But truer far to me the picture seems
 Of Death, the Harvester of drooping bloom,
 Who carries far to glorious, wondrous dreams
 His children dear, who of this jading gloom
 Have tired grown, and through the mist there gleams
 The promise, fair and true, of heavenly home.

MILDRED MANN.

I had a miniature sail boat.
 One day I set my toy afloat
 Way up a winding river's source
 To let it find a downward course.
 The wind puffed up its tiny sails
 And down it started with the gales.
 I wonder where it now can be,
 Perhaps it reached the sparkling sea,
 Or else was stranded by the shore
 Where someone found it there, before
 The wind had freed it from its place.
 It might have—in its downward race—
 Been dashed to pieces by a storm
 O'er rapids like a magnet drawn.
 No matter where it is, or how
 It must have journeyed far ere now.

ELEANOR PRATT.

THE WEST POINT CHAPEL

We stood on the stone parapet while the cold winter wind tried its best to unwrap our tightly held coats, and watched the grey-coated cadets march up the winding road to the chapel. On they came, row after row, each boy exactly like his neighbor, up the hill and through the carved doorway. When the last one had entered we, who were guests, quietly followed and took our seats on the outskirts of the student body.

In the first bustle of getting seated I did not realize the beauty of the place. I have never visited any of the old world cathedrals but I do not see how they can arouse any deeper feeling of awe and beauty than that chapel did. Possibly it may be because it was my first visit to such a church or it may be that I came in the spirit of worship and to enjoy all I saw.

Whatever was the reason, the wondrous glory of the place held me spell bound, the great grey stone arches, the sunlight streaming through the brilliantly hued stained glass windows, the soft melodious tones of the famous organ sounded like an angel choir. As we knelt during the prayer, the cadets with their gold buttons and swords at their sides, reminded me of the knights of old, kneeling in just such a chapel to take their vows of chivalry. A shaft of sunlight fell upon the golden cross on the altar and it shone as if illuminated by the light of the heavenly spirit. Above the cadets hung the tattered war-worn battle flags, relics of our victorious wars, which had been carried by just such men as they now looked down upon—who knows but some day these men too may add their flags to that noble collection.

At the end of the service they arose and sang the national anthem. How straight they stood as they poured forth the words! It made a lump come to my throat and the tears to my eyes. I don't just know why. It seems to me that one cannot help but feel that our country's destiny is safe with such men, trained in such an atmosphere, to defend her honor.

PATTI FOOS.

THE "MARCHANDE DES QUATRE SAISONS"

There is in the street of Paris a type of woman called "la Marchande des Quatre Saisons." She is rather old, stout, and not always very attractive looking. She stands in the street with a kind of wheel-barrow on which she has her merchandise. We call her the merchant of four seasons, because every season she sells new produce. In winter she has flowers, violets, mistletoe, or oranges and bananas. With spring appear the vegetables, and a little later the early summer fruits. The merchant has a good, strong voice. She stands at the corner of the street and shouts, "a cinq sous les bananes." She has generally some success, and if everybody does not buy something from her, a great many people come to see what she has. Every morning about five o'clock she procures her merchandise at a great Paris market "les Halles." There she gets it rather cheaply, and therefore can, without selling it at a high price, make some profit. Generally she is not alone on the street, but there are quite a few other women like her. When they are not very busy, they bring their chairs together and talk for a while, but at the same time they keep an eye on their wheel-barrow.

You can see all the Parisian types going by her. Here comes the old grandfather with his net. He buys some peaches for his dessert and his wife's. If it is winter and he is in a good humor, he makes the acquisition of a nice little bouquet of violets, which he will bring as surprise to his wife. Behind him comes the old family maid. She needs some carrots and cabbage for the soup. Then arrives a little girl about ten. She does the shopping and marketing for her mother who has to stay at home with the baby. In a rush arrives a nice and elegant man. He wants the prettiest flowers the woman has. He picks up the biggest bunch of roses he can find, pays, halts a taxi, and goes away as quickly as he came. This one must be the sweetheart who, at the last moment, has forgotten the flowers for his "bonne amie." After a while arrives a little boy who looks at the cherries with great envy. He seems to eat them with his eyes. Generally the woman is kind and good-hearted. She herself

has some children at home, and knows how much they like cherries. So she gives a good handful of cherries to the little boy.

It is awfully funny to watch the "Marchande des Quatre Saisons" and all the Parisian life around her. And it is a curiosity for the strangers who have never met such a woman in the streets of New York or London. MADELINE REITENBACH.

WAVES

Blue-green monsters, yawning hungrily at
Giant ships with mystic shimmering sails;
Whose writhing coils, stretching far and wide,
Encompass all in their engulfing depths.

Roofs, o'er the homes of scaly serpents and
Fairy-tale dragons who keep careful watch,
(Because they are the guardians of the deep),
Of Father Neptune's priceless stores of treasure.

Carefree children, doffing their white caps high,
To play at hide and seek with lively wings;
Running and tumbling until, pale from exhaustion,
They fall heavily down upon the shore.

HELEN F. SHANNON.

I was eleven years old, a big girl and quite able to take care of myself even if mother had given me a dreadfully long list of "don'ts." Why are there always so many *don't do thises* and *don't do thats*? I should much prefer a lot of *dos*. Today I was going to have such fun *doing* things.

Dad had brought my young brother Bud and me way deep in the woods, driving the car along narrow, twisting roads that were so wild that we had to feel our way through the grass.

Then all of a sudden we turned a sharp corner and began to climb up, up, up 'til we were almost straight up in the air.

I held my breath and brother's hand 'cause I was afraid the car would tip over and I had promised mother to take care of Bud.

At last I saw where Dad was taking us. He had told us that we were going to Clark's lumber camp, a place where we had been before, but he said that this was a back road and a short cut.

I pointed out the tiny cabin and the mill to Bud while Dad drove into a clearing to park the car.

The Clark boys had heard us coming and there were Jack and Bill running pel-mel to meet us. Bud stumbled out of the car but he didn't hurt himself. He always falls all over his feet and mother blames me when he gets hurt.

Dad told us to run along and have a good time because he was going into the cabin to see Mr. Clark on business and they must not be disturbed.

First, our friends took us through the mill where we chased one another over the huge logs that were stacked high around the saws.

Then Bud shouted and pointed towards the sawdust pile. We all raced after him to see who could get there first. Bill was the "booby" so we stuffed him with sawdust. He howled and kicked, shrieked and punched. Such a grand fight! The rest of us were as covered with sawdust as he was.

Right in the best part of the mix-up I remembered what mother had told me about being a lady and not a tom-boy. I would skip them and hide so that they would think I was lost.

I made a dash out of the cloud of sawdust and hid on the other side of the sawdust pile. Near the top there was a little dug-out just big enough for me to hide in. I started but the sawdust slipped so that I was afraid of being caught before I reached the top.

I crawled in the hole and listened. The yelling had stopped so I guessed they missed me. Then I put my hands to my mouth and let out an awful shriek. **The roof of my case** came down on top of me. I thought I was going to be smothered. I choked. My heart was going like mad. I throbbed all over. The damp, sticky sawdust made me shiver. I cried sawdust tears. My mouth was full of the stuff. I tried to keep it out

of my eyes with my hands. What a wicked girl I had been! I would never see mother and Dad again. Would God forgive me? If He would only give me a chance to live. I would just show Him how good and patient I would be to Bud. I felt myself sinking. I was soaking wet with perspiration. Those short seconds were centuries for me.

At last a hand was thrust into my face which helped push the heavy sawdust away. Two small, yet strong arms, tugged and pulled 'til I was free and out in the air once more. My precious brother held me close.

ROSALIND PARKER.

RAIN

The rain had fallen steadily for three days and nights. Its constant drip, drip, on the leaves was maddeningly monotonous. The ground oozed sluggishly with a guzzling sound at every step, and worms lay, wrinkled, on the firmer ground, washed clean for once. Sidewalks glistened in the lights from many windows, slippery and treacherous.

A tin roof echoed and re-echoed the garrulous voice of the incessant rain, pattering down with all its force.

A fog horn, far out, blew dismally, its strident note of warning. Then deep silence again, with only the odor of moist earth and the falling rain for company.

BEATRICE M. NICHOLS.

BEAUTY

There is a beauty in the wondrous sky,
A beauty that ne'er elsewhere can we see,
For to all beauty we may have the key
In gazing in its clear, blue depths where lie
Those feathery clouds of fairyland close by,
And all the colors of the seething sea,
The colors of the rainbow scenes to be,
The flowers of earth which bloom again on high.

SUSAN MANN.

SONNETS

I

I thought once as I wandered out alone,
 At dawn of morning when the sun was low,
 These tiny drops of dew that glisten so,
 Soft scattered on young grass, and flowers new-blown—
 These tiny drops might be the tears of night,
 That sympathetic sister of Romance!
 Who dreams, and sighs, and goes into sweet trance
 When love and beauty fall within her sight.
 And then I thought it really might be so,
 For lovers love her—she must love them, too.
 And, hearing all their secrets whispered low,
 She locks them in her heart faithfully true.
 And, sweet, romantic lady! weeps also
 Clear, gentle tears that we at dawn call dew.

II

These glistening things might be our last night's dreams,
 By unseen hands to us through darkness borne,
 Strewn to be gathered back to heaven at morn,
 Reclaimed at daybreak by the sun's warm beams.
 Or they might be the souls of stars, come down
 To court sweet daisies, humble stars of earth,
 A precious hour, for they must leave at birth
 Of morning for their bright celestial town,
 Lest we should miss a single one that night,
 Or their sweet queen, the moon, do so, and frown.
 Oh, said I, let me sit in silence here,
 Beneath the restful blue of summer's sky,
 A moment, then I must be off, for near,
 The dusty city offers gold, and I
 Must have it, but a voice said in my ear—
 Stay! All God's riches now around you lie.

HARRIET WILSON.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

There are so many things in life we may not fully understand, but we can nevertheless realize all the exquisite beauty of them. For instance, all through the day a few words of a hymn have been running through my mind and, arousing from a moment's abstraction, I find myself singing or humming just the little catching strain—"Alpha and Omega be." I have not the remotest idea of the definite meaning of those two words, but they seem to be surrounded with a veil of perfect peace and contentment. To me they suggest honey and happiness and the palm trees of Jerusalem. Maybe it is because I do not know the exact definition of the words, so, influenced by the sweet musical sound and the odd, charming appearance of the words as they appear written, my imagination was roused to flight.

However, love of beauty does not always arise from thought; it is sometimes directly presented to us. I have walked down a path of trodden pine-needles to a brook, gurgling over the rocks while the sun, gleaming down through the trees, sparkled on the water, and I have marvelled at the beauty around me. I have also walked down the same path to the same brook when it was but a faint trickle of sluggish water and old limbs and branches were caught on the jutting rocks. But the memory that has remained with me is that of the brook in its fullness at spring-time.

Another expression of beauty comes from music. I think the violin especially can arouse the greatest and best emotions in the hearts of the listeners. Sitting alone, hearing the beautiful notes of the "Souvenir" or "Humoresque," I can shut my eyes and let my imagination once again roam. I see a circle of tiny fairies, hands joined, dancing round and round, hair flying and skirts blown out. I see other fairies just as tiny come through the woods and join them. But when the music stops, the fairies vanish and all that is left is the memory and love of the composition that lured the fairies to the dance.

MILDRED MANN.

I

Have you ever walked the heavens
When the sky was blue and clear,
And the skylark o'er the meadow
Sang of June and flowers, dear?

II

Have you ever felt the mystery
Of the poplars' stately charm
When the twilight comes a graying
And the world joins in a psalm?

III

I have walked the starry heavens
Where my dreams are fast asleep
And have dreamed of prim-rowed poplars
By the booming, restless deep.

IV

So I hold my fancies tightly
Where they cannot slip away,
For they bring strange comfort to me
On a dreary lonesome day.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

THE DOG-MAN

The Dog-man is a tall rather ungainly person. His tanned face is lined with "laughing" wrinkles, and his keen black eyes shine like coals as he contemplates the person before him. He wears blue overalls and a tweed cap is pulled down over his rapidly-thinning hair. His hands are large to be sure, but they are as skillful as a surgeon's when one of his "children," as he calls his dogs, is hurt. His voice is low and quiet, and very soothing when one of his tiny Boston terriers cries for his mother.

When we bought our five months' puppy, we first went to see him at the Dog-man's home. The whole family including the Dog-man, Mrs. Dog-man and the children, met us at the door and escorted us into the dining room as the parlor was cold. Mr. Dog-man soon left to "fetch the puppies." He soon reappeared with three squirming watermelon seeds under his arm. He positively beamed as he gave us each one to hold.

Almost immediately the puppies were on the floor, chasing about and climbing up on the Dog-man. He picked them up and held them at arm's length, regarding them with a quizzical glance as a mastiff would view a kitten. All the while he was seriously showing the good points of each. The Dog-man was no longer a jovial spirit, but a keen-eyed business man, intent on making a bargain. My family could resist no longer the charming wiles of one of the puppies, so a collar and leash were produced, to aid in dragging the lively little specimen home.

Before we went, however, the Dog-man wished to show us a few of his animals. Soon in that tiny dining room were two turkeys, a Japanese chicken with black flesh and white feathers and two Belgian hares. The various members of the Dog-man's family held this assemblage in their laps and looked as if it was quite a common occurrence. When we asked if Mrs. Dog-man objected to having this menagerie in the house, she answered, "it is Mike's way to have a lot of 'em around." That, to us expressed the Dog-man's character in a nutshell.

DEBORAH TRULL.

SCHOOL NEWS

Winter Term

On the evening of January twelfth, to start the term right, the Cae and Kava clubs entertained in honor of their new members. The Caes had a supper at Norcross, and the Kavas had one at the House. At both places there were wonderful things to eat, and the girls amused themselves afterwards with dancing, Mah Jong, and bridge.

We have all heard many things about the famous Jenny Lind, but we never really expected to see or hear her ourselves, as we did on the thirteenth of January. Of course we knew it was not the true Jenny Lind before us, but it was very easy to believe it when we saw Frieda Hempel in her quaint, picturesque costume, and heard her exquisite voice, and so we let ourselves imagine that we were among the audience who heard the first great singer long ago. It was hard to decide which song we liked better, the "Echo Song," or "Home Sweet Home."

Just when the routine of school was beginning to seem a bit unbearable after the glorious freedom of Christmas vacation, along came the Tech dance to restore us again to our usual exuberant spirits. Our delightful entertainers came out here on Saturday evening, the nineteenth of January, and great was the excitement they created. For a week before the festive day there was much arranging of dance orders, borrowing of clothes, and curling of hair. The program of the evening was very cleverly done, and most entertaining. We showed ourselves to be true daughters of the present generation by our enthusiastic applause after the selections rendered by the jazz orchestra. After the entertainment, we waited with quaking hearts to meet our partners for the dance. When we had at last become a bit acquainted, we gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of a very successful dancing party. All too soon came "Home Sweet Home," and we had just a few moments in which to promise to write letters, and to arrange future meetings before Miss Parsons "shooed" them all out of the gym.

On the twenty-first of January Mr. Brown sang for us at vesper service. He sang many of our old favorites by request, such as the "Kashimiri Song," the "Banjo Song," and "Smilin' Through."

On January twenty-sixth the members of the Council took their special privilege of going to the movies, and to Page's afterwards.

We were very glad to welcome a member of the Alumnae one Sunday evening when Mrs. Helen Edlefson Barr came to sing for us. Her voice, program, and manner were charming, and we were proud that we could claim her as a Rogers Hall girl.

On the first of February the Splinters Board and all the contributors to the first number of the magazine went to the movies.

THE MINSTREL SHOW

"A Minstrel Show"—the words rang through the school—a "Minstrel Show"—the hall was going to present it! We could scarcely conceal our glee as we sauntered over to the gym that Saturday night, and we waited impatiently till finally, the curtain went up, disclosing a scene of true colored beauty. Then a burst of voices rent the air in "Seven or Eleven." Other fascinating melodies followed this—especially amusing was Jill Rice in "Clarwence, Don't Tweet Me so Wuff."

Funny jokes and hits at everyone came at intervals with Marty Cooper as interlocutor. Then a delightful medley of old Southern song brought the affair to an end. It was certainly the year's best entertainment—do it again, Hall!

At vesper service one Sunday evening we were given the pleasure of hearing Alessandro Niccoli and William Heller, the violinist and pianist from St. Anne's Church. We enjoyed their beautiful music very much.

"LA TRAVIATA"

"La Traviata," from the second balcony of the Boston Opera House, was like a puppet show. The actors and actresses looked like Marionettes. Even though the person on my right ate peanuts and clapped at the wrong time, I could enjoy the beauty and glamour of it all. The beautiful voice which swelled from the white throat of Violetta was easily audible, and it was hard to believe that such a wonderful voice could come from such a seemingly small person. The Spanish dancers danced with

such grace and ease, that I was sure they were swung on wires. The solo dancer in her white fluffy costume seemed to flit from one corner of the stage to another. It did not seem possible that she was a human being, so light and airy did she look. The last scene which was Violetta's bed-room, looked like a room in a doll house. The bed, the couch, and the windows seemed to be miniature. Violetta in her flowing, velvet robe walked with all the grace and ease of a queen, and when she finally threw herself on the couch and died, I felt as if one of the wires on which she was swung had broken, and perhaps in a moment she would rise. Suddenly the curtain dropped, a deafening clapping of hands arose and the puppet show was over.

THE TRIP TO INTERVALE

We had heard so much of the mid-winter trip to the White Mountains that it hardly seemed possible it could live up to our expectations. And yet, as the morning for our departure dawned clear and cold, and as some of us who had never done so before arose at six thirty, we felt that this was to be the event in our school year. As a result of this, nothing could have been more carefree, and joyous than our attitude toward life and our fellow men when we, feeling very important, stepped aboard our private car.

According to tradition and custom we excelled in noise, ate without apparent cessation, and were jollied by our beloved Mr. Bassett. The trip at least came up to the mark there.

At last we were in Intervale. We found that we had been placed in a comfortable hotel and, joy of joys, we were the sole guests. To go into detail about the days spent in this veritable heaven, would be to write a book. Needless to say we skated, skied, snowshoed, tobogganed and—ate. Not for one moment were we idle, not even the most unathletic of us.

On Sunday afternoon we took a last try on everything, said good bye to a large number of mountain friends we had managed to make, and bundled into the sleighs headed for the station. At twelve o'clock that night we arrived at the front door of Rogers Hall to be welcomed by Miss Parsons. Everyone was

able to assure her that it had been a perfectly wonderful weekend.

Friday night, February eighth, when most of the girls were at Intervale, those remaining at school went for a sleigh-ride. It was a beautiful cold night, and the sleigh full of singing girls jingled along over the country roads until it reached Idlewild Farm. There they stopped for refreshments of chocolate, sandwiches and cake. After getting warm and rested, they had a pleasant journey back to school under the moon. The noise and general hilarity continued until they drew up in front of the Hall.

On the evening of Monday, February eighteenth, we went to see the opera, "Madame Butterfly," which was being presented at the Auditorium. After assembling in the school-room to make sure everyone was there, and to get grouped, we took the special car, reaching the Auditorium in time to get comfortably settled in our seats before the curtain rose. Much to our disappointment Colin O'More, the main attraction to most of us, and hero of the opera, was unable to take his part on account of throat-trouble, but Tamaki Miura, the little Japanese girl, played her part so beautifully that she almost made up for it. The music was very good, the scenery lovely, and the costumes attractive, which all helped us to forget our disappointment about the hero, and we really enjoyed the whole thing very much after all.

On the next Friday evening, two selected teams of Rogers Hall girls played basket-ball against the Greek and Polish girls' team of Lowell, through an arrangement with Miss Graden of the International Institute.

The games were very well played, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed them. Afterwards we all had refreshments in the school-room.

The "Advertisement Party" on the twenty-third of February was something new. We all came dressed as advertisements, and

had a very funny time. The party did not last long though, because many of us had been in Boston all day, visiting the Art Gallery, and the Library, with Miss Clark in the morning, and shopping, or going to the theatre in the afternoon.

On February the twenty-eighth, we went to the Lowell Auditorium to hear Efrem Zimbalist, the eminent Russian violinist. He played a very interesting program, and his notes were clear and sweet. Zimbalist is an interesting appearing man, who at rare intervals flashes a very fascinating smile on his audience.

On March first the event to which we had all been looking forward for ever so long came at last—our Mid-Year Prom! At half past three scores of young men entered the hospitable portals of the Hall, were greeted by eager young ladies, and led to the schoolroom (which, by the way, did not look like the familiar place at all) where a six-piece orchestra offered such alluring music that when the hands of the clock pointed threateningly at five-thirty both guests and hostesses were loath to part. But the fun of the tea dance was almost forgotten in the splendor of the formal dance that night! The gym was transformed into a ballroom where myriads of gay-colored balloons popped provocingly out from among the decorations of evergreen. The music drifted enticingly down from the stage and the room became a kaleidoscope of rainbow hues. During intermission refreshments were served in the Hall after which we all returned to the gym to dance once more beneath the crystal ball amid showers of confetti. At the stroke of twelve our guests, like so many Cinderellas, departed, all agreeing that they had spent a most enjoyable evening. But the fun was not quite over, for the following day our guests escorted us home from church, and came again to tea in the afternoon. The prom proved to be one of the most successful in the school history, and will remain with us as one of the pleasantest memories of Rogers Hall.

THE CAE-KAVA BASKET BALL GAME

The second big event of the winter term took place on the fourteenth of March when the Cae and Kava clubs played their

basket ball game in the gym. The Kavas sat in the balcony, and the Caes on the stage and the peppy songs and cheers from both sides helped a great deal toward making the game a success. The members of both teams played remarkably well, and showed wonderful spirit. The score was 24 to 16 in favor of Cae.

Teams

<i>Kava</i>	<i>Cae</i>
M. Cooper.....center.....	G. MacDougall
E. Knapp.....side center.....	R. Parker
K. Leonard (Capt.).....forward.....	R. Lenferty
R. Deval.....forward.....	C. Cleveland (Capt.)
R. Farnham.....guard.....	R. Holt
H. Page.....guard.....	M. Jackson

Subs

E. Campbell—F. Armstrong	M. Wells—M. Fox
S. Mann—E. Stearns	M. Rice—W. Zaring
P. Foos	D. Tremble

After the game the Caes celebrated their victory at a tea at Norcross house given by Helen Sherer and Marjorie Wells. At dinner the Basket Ball Cup, won two consecutive years by Cae club, was presented to Connie Cleveland, the captain of the Cae team.

Sunday, March sixteenth, we had our last vesper service of the winter term. Mr. Niccoli and Mr. Heller from St. Anne's church entertained us again. Mr. Niccoli played several beautiful violin selections and Mr. Heller, Mr. Niccoli's accompanist, played a few piano solos. We enjoy them both very much and hope they will come oftener next term.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

October 13th, Ruth Hayward was married to Mr. Eldridge Tress Roche in Trinity Church, Pawtuxet, Rhode Island.

February 6th, Janet Nicholson, '20, was married to Mr. William L. Morrison at Sylvan Hills, Hollidaysburg, Pa. After March 15th, they will be at home at 212 Logan Avenue, Llyswen, Altoona, Pa.

February 27th, Alva Tupper was married to Mr. Frank Joseph Heintz at her home in Jacksonville, Fla. Among her bridesmaids were Demetria Fleischel, '23, Katherine Smith, '23, and Adelaide Richards. Jane Richman, '22, and Evelyn Leary, '23, were among the guests at the wedding.

December 26th, twin daughters, Patricia and Elizabeth, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Perry G. Thompson (Bessie Baldwin) in Lowell.

January 11th, a son, John Frederick, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Larsen (Virginia Willson, '18) at their home in Reading, Pa.

In January, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Virgil P. Baker (Eleanor White) at their home in Rock Springs, Wyoming.

January 15th, a son, William Henry III, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Miller, Jr. (Doris Jones, '17) in Chicago.

February 3rd, a daughter, Patricia Coffin, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Brown (Hazel Coffin).

By an oversight in making up the December "Splinters," two announcements were omitted: Helen Kilborn, '22, announced her engagement to Mr. Donald Russell of Portland, Me.

Peggy Stover announced, September 28th, her engagement to Mr. Victor Hockmeyer, brother of Madge Hockmeyer Parker, '10, and of Ethel Hockmeyer Clark, '13.

January 11th, Hannah Benton announced her engagement to Mr. Collins Graham of Belmont, Mass. It was sad for Hannah and Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, to have their happiness dimmed

by the sudden death of their father, Colonel Benton, within a few weeks.

January 25th, Marcelle Chalkley, '19, announced her engagement to Mr. Herbert O. Teakle of London. This winter Marcella and her mother are living in Paris.

In February, the engagement was announced of Katherine White to Mr. Arthur Metcalf Morse, Jr., of Morristown, N. J.

Eulalia Peterson, '23, in February, announced her engagement to Mr. Roy George Rinkleff, M. I. T., '22, of Philadelphia.

March 8th, Ellen Burke announced her engagement to Mr. Serge Daniloff, a graduate of the Harvard Engineering School. Mr. Daniloff, formerly of Petrograd, is now living in Lowell.

Gertrude Pritzlaff, '17, left in November for a trip around the world with her brother. In February her mother wrote that they had reached India.

February 16th, Margaret Smith, '22, sailed with friends on a trip through the Mediterranean and by a most pleasant chance found that her roommate was to be Katherine Kidder, '14, who was also taking the cruise with her parents. Margaret hopes to extend her trip by a motor trip through Great Britain in the spring months.

Elizabeth Gleason, '18, was unable to return to school after the Christmas holidays because of a return of her sinus trouble. Jeanette Rodier, '17, is carrying part of the work and Sallie Hobson, '10, comes over two days a week to help with "Bank."

The Philadelphia branch of the Alumnae Association has set the pace for all the other sections under the energetic guidance of Hazel Coffin Browne, '16, Mildred Wilson, '03, and Carlotta Heath Moore, '11. The latter as secretary has uncovered seventy-five names as belonging to her district and of this number the following were present at a bridge and mah jong party in the Philadelphia College Club on March first: Florence Harrison, '02, Mildred Wilson, '03, Mary Bard Ermenhout, '04, Stella Flee Berger, '07, Carlotta Heath Moore, '11, Hazelle Sleeper Taplin, '11, Elizabeth Suenderhauf, '14, Emona Arnold Tompkins, Anna Ogden Gilmore, Christine Rose Whitney, Ruth Woodbury Hill. During the afternoon a telegram of congratulation

and good wishes was sent to Miss Parsons in honor of her birthday.

January 27th, Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, gave a recital at the school for the girls. This winter Helen is living at 12 Wedgemere St., Winchester, Mass., as she is singing in church and filling concert engagements around Boston. It was good to see Helen and hear her again and her voice has gained mightily in richness and technique. It was interesting to find that Mrs. Costillo who accompanied is a cousin of

Martha Bayard is living at home this year and is a freshman in Vincennes University. "My work there has kept me very busy, especially as I am associate editor of the college paper and a substitute on the basket ball team."

Dorothy Sebastian, '21, writes: "When I left Lowell after the Reunion last June I visited Helen Obenaus and then Helen Barnard. It was so nice to be again with girls from school for it seems to me that nearly all of them live in the East. In July mother and I went to Michigan at Greatest Beach. Jessie Forbes had a cottage there and we talked Rogers Hall long and often. This fall I visited Helen McCullough, '20, at Vassar and was glad to meet the other girls from school who are there. While I was with Cullie we went to New York and met Margaret Schaeffer, '20, who is working very hard at Columbia. . . . At Thanksgiving, Helen Pope visited me for two weeks when I heard all about her wonderful trip abroad and Lesley's wedding. . . . When 'Splinters' came I sat down and read every word of it. While the Alumnae news interested me the most, I enjoyed also all the stories and poems even though I did not know the contributors. When I think of all the dinners and movie parties for contributors I wonder why I wasn't a poet! . . . In February we shall go to California for several months to visit my two sisters who have homes out there."

Julia Nye, '23, is at Pine Manor, Dana Hall in Wellesley and has been back to visit two week-ends.

February 1st, Sarah Meigs had a coming out tea at her home. Sarah was graduated from the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics last June and is at home this winter.

The following girls have new addresses: Mrs. Jesse Lee Terry (Kathleen Nelden), 100 Bayard Lane, Princeton, N. J.

Helen E. Robinson, 399 Boston Post Road, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles Makepeace (Pauline Russell), 1140 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Elizabeth and Eleanor Whittier, 219 Grant Ave., Nutley, N. J.

Mrs. John O. Higgons, Jr. (Dorothy Hunter), 1 Gramercy Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Margaret Liggett is traveling in Europe this winter and her address is c/o Guaranty Trust Company, Paris.

Constance Smith, '23, writes from Nice where the school spent its winter vacation: "When we left Rome we spent two very interesting days in Milan, sight seeing and going twice to the opera, the famous La Scala. The Cathedral is very impressive with the most beautiful stained glass windows. However, I like St. Peter's better than any church I have seen in Europe as yet. Each time we go to that huge place, I see something new and walk around, lost in wonder and admiration at its size and construction. From Milan we came on to Genoa which is really lovely and made the tour of the city to see Columbus' home and the building where the Genoa Peace Conference met two years ago. The harbor was directly in front of our hotel and there, ready to sail, was the boat on which we came over, the Giulio Cesare and a sister ship! . . . Our next trip was along the coast of France and Italy and it is not often that I have seen such beautiful scenery as we did that day. It was perfect weather and we rode along by the sea with high snow-capped mountains in the distance and smaller green hills stretching up in the foreground. I sat with my nose pressed against the window, like an immigrant, the whole day! . . . The shops here in Nice are fascinating and very cheap so that we have all treated ourselves to many new things. One day we drove over to Monte Carlo on the beautiful Cornish drive but our hopes of returning millionaires were doomed to disappointment for we learned that we were all too young to get into the Casino.

Recently we went to Cannes for the races, a novel experience and yesterday we visited Grasse up in the hills to see how they made their famous perfume and candied fruit. . In Rome our program has been to go sight seeing two or three times a week to the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Forum, Colosseum and all the other ancient ruins. We go to concerts at least once a week and as often to the opera so that we have been educated in music if in nothing else. Miss Risser has bought a villa where the school will live next year and by spring it will be furnished sufficiently for us to spend week-ends there. . I have heard from Peg Liggett who was in Vienna and from Tuck Carr but the latter had gone to Egypt before I returned to Rome. I shall join my family in Paris in June and hope to come home soon after that."

Margaret Donaldson, '23, left Vassar at Christmas and will spend the rest of the winter in New York. She has entered the Extension Department of Columbia University where she is taking some English courses and is also studying dancing in the Metropolitan School.

Margaret Lins, '23, decided not to return to Connecticut College after Christmas and entered the Extension Department of Columbia at the second semester: "My new address is c/o Miss Mary Belden, 391 West End Ave., New York City. This is a charming apartment off the drive and there are three other girls here. One of them is Meda Hulbert, '22, and she and I are rooming together. Meda is studying Domestic Arts at a down town school and likes the work very much. I too am enjoying my new courses although Columbia is so large that I still feel a bit lost. I am taking courses in English, both composition and literature, American History and Advertising. Margaret Donaldson and I meet frequently and she likes her new course of work."

Helen Lovell Halman, '03 (Mrs. Chester) is now living in Miami, Florida, where some of the girls met her at Christmas.

Dorothy Scott Gerber, '22, writes: "Our baby is beautiful with big blue eyes, long lashes and reddish brown hair. She is so good that I almost forget I have her and it is such fun to take care of her. We have changed the baby's name to Dorothy

Scott and already she has been nicknamed 'Scotti.' I am hoping to go east next spring if Dan has to take a business trip and to make a little visit at school."

Ellen Burke is president this year of the Paint and Powder Club of Lowell and Isabelle Nesmith, '05, is the vice-president, and to them is due much of the credit for the successful management of the annual revue. As usual the performers in the different numbers were many of them Rogers Hall girls. Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, had important parts in two of the sketches, Ellen Burke and Ruth Clarkson, '23, had a dance together; in another group, Dorothy Wadleigh, '21, Ruth Clarkson and Peggy Stover danced. Sarah Meigs had the solo dance called "The Hayshaker," and it was decidedly the hit of the evening as she was recalled until she could dance no more. Katharine Nesmith, '16, Olive and Helen Eveleth, '15, Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, and Alice Chase, '23, also had a share in other numbers.

Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy, '98, started in February for a trip of several months to Texas and California and will return by way of New Mexico.

In March, Helen Nesmith, '10, sailed with friends on a Mediterranean trip. While travelling through France en route for a summer in England, Helen will visit Betty Chalifoux Chapin who has taken a house in Paris for the spring months.

One of the alumnae who was most disappointed not to come to the Chicago luncheon was Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02. "Isn't it aggravating that at just this time I should be in quarantine! Barbara has had diphtheria, though she is over the worst of the disease now. . I hope to go east next summer and get up to school for a little visit."

Miss Parsons attended recently the meeting of The National Association of Private Schools in Chicago and also had the pleasure of meeting a number of Rogers Hall girls of pervious years. A luncheon in her honor was held at Marshall-Field's on Thursday, February 21st, at which there was much reminiscent recalling of old times and exchanging of news of the present. At the luncheon the Chicago Branch of the Rogers Hall Alumnae

Association was organized with Lesley Pope Cook, '21, as chairman and Elouise Bixby Woods, '16, as secretary. Miss Parsons was also entertained at luncheon by Elouise Bixby Woods at her home, 440 Oakdale Avenue, by Lesley Pope Cook at The Chicago Athletic Club, by Doris Jones Miller, '17, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

On her way to Chicago, Miss Parsons called on Mrs. William Henderson (Miss Frances Lucas) who has a charming home in Columbus and in Chicago saw two former members of the Rogers Hall faculty, Miss Marguerite Darkow, who is studying at Chicago University and will soon receive the degree of Ph. D., and Mrs. John Clark (Miss Winifred Miller). Mrs. Clark is the proud possessor of a lusty son of eighteen months. Miss Parsons spent a week-end in Jacksonville, Illinois with Harriet Parsons King, '05. Harriet has two lively daughters of six and eight, Elizabeth and Constance.

Nell Steel Plumley, '99, is living in Winnetka, Ill., and has a son seventeen years old.

Emily Jane Judah Bayard, '17, is living in Rogers Park, Chicago, and has two children.

Alice Lang Bogardus makes her home in Elgin, Ill., and has two children.

Betty Peters has a position in the advertising department of the Chicago Tribune.

Frances Robinson is studying in the Chicago Art School. Myra Belle Pope, '22, visited Frances in March.

The class of sixteen and other friends feel deep sympathy for Rachel Hayes Jopson whose fourth child lived only two months.

Sara Stevens is teaching in one of the private day schools in Chicago and regretted that she could not be present at the alumnae luncheon since her work filled part of the afternoon.

Helen Tracy, '20, is teaching in the physical education department of the Bristol, Connecticut Public Schools. "I am teaching the High School girls, about three hundred and fifty in all but also I am demonstrating in all the first, second, third, seventh and eighth grades in all the nine grammar schools. Needless to

say I am kept rather busy but am gaining some valuable experience before I go into private school work as I hope to in another year or two. . My father has given me a Buick roadster and soon I hope to drive down to Stonington and see Eleanor Davis, '21. Next summer I hope to see Bettina Hayes Mortimer, '20, but before that I expect to drive to Boston and shall hope to get out to school."

In accordance with the vote of the Alumnae Association at the June meeting the committee appointed by the president, Anna Keith Uhlenhaut, '18, has organized, called for and received pledges for the Maud Wright Macfarlane Memorial Fund. Two of the Alumnae, Louise Allen Hobbs and Ruth Burke, have gained distinction and public recognition for their work and asked to submit designs for the Memorial. Louise Allen has done statues, small figures and several war memorials. Ruth Burke has gained a large field for her portraits in wax. Early in February the designs were submitted by the two artists to the committee and one of those submitted by Louise Allen was the choice of the committee. She is working upon it now in her Boston studio and hopes to complete her share and send the memorial to the casters in time for the tablet to be unveiled at Commencement. The tablet will be placed in the Gymnasium over the fireplace as this building was so closely identified with Miss Macfarlane. The Treasurer is still receiving gifts for the Memorial in case any of the Alumnae or friends wish to send in a gift, although in the notice February was given as the date of payment.







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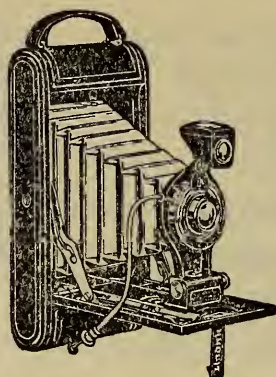
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School News

Alumnæ News



SPLINTERS BOARD, 1923—1924



LITTLE GREY HOUSE

Dear little grey house,
On the edge of the moor,
Your cheerfulness glows
Through your open door.
Your cuddling roof,
With its chimney wide,
Keeps you safe from the storm,
All cozy inside.

The red wild roses
Their soft petals spill,
As they shyly peep over
Your window sill.
Your flagstone path
Winds down to the sea,
Dear little grey house,
You're calling to me!

HELEN F. SHANNON.

A MATTER OF ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS

SCENE.—The small living-room of a small, comfortable house. An oblong table in the center of the room with a lamp (unlighted), books, magazines, and a sewing basket upon it. Two large, comfortable, evidently much-used chairs, one on each side of the table. A door in the middle at the back of the stage, with windows on each side of it. A staircase on the right. A door on the left. Bookcases between the windows. A hat tree on the right of the door.

(Mrs. Martin sitting in one of the big chairs beside the table, darning socks.)

(A tall, thin, gray-haired man with a kindly, tired face enters, carrying a seedy looking medical bag. He slams the door carelessly after him. He puts down his bag, takes off his hat and overcoat, hanging them upon the hat tree—all this very quickly. His wife's face lights up when he comes in the door, and she puts down her sewing, and sits watching his every movement as though waiting until he was all ready to say something that she had been waiting for. He comes over toward the big chair rubbing his hands together.)

Doctor Martin (brightly).—Well, dear.

Mrs. Martin.—And so you're really going at last!

Doctor.—Yes, Nancy, I think the time has actually come. (Sits down.) I can't realize it myself—you see I was just sitting there in the office reading about it, when it came to me that this was my chance. I just had to call you up. (Leaning forward) You see Lorenz will be there—coming all the way from Vienna to give us the dope—all the big bugs will be there.

Mrs. Martin (smiling at his slang, and the change of manner which his enthusiasm has produced).—Who's Lorenz?

Doctor.—A specialist. Very clever. You must have read about him and this big clinic in New York; the last number of the Medical Journal was full of it.

Mrs. Martin (laughing and shaking her head).—My dear, how many times must I remind you that I don't read the Medical Journal?

Doctor.—Oh, that's right, of course.

Mrs. Martin.—It's way above my head. But I'll read the next number from cover to cover, because I'm sure there'll be something about *you* in it.

Doctor (softly).—Maybe. (He gets up and walks rapidly to the window with his hands in his pockets.) By Jiminy crickets! I'll show them something! And when I come back maybe I'll be able to do something for old Mrs. Harris—and the little Kolinski boy and Sarah.

Mrs. Martin (enthusiastically).—Oh, John, won't that be wonderful?

(The doctor comes back and sits down. He leans his head back comfortably and shuts his eyes.)

Doctor (musing).—Just a small town doctor in a rut—that's what I've been! Remember hearing me speak of Conant? I roomed with him first term at college? (He opens his eyes a crack and looks down the bridge of his nose at her, without straightening up his head. She nods.) Only one term, thank heaven! We fought like dogs! Once when I spoke harshly to him about going out nights, and cramming, and cheating at exams, he said that to me. I've thought of it many times since. He laughed hard and said: "Don't preach to me, you poor fool! You'll never be anything but a small town doctor. You're in a rut already." Then he raised his eyebrows, stuck his chest out, and said: "But you just watch your *room-mate*!" (A pause.) He was all right though. At least he knew what he was talking about. Here I am, after twenty years, just where he said I'd be! A small town doctor!

Mrs. Martin.—Well, that isn't anything to be ashamed of, John.

Doctor (softly).—No; but I don't see why I haven't— (He hesitates, then brightens suddenly, and rises again.) But that's all over now, Nancy. (He saunters around the room with his hands in his pockets, thinking out loud.) This trip, with the fare to New York—hotel bills—

Mrs. Martin (interrupting).—And you'll have to have a suit, John.

Doctor.—Yes, I suppose so; in all, it will be a matter of about four hundred dollars. Not so much, considering what it may mean to that poor little kid if it is successful (turning to his wife). Poor little kid! He just lies in bed all day long without a murmur. Today he asked me when he could go out to play with Nick—that's his brother—and I had to lie to him. I leaned out of the window and got an icicle for him to look at, and he was all excited over it. (A pause for a minute or two.) By Jiminy crickets! It ought to work!

Mrs. Martin.—Will you talk to Lorenz, do you suppose?

Doctor.—You bet I will! If I don't I'll lose my chance. He's the only one who'll know whether I've made a vital discovery or had a pipe-dream, and he won't be coming over here again for a good many years, perhaps never again, he's not young! I'm going to take a sample of the serum along and let him—

(The faint sound of a girl's voice singing upstairs.)

Voice.—Mindin' mah bus'ness, ah nevah go wrong.

Doctor (looking up).—Singing! I don't hear that as often as I used to.

Mrs. Martin (shaking her head).—Poor girl! She's not very happy. She's seemed depressed ever since she came home from school.

Doctor.—Has she talked to you about it, Nancy?

Mrs. Martin.—No, it's not like her to, and, besides, there's nothing much to tell. It is only that love is such a very serious matter with young people.

Doctor.—Has he written to her since she came back?

Mrs. Martin.—Once.

Doctor (disgustedly).—Oh, men are fools! She's worth a million of those giddy young prom-trotters out there.

Mrs. Martin.—Yes, but he's in *college*, dear. It's just because he's so far away.

Doctor.—Well, I was pretty far away when I was in college, but wasn't I faithful?

Mrs. Martin.—Yes, dear, but that was different. We were *engaged*, and it sort of kept us steady.

Doctor.—No, I think that young people are more fickle and insincere than they were when we were young.

Mrs. Martin (smiling).—My dear, that has been said since the beginning of time. I believe Adam and Eve said it about Cain and Abel!

(A boy in uniform passes the window, whistling. He rings the door bell. Mother puts down her sewing and goes to the door.)

Boy (full of business).—Special delivery, sign here, please. (He hands her the book and continues whistling in a debonair manner.)

Mrs. Martin (excitedly).—Oh, it's for Jane! (Louder) Jane! A special delivery letter for you! (She signs quickly and goes to the bottom of the stairs.) Jane! a special delievery letter for you!

Jane (from upstairs).—A special! (She assumes a calm voice.) Good! I'll be right down!

(Several minutes pass, in which the mother and father examine the letter.)

Doctor.—Why doesn't she come down? Of course she's excited. (The mother smiles knowingly.) It's from New York; it *must* be from him.

Mrs. Martin.—Oh, I *do* hope so.

(At the sound of feet on the stairs the mother puts the letter on the table quickly, and continues sewing. A very pretty little girl of about nineteen years comes down the stairs in a languid manner.)

Jane (smiling).—Imagine me getting a special! It reminds me of my childhood days at boarding school. Where is it? (She sees it on the table and picks it up. Her face falls, and she quickly turns her back on her parents and, half-sitting on the edge of the table, pretends to examine the outside of the envelope. Father and mother exchange a sad look and pretend not to notice her disappointment.)

Jane.—I don't know who it's from. Don't recognize the writing. (She tears it open with trembling hands. Reads to herself.)

Jane (out loud).—Oh, oh, oh! How *divine*! Oh, oh—heavenly! (She clasps it to her bosom and throws her eyes up to ceiling, then—) Listen to this (reads). “Jane, dear, I have at last succeeded in getting dad and mother to take a yacht trip in the South Seas in January, and I want you to join us. It will be a beautiful cruise if all goes as we have planned. There’s going to be a crowd. I’m having Jeff Hardy for you. (He said he would fall on his sword and depart for Valhalla if you didn’t accept.) Please do, darling. Let me know if you can come, and I’ll write you the details later.”

(She folds the letter and stands looking at them with shining eyes.) *Jane*.—Oh, father! (she runs and puts her arms around his neck) Oh, father, darling, may I go, with the fare to New York and a few clothes—I wouldn’t need very many—and pin money, it wouldn’t be much. Only a matter of about four hundred dollars, and *think*— Oh, the South Seas; I *love* the South Seas! (She hugs him, pats his hair, and talks very fast, while he sits staring abstractedly into space.)

Jane.—Oh, dear, I know we can’t afford it and it’s extravagant, n’ everything, but—I’m *crazy* to go. Please, Dad (looking down) I can’t just explain it, but it is worth while, Father, I know you’d be glad afterwards that you let me go. Isn’t it funny though; I hardly know Sally! (Looking at him) What’s the matter, Father?

Doctor.—Oh nothing, I was just thinking—

Jane (weeping).—Oh, I know you’re thinking that I’m selfish. I am. I’ve been such an expense—

Doctor (interrupting).—Don’t talk that way, Jane. Your Mother and I want you to be happy more than we want anything in the world, but—

Jane (quickly).—Oh, don’t say “but”.

(Mother sits looking appealingly into her husband’s face with tears in her eyes, but he does not understand her look; he thinks it is sympathy for Jane.)

Doctor (to Jane).—Who is this girl, dear?

Peg.—Sally Conant—I hardly know her, but she was darling to me at school! She—

Doctor.—Conant? Did you say Conant?

Jane.—Yes, Father.

Doctor.—What is her father's name?

Jane.—Why—Doctor Spaulding Conant, I think.

Doctor (with a sort of groan).—Oh—

Jane (quickly).—Do you know him, Father?

Doctor (avoiding the question).—What sort of a man is he?

Jane.—Oh, a peach! A very clever doctor, I've heard, and immensely wealthy.

Doctor (half to himself).—Yes, of course.

(Jane shows signs of great impatience. She takes out the letter, reads it again and goes to her mother with it.)

Jane (her eyes glow).—Look, Mother, he says he'll fall on his sword and depart for Valhalla if I don't accept. You've never known anyone so silly—when he wants to be—but he's awfully deep and serious really. (She glances swiftly at her father who is sitting silently with his head in his hands, and then says in a low, confidential voice).—I've kept it a secret from you and Dad (her mother smiles faintly) but really I'm awfully interested in him, and he must have asked to have me go on the cruise, because I hardly know Sally. Do you think Dad will let me go?

Mrs. Martin.—Oh, Jane, I don't know—

(Jane goes to him. She pats his hair affectionately.)

Jane.—Well, Father, what is the decision? Tell me now, I can't stand the strain of waiting any longer.

(He looks up and stares at her with surprise.)

Doctor.—Why, my dear child, of course you can't go. We aren't millionaires! (Then he notices the expression in her eyes, and a very miserable one creeps into his. His voice softens.) Why, my dear, I didn't know you were serious about it. It sounded like a fairy tale to me—I don't see how Mother and I could possibly arrange it.

Jane (her voice breaks and she says in a low sort of groan with disappointment and a shade of reproach in it).—Oh, Father—

(She stands looking at him with very large, round eyes. She looks at her mother, who quickly looks down at her lap. Suddenly

she turns and walks quickly toward the stairs with her head high, and blinking hard to keep back the flood of tears. Near the top of the stairs a sob escapes her, and she runs the rest of the way up.)

(Father picks up the paper, opens it wide, and pretends to be deeply interested in it. Mother sits looking thoughtfully at the back of the paper, knowing that he is not reading it.)

Mrs. Martin.—She's so proud, and dignified for a young girl! She wouldn't have let us see her cry for the world. (She smiles at the back of the paper.) As though we never had *seen* her cry. John! (He puts down the paper.) As though we hadn't walked the floor with her night after night when she was just yelling with all her little might and main!

(He smiles with that far-away look which shows that he is thinking of something pleasant. Then the smile fades into a scowl.)

Doctor.—That was the hardest thing I've done for a good while, Nancy.

Mrs. Martin.—Yes, it's dreadful to see her suffer when she's the only one we have, and it may mean her whole life, but I don't think it will. (She picks up her sewing and threads her needle.) She's young and she'll soon forget it—perhaps, and you've waited so long, dear (she steals a glance at his face). *You* deserve *your* chance after all the years you've waited—

Doctor (surprised).—*I—?* (He looks at her questioningly, but, as she is busy with her sewing, he looks away again, and sits staring into space with his brows drawn in thought. Suddenly he realizes. Groans.)

Doctor.—Oh, Mother, I didn't think of that before.

Mrs. Martin (sympathetically).—Of course you didn't, dear.

Doctor.—She said about four hundred dollars, didn't she? Just about what my trip would cost!

Mrs. Martin (softly).—Yes, dear.

Doctor (his head drops in his hands).—Oh, Mother, what shall I do?

Mrs. Martin.—Oh, John, don't ask me—I love you both so much. (She gets out her handkerchief and wipes her eyes.) They sit thus quietly for a few minutes.)

Mrs. Martin (getting up).—I think I'll go up and try to comfort her. (She goes toward the stairs slowly.)

Doctor (softly).—Mother.

Mrs. Martin.—Yes. (A long pause.)

Doctor (very softly).—Tell her—she can go.

Mrs. Martin (her eyes shining).—Oh—John.

Doctor (getting up).—Nancy.

Mrs. Martin.—Yes, dear.

Doctor.—I think I'll make my morning calls now.

Mrs. Martin.—All right, dear.

(She goes to the hat tree and gets his hat and overcoat, and his shabby medical bag. Hands them to him. Kisses him fondly, and pats his hair. Then she goes slowly upstairs, wiping her eyes, and he goes out slamming the door carelessly after him. In a few moments the door opens again, and he steps in, carefully; he tiptoes to the bottom of the stairs and listens; hears sounds of voices talking excitedly, hears laughter, and many short exclamations. He smiles to himself, turns, and goes out quietly.)

HARRIET WILSON.

LILAC TREES

Lilac trees are growing,
Upon a little hill;
Winds are softly blowing,
They are never still.

A little house is standing
Amid the lilac trees;
A little house of laughter
And dreams and memories.

A little lass is singing,
Her voice is sweetly low;
The lilac trees are calling,
But I can never go!

MARGARET JACKSON.

“AS CAREFULLY PLANNED”

Janice Marley was happy. Her canoe party was turning out quite as she had planned. Standing on the green bank of the river on the edge of the little grove where the basket supper had just been served, she watched the three couples who were carrying their paddles and pillows back to the canoes.

The June day had been perfect; a clear sky and just the ripple of a breeze for their fine mile paddle beyond the city. She had worked out all the details of the trip before her guests left the boathouse, and she smiled now as she recalled Dick Sutton's perplexity when she had ordered him into a canoe with Bettina Burke, her out-of-town guest. Of course she realized that Bettina was frightfully good-looking and had a way with men; but Janice also knew Dick, and under the circumstances of the rapid development of their friendship during the past few days—well, if a girl chose to be proposed to in a canoe on a moonlight night, she had to use some discretion in directing the course of events while the sun was still high in the heavens.

She had innocently explained to Dick that she was going to allow Tommy Jones, a Boston man, to paddle her up stream because she was under a social obligation to him; but that she was to make the return trip with Bettina. It had worked out fairly well, although Tommy had talked more about Bettina than herself as he drove the canoe with a strong arm up the river. He had given her the details of Bettina's gorgeous bronze hair, of her becoming green sweater, and of her line of talk. As if she didn't know these facts already!

But Janice had dismissed Tommy from her mind now, and was watching Dick make her own canoe ready. He certainly was good-looking; tall and athletic like herself; clever in conversation when he wanted to be and lightly humorous at other times. He had been the life of the party at supper, and now she was to have him all to herself, with a full moon just rising out of the purple twilight.

One by one the canoes pushed off, and floated down the stream. The warm breeze still lingered just enough to bring out

to them the fragrance of lilacs somewhere ashore. The tall trees on the opposite bank became graceful silhouettes against the sky. Here and there yellow lights began to glow from the windows of summer camps, and the music of a victrola floated across the water—the familiar old “March of the Wooden Soldiers”.

Janice gave a contented little sigh as she settled back in the cushions, and Dick took up his paddle. They were the last canoe to leave, and he kept under the lee of the land, although the others were already in midstream.

“This is more like it,” he said.

“More like what, Dick?” she asked.

“You know it was cruelty to children to keep Tommy Jones away from Bettina.”

“I’ve given him the best part of the trip with her,” Janice answered.

He grinned when he thought this over. “Take it all in all, you’re clever, Janice.”

“Take it in due time, and you are comprehensive, Dick.”

Their conversation launched in this vein, they floated pleasantly down the stream for a mile. The full moon threw off the veil of the twilight, rose golden-orbed, conquered the night, and finally flooded the river with a silver shower of light.

At first the canoes had made a pretense of keeping within hailing distance. Once the four couples had joined in a chorus, “When June Comes Along With a Song”. The strings of the two ukuleles had trilled the accompaniment. Then the silvered night had swallowed them all up.

“Let’s keep paddling on forever,” Dick said at length. This was delicious; and because it was, she answered: “Forever is a long time, Dick.”

“I want it to be.”

“You could go a long way in less time.”

“Let’s paddle then until we get out into the ocean of life together.”

“You forget the falls just the other side of the boathouse. We’d take a most awful tumble there.”

A distant murmur came to them out of the night; too distant to suggest the rush of water that went over the falls at this season of the year.

"You get ahead faster in life when you enter the rapids," he said.

"Perhaps you get wrecked the sooner," she suggested. But she loved the deeper thrill in his voice. This was what he had been coming to for a week. The night was hers, the moon was hers, the man—.

The murmur of the falls became louder.

"I'll cross here to the other side," he said, and for several moments was silent as he drove the canoe diagonally across the river.

"There are none of our party on the river for the first time?" he asked at length.

"Bettina has never been here before."

"And Tommy Jones?"

"I—I don't know. Why, Dick?"

"Nothing at all. One who didn't know the course might keep to the left bank—"

"But Dick, Tommy couldn't do that. He must be with the others; and besides, the noise of the falls—"

"Of course. He's with the others just ahead. But the falls cut so treacherously across the river. One wouldn't be looking for them so soon on the other side; and in the moonlight—"

"Dick, for heaven's sake, don't. Drive her ahead hard for the boathouse. It must be all right."

"Of course it is all right."

They halloaed as they approached the landing. Cheery voices answered them. But as they came still nearer they saw only two canoes beside the wharf.

With a swift succession of strokes Sutton was beside them. Four persons were dimly visible on the veranda above the landing.

"Everybody ashore?" he asked, trying to conceal the concern in his voice.

"The Tommy Jones person is not here yet," somebody shouted back.

"Not back? Who saw his canoe last?"

His voice did not conceal his concern now. The others came hastily down from above. Nobody had seen his canoe last. One had seen it leading, he thought. Another believed that it had dropped back a mile up stream. Nobody really knew.

"Get out, Janice," Dick ordered. "Frank, take the front of my canoe with a paddle. I'm going out to look for them."

Janice crept forward in the canoe and took the fore paddler's place. "Pass me a paddle, Frank," she commanded. The young man did more than that. He sent a loud call across the river. "O Tommy—Tommy Jones!" They all listened. Only the roar of the falls answered them.

"Get out," Dick commanded sternly. "There's just one chance—"

"I'll take it with you," she said quietly."

"What are you going to do?" asked Frank. Again he sent out his call in a clear, strong voice.

"Push off," said Janice.

"Don't be foolish, you two," said Frank. "Either their canoe hasn't yet come down the river—or it's too late to help them. Your place to help them is here. O Tommy, Tommy Jones!"

Janice seemed to hear only the roar of the falls. The river in the white moonlight rolled to the brink of the dam with the apparent serenity of a lake. The roar of the waters came from below. The mist that rose obscured the silvered line where the falls actually began.

"O God, don't let them go over. O God, don't let them go over," she began to say softly. She turned her back to the misty falls. The path of the moon which once seemed so shining with joy now appeared cruel and cold. "Why, oh why had she ever planned this canoe party? Why had she let Tommy come down alone? Why hadn't someone warned him? What could she do? She could never go home with the news. She never could tell the families of these two who had gone to their death. She wished

she had been in the fateful canoe. She wanted to cry. She wanted to scream. She was too frightened to do anything.

"Look," one of the girls on the wharf suddenly cried. She pointed up stream.

"O Tommy—Tommy Jones!"

"Hello," came back a distant reply.

"That you?"

"Righto."

"Hurry in."

Almost limply Janice stepped from the canoe to the wharf. So great the horror of a moment ago; so simple the reaction of it now. Dick, too, had felt the tension. His face was still drawn in stern lines, but he covered her hand with his own as he turned to her after pulling the canoe over the edge of the float. He understood. They stood there silently, their backs to the others, while Tommy Jones, spurred into action, made haste to redeem his tardiness.

"We aren't the last in?" asked Bettina, as they approached the wharf.

"You are, dear lady," said Frank. "You might have been the last after the last if I hadn't spoiled a good tenor voice calling to you. What happened? Did the Jones man lose his paddle?"

"We got engaged," blurted Tommy. "If it wasn't for telephoning her mother we wouldn't have come down at all."

And that was how Janice's carefully planned party turned out. She had counted on a moon to precipitate an engagement, and it had done it!

"Dick, take me home," she said, "as a hostess, I'm a flat tire."

"Say good-by to the others here," he whispered. "We're going to walk home, and by the longest way."

ELINOR MACBRAYNE.

FANCIES

The clouds are sailing towards the south
In pinky golden ships,
And through the blue sea boundless
A gentle ~~skylark~~ dips.

Off to eternity, no doubt,
Off, to where dreams come true,
Would that I were sailing
With the ~~skylark~~ too.

Perhaps, when fancy's born again,
And the day is at the dawn,
I shall float up to the azure sea,
And sail away at morn.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS

It was one of those bewitching, silv'ry moonlight nights, and Benjamin Todd was going to a concert. Indeed it was going to be an exceptionally good concert for a most talented singer was to be the feature of the entertainment. Benjamin himself could sing tolerably well, but instead of taking part in these nightly concerts he usually occupied a box seat where he could look down into the pit and locate certain enemies of his and, at the same time, the nearest exit.

Tonight was the night of nights! Benjamin did not drive to the theatre. He preferred to walk. The night air always settled one's nerves and his had been rather jumpy of late, perhaps a case of too much catnip. It must have been nearly ten o'clock when Benjamin finally got started. He wore his formal evening attire, and never did the black and white of his suit look quite so black and white as tonight. His whiskers were all in trim, and his "patent leather" hair slicked down, and his great alluring

yellow eyes shone like tiny lights. In fact Benjamin Todd was "all spruced up", and looking his best.

As he took his way through the dark whispering woods, he quickened his pace at intervals. Whether this was due to the lateness of the hour or to the numerous and embarrassing questions as to his identity which the owls, whom he did not know at all, kept asking, I cannot say. As yet I will not admit that Benjamin was a coward.

At last, after what seemed a very tiresome journey to Benjamin, he arrived at a dirty-looking alley which was the Bohemian section of the village. Along the ragman's back yard ran a high board fence, serving as a protection against thieves (though what they could find fit to steal there, I can scarcely say). At any rate the fence was there, and Lydia Blanche, who lived at the ragman's house, had kindly offered it as a theater. Here the greatest falsetto singer of the day was either to make or break his reputation.

When Benjamin arrived, most of his companions were already there and not a few of them were occupying his reserved box seat, which was on the henhouse roof. "Who's occupying my seat?" said Benjamin with a menacing look in his eye and a ferocious switch of his tail, whereby the imposters trembled and removed themselves with alacrity.

The hour struck eleven and the audience ceased their varied conversations to give their attention to the great singer of the evening. Lydia Blanche, the hostess, came forth upon the stage leading a lean-looking creature, in a shabby grey suit, whom she introduced as Mr. Rufus Fursky, the noted Russian singer. Mr. Fursky made a stiff bow, which was more comical than dignified, for his appearance was against him, his hair being matted, his whiskers long and unkempt, and his almond-shaped eyes had a hunted look. Lydia Blanche quelled all fears, however, by a sweet smile and a statement to the fact that he was a great discovery.

The "great discovery" looked about the audience as if in search of a policeman to chase him out, and finding none, gave his whiskers a nervous twitch, and lifted his voice in a volume of

melody such as never had been heard before. Note after note filled the air and the applause was deafening.

All but Benjamin Todd applauded, but Benjamin was trying to restrain an uncontrollable desire to sing himself. He knew his voice was good, and somehow he wanted this beggar of a Russian to know it too. Now this evening of all evenings Benjamin should never have attempted to show his great talent. In the first place, he had a cold, and, in the second place, his predecessor had been too much of a success. Unfortunately these circumstances did not bother him and he stepped upon the stage to sing his song, sneezing twice as he went.

For a few moments he got along very well, but then his cold played a mean trick on him. He was swaying backward and forward delirious with his success when, on a particularly high note, his voice cracked and then he lost it altogether. Try as he might only ugly, minor notes came forth and right then and there Benjamin Todd lost his dignity. He could hear the tittering of the audience and down by the corner was Rufus Fursky, his whiskers pointing upward, sneering at him. The last was too much. He would not receive such insults.

“Here, Rufus Fursky, you,” he yowled, “how dare you insult me by your sneering? Come, either an apology or a good fight!”

Rufus looked at the others, and this time they all laughed. Then he started on a slow deliberate walk toward the stage. Behind him crept the entire audience in the same manner—step—step. Benjamin’s ears rang, and his head throbbed. He really did not want a fight and especially with a man who was backed by so many admirers, and he could feel their menacing approach—near and nearer.

It was then that Benjamin Todd turned coward, and he dashed off the stage, running as fast as he could toward home. Behind him ran the yowling mob, laughing and jeering. Houses flew by. Empty boxes! Ash cans and more houses! Even the dogs turned away as if terrified by the oncoming pack. He kept thinking “If I can only make the woods! Then I’ll hide.” On, on he ran, and, all of a sudden, the woods leaped up before him. Wel-

come the questions of the screech owls now! Anything but that pack of mocking followers. A few seconds and he was beneath the dark trees, lost in their shadows. The jeers of the pursuers were growing fainter now, a good sign. He must be making headway.

Then something jumped at him, out of the shadows. A long, lean somebody dressed in grey. That ugly Russian! Well, he would settle him. They fought! Fur flew in all directions, and their cries of pain and anger echoed in the stillness. Biff! Bam! Then quiet. The great falsetto singer lay on the ground panting heavily, and badly wounded.

The yowling mob had found the poor Rufus now, but in the distance Benjamin Todd was crossing the swamp, jumping from one tuft of grass to another to avoid the oozing mud. He saw the big red barn ahead of him which was home, and, of course, safety. Filled with triumph Benjamin strutted around the corner, and in the broad door. There was the loft filled with the sweet-scented hay, just as he had left it. Benjamin climbed up, and then the sandman came in and put a very tired pussy cat, wearing a bedraggled evening suit, to sleep.

HELEN F. SHANNON.

DAFFODILS

Yesterday I saw a sunbeam
Playing in my garden;
I watched it dance and flutter about,
And every now and then I saw it
Stoop and kiss a flower bud.

This morning I looked in my garden;
The sunbeam had disappeared,
But, instead, I found twenty golden daffodils,
Nodding and swaying in the falling rain.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

In a small village in Germany, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, lived little Lucy Hoffman with her old grandfather. Lucy had been blind all of her young life, but, strangely enough, it seemed to come natural to her to play on the old harpsichord which was in their one-room cottage, and to improvise very short, simple pieces. Herr Hoffman was a cobbler, and, while he was mending shoes, he used to tell Lucy the news of the little village.

One day he said: "Lucy, my child, I have some wonderful news for you. The great Herr Beethoven is coming tomorrow to pay our little village a visit." Lucy replied: "Oh, grandpapa, how I wish that I might hear him play! But then," she added sadly, "he would not come to such a poor home as this." Herr Hoffman sighed, but did not reply to Lucy's statement.

The next evening proved to be one of the most beautiful nights that the village had ever seen. The moon's rays flooded every place. Beethoven and his traveling companion were strolling around, while the former was searching for an inspiration. They finally reached a small wood, and issuing from a cottage in the middle of it, were heard the sweet sounds of a harpsichord. Beethoven knocked at the door, and then entered. There, in a room filled with moonlight, was a beautiful little girl seated at the instrument, and playing some of the most musical chords that he had ever heard. In the background hovered an old man.

Herr Hoffman recognized him as *the* Beethoven, and said: "Pardon, great sir, but would you not play something for my blind granddaughter? She has heard so much about you, and only yesterday said that she wished that she might hear you play." Beethoven looked once more at the young girl, and then nodded.

Lucy, who had heard the conversation, arose from the stool, and begged him to play. He sat down at the harpsichord and, much to the surprise of his companion who was waiting outside for him, began to play a new composition.

Lucy stood enraptured with the exquisite music. The quality of the tones coming from that old instrument was unbelievable.

When Beethoven had finished Lucy asked: "Oh, Herr Beethoven, what was the name of that beautiful piece?" He replied: "That, my child, was something that I just composed, called '*The Moonlight Sonata*.' " Your playing, together with the moonlight gave me my inspiration, and, as this will probably be my best composition, I shall dedicate it to you."

DOROTHY LEBUTT.

"SAT'DY NIGHT"

Oh, it's fun to go ashopping with your Daddy
When the stores are lighted up on Sat'dy night,
And the air is warm with hints of coming summer,
While a million stars are twinkling into sight!
How the gay shops seem to beckon with their windows,
Whether hats or beds or meats are on display,
What alluring scents of freshly turned out fudges
From the candy store we pass by on our way.
All the world is out to do its week-end errands,
And it's even brought the baby carriage too,
Black-eyed children tagging on behind their mother,
Wondering what she'll buy them for tomorrow's stew.
Tired fathers bringing bundles from the bakeshop,
Happy couples gazing in the jewelry store,
Silly young things flirting idly on the corner,
Sure to stand there for at least an hour or more.
When the crowd begins to get its very thickest,
And the autos blow their horns to clear the streets,
When the town seems more alive with new excitement,
Comes a recollection of our Sunday meat.
What care we though errands should have been forgotten?
Just to be among the crowd was true delight.
Oh it's fun to go ashopping with your Daddy
When the stores are lighted up on Sat'dy night!

ELINOR MACBRAYNE.

A FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived in a little country far across the sea, a very kind and beloved queen. One day, when her little son was only two years old, the king set out to visit a neighboring kingdom, and though he was to have come back in six months' time, he never returned. Years passed, and the poor queen at last came to believe that he must have been lost at sea. As the little Prince became older he grew to look more and more like his father, and his mother loved him more each day. He was a manly little chap with merry blue eyes, curly brown hair, and a winning disposition. He had for a playmate a little boy about his own age with whom he used to fence, and play other games. The people were very fond of their handsome young Prince, and every day when he rode with his mother in the royal carriage, through the streets of the town, the people bowed low and cheered heartily as they passed: "Long live our gracious Queen! Long live our noble Prince!"

As he grew older he was trained in all the things a prince should know. He learned his lessons well, and he could throw the javelin farther and run faster than any of the boys of his own age at the court.

The Prince was such a handsome youth that by the time he was twenty, messengers and ambassadors had come from countries far and near, with offers of marriage. Many were the presents they brought and portraits of fair and beautiful ladies. On the Prince's twenty-first birthday the Queen called him to her, and told him that she had dreamt the night before that she had not long to live, and, before her death, she wanted to be sure that he would choose a good wife. Then the queen gave him a tiny golden key and said that, after her death, he was to take it and search near and far until he found the lady whose heart it would unlock. The Prince was very sad at what she had told him, but he promised to carry out her request. Not long after this the good Queen died, and the sorrowful Prince, true to his promise, set out to find the lady whose heart his key would unlock. His only companion was his childhood playmate who was now a knight.

In the first kingdom they visited the king had a very beautiful daughter, and when the prince had showed her the key, and told the story, the princess took from around her neck a fine, silver chain on which was suspended a tiny, silver heart set with pearls. The Prince was very pleased, for he thought she would make such a beautiful queen. However, his search was not to end so soon, for the heart was so tiny that the key could not fit in the keyhole.

They visited many other lands, and saw queens, princesses and ladies, but though some had very beautiful hearts, set with precious stones, the Prince's key would unlock none of them. At last, when he had been away from his kingdom for nearly a year, and was traveling in a far-off country, he heard from the people that their queen was the most beautiful lady in all the world, and that she was as wise and good a ruler as she was beautiful. Full of hope, the Prince visited the palace where he was received with great splendor. The queen knew of his mission, and she at once gave him her heart which was made of a single blood-red ruby, beautifully cut. The Prince took the heart, and tried the key in the lock. It fitted perfectly, but, alas, it would not turn.

Tired and discouraged, the Prince and his knight began their long journey homeward, for the Prince could not leave his country any longer without a ruler. They journeyed night and day until, towards evening on the last day of the year, they came in sight of the castle. They urged their tired horses on faster, for they wanted to reach the palace before nightfall. As they were climbing up the steep and narrow way, they saw before them the figure of a young girl kneeling in the path. The knight called to her to get out of the way so that they might pass, but the Prince, seeing that she was in trouble, got down from his horse. She was trying to bind up the foot of her struggling sheep dog, and she thanked the Prince, though she did not know who he was, for helping her.

The Prince was joyously welcomed home, for the people were very glad to have a king to rule over them again. A magnificent service was held, and they crowned him as their king, and great was the joy and feasting throughout the land. Their new king was

not happy, however, for he had not kept the promise he had made his mother.

One day, as he was walking in a meadow, he sat down on a rock, and put his head in his hands, for he was very sad. As he sat there, he felt a hand on his arm, and looking up he beheld the little shepherdess whom he had seen on the night of his return. She had recognized him only as the kind knight who had offered to help her, and not as her king. Seeing that he seemed to be in trouble, she asked him what the matter was. He told her that he was looking for a heart his key would unlock.

The little shepherdess told the Prince that she might be able to help him, because she had a heart of pure gold. She had found it one day in the meadow as she was tending her flocks. Because it was of gold, she thought that it might belong to the queen, but it did not. However the queen had said that she might have it if she promised to always keep it shiny and bright, and not give it away until she found someone who had a key which would unlock it. She took it from the chain, and gave it to the Prince. He took out his key, and fitted it in the hole, it turned, and the heart opened. Inside was a single pearl, the pearl of happiness.

PATTI FOOS.

NIXIE

Very dear to our hearts was the familiar sight of Nixie waddling down the walk, or sunning himself comfortably near the mail-box, and we miss him more than we thought we could. He was so friendly and peaceful, and, although he had not been seen running for some months, his tail was always responsive. At times Nixie would force his way among the girls at lunch time, and lie at the foot of the dining room steps; only Miss Parsons' coaxing could budge him. His friendship for Bessie, the cat, now departed, according to the latest reports, was a thing we all admired in him. Perhaps it was their likeness in complexion that drew them together, for Bessie was certainly one of the blackest of cats, likewise Nixie was a very black dog.

We take this opportunity to wish them much joy, comfort and success in their happy hunting ground .

VIVIAN DANT.

THE BLACK NIGHT

The night was black, and a damp, cold fog rose from the low, marshy lands. Way off in the distance a dog's howl was heard, probably protesting against being turned out into such a chilly, unfriendly night. Then the ominous silence fell again.

Without any warning, the wind began to blow. The tall trees moaned and shook in the mighty blast. Leaves were tossed and whipped hither and yon, twigs snapped, branches cracked under the fierce onslaught. The birds in their nests awoke, twittering with alarm, as they were swung back and forth by the wind in the swaying trees. As swiftly as it had risen, the wind died. For one moment there was absolutely no sound in the woods—then, a sound not unlike a sigh heralded the rain, which came pouring down.

In a dark culvert at the side of the road stood a tall figure wrapped in a black cloak. He had been motionless for half an hour now. Throughout the high wind, with heavy branches crashing dangerously near his head, he had stood with a stoic-like calm. With the downpour of the rain, however, he suddenly stirred, drew a deep breath, and turned. He put his pipe in his mouth and took a match from an inner pocket—shielding it carefully from the rain he struck it. The flare from the lighted match showed a face with a cruel, diabolical expression. His eyes glowed with a wild light, his teeth protruded like the fangs of a wolf, and his lips were hard and bitter. Then the light went out.

He made his way cautiously, laboriously through the woods, stepping with a cat-like tread, till he came to a tiny cabin set in a small clearing from which came a thin stream of light. With a muttered imprecation, he strode forward and rapped loudly at the wooden door. Not a sound; he knocked more fiercely, a

sneering smile on his bitter lips. Still receiving no answer, he seized the latch and pressed it, throwing his weight against it. With a snarl, he recovered his balance and glanced wildly about the still room.

Ah! Nothing to fear here. He went up to the table, which was set for a meal, and sat down, facing the door. He was not one to be caught napping. He would never be caught. Suddenly, the light went out, and at the same instant the wind rose again and blew open the cabin door. With a wild inarticulate shriek the man started up and fled out into the night, crashing headlong into the outstretched branches of a stalwart tree.

The rain ceased—the wind died, and a cold, damp fog arose from the low, marshy lands. An ominous silence settled over the black night, and over the dark figure that lay motionless beneath the tree.

BEATRICE M. NICHOLS.

AT SPRING TWILIGHT

There's a baby in the auto
That is swiftly passing by,
There are lovers in the garden
Over whom the swallows fly.

There is sunshine in the heavens
That is warm enough to thrill
Each flower in the tulip-bed
Outside the window sill.

Surely somehow in each happy heart
The words are singing o'er
That Spring is ruling all the world
And whispering nature's lore.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

HOPE

Hope is defined as the quality which leads one to believe expectantly, to cherish some desire. Hope is the quality which makes us sure we will get some mail in the afternoon, if we got none in the morning. And if someone tells us there is no mail for us, then we look in our box all the same vainly hoping that the well-meaning person has made a mistake. Hope is that little flame which burns sometimes brightly and sometimes dimly, but very rarely goes out. It keeps us going from day to day, and, when life seems useless and we almost wish to be dead, we still clutch at the flickering flame persistently.

It is said that love is what makes the world go around, but where would love be if there were no hope and faith? There are times when an amazing depth of love can be shattered and completely destroyed if there is no deep-rooted faith and hope. Jealousy is the enemy of true love, and what is it but a lack of faith? Every one knows that love is not a one-sided affair, and if jealousy is allowed to creep in, love is quite liable to fly out. But nothing is as persistent as hope.

Hand in hand with it goes ambition, that quality which causes both good and bad results, but the balance is in favor of the good, I think. Ambition is what makes self-made men—men who come from foreign countries and, without knowledge of language or trade, become wealthy, with well-educated American families. It causes a mother to be patient, loving, and self-sacrificing that her children may profit by her example and have success and happiness. All the while she is hoping that Arthur will be a noble man, and Betty will grow to be a charming, worth-while lady, and that their futures will be the very best. She prays that these things may be, and with her prayer faith and hope are ever present.

Now that spring will soon be here the trees are budding and green shoots of grass appear in the brown lawns. There is something uncommonly magnetic about spring. It comes unfailingly every year, and yet we are always thrilled and awakened by it. We find ourselves tremendously glad we are

alive, on tiptoe with expectancy. Petty details fade into the background, and we think big thoughts—are idealists. Things that in the winter seemed impossible aren't half so bad when considered from a spring point of view. Shapeless and faded straw hats of last summer are uncovered and pulled and yanked until they have a semblance of style, and often a coating of "Colorite" is added if their color is too faded. No one minds if, on a rainy day, the fumes from said "Colorite" are all too evident. It is warm spring, and soon the scent of hyacinths and lilacs will fill the air. The whole world has sprung into life, birds twitter, bees hover over the new born flowers, and hope rules the day.

We could not live without hope.

VIVIAN DANT

A SKETCH

The hot, sandy, winding road stretched before us, making an opening between the thick, short underbrush. Our shoes were filled to the brim and overflowing with sand which made them as dead weights to pull along the road. How unsufferably hot it was! How unmerciful the sun! Our faces burned from its relentless blaze. All this and more we suffered in the name of exercise.

Our ten-mile hike, which we had entered on with so much enthusiasm, was falling short of all we had expected. It was decidedly not agreeing with our dispositions for already one hardly dared ask a question without the fear of being snapped up immediately.

Grasshoppers, at the movement of our bodies, flew into our faces, causing shrill screams full of irritation. One scream louder than the rest, made us all stop and investigate. "A snake!" was the cry. This impeded progress for a short time, the girls being afraid to step because they might "scare up" a snake from the underbrush.

At last—tired, hot, dirty and thirsty we came to the crest of a hill. Looking out of the tops of the trees, we could see

Burt Lake lying peacefully and gleaming under the brilliant sky. Some of its coolness must have radiated to us, for somehow we all forgot our tiredness, and gazed at the perfect beauty of the scene before us.

At our feet, a sandy path stretched invitingly down the hill in the direction of the lake. It wound around the trees like a huge, uneven snake. The temptation to descend was too great. We accepted the challenge and found ourselves literally flying down the hill. The sight which met our eyes made us forget that so shortly before we had been trudging along a burning, dusty road.

It was as if we had stepped out of the busy world into a fairyland. The first thing that impressed us was the deep silence. It was a silence filled with woodland noises—the faint trembling and swirling of the little brooks, as they came tumbling over the pebbles to meet one another; the contented, soft calls of the birds as they hopped from tree to tree; the undistinct rustle of the leaves which fluttered in the breeze, as if a huge fan was setting the air in motion over this spot alone. These things at first seemed indistinct in themselves, but they combined to make a silvery tuckie.

Above us was the arch of the tree-tops through which escaped tiny flecks of sunlight that danced on the waters, and made them sparkle as if alive. One could almost imagine that from one of the tiny bursts of light, a fairy might appear.

The lengthening shadows told us that the sun was dropping faster and faster into the West. To continue further on our hike would be absurd, so we laboriously climbed the hill again, and wound our way back to camp.

It was quite dark when at last we did reach home, tired, but no longer cross. The last part of our hike had made us forget all that had gone before, and we felt that it had been a success. One spot of beauty had changed a disagreeable day into one which now appeared to have been full of joy from the beginning.

ISABELLE WALDRON

SCHOOL NEWS

SPRING TERM AT ROGERS HALL—CORA CHASE CONCERT AND TEA

One of the first treats we could anticipate at the beginning of the spring term was the Symphony Ensemble Concert which came April 9, bringing with it a famous opera singer and former Rogers Hall girl, Cora Chase. Never did we enjoy such music and such singing as we did that night. The program seemed far too short, and we should have been sorry to leave, had we not had the pleasant anticipation of the tea the next afternoon, at which we might meet the lovely singer.

How we flew about trying on dresses! We surely must look our best! Alumnae and friends were quite incidental when we had an opportunity of meeting a real Opera star! Of course the tea was delightful, especially the "eatable" part, though we were a bit disappointed that Cora Chase could not sing to us. We did receive an autographed picture, however, which made us feel as though we were "pretty special" after all.

ELINOR MACBRAYNE.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

One Wednesday, in April, the day after Cora Chase sang, we went to the Auditorium to hear Mme Schumann-Heink. There were only a few of us, so we walked down in time to get fully settled before the concert began. We had excellent seats for one of the best concerts of the year. Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice was lovely and her personality very charming. She was most gracious with her encores, which made the audience even more enthusiastic. The men of the American Legion presented her with a beautiful cluster of flowers, for which she made a short speech, thanking them, praising the Legion, and saying how proud she had been to sing for their benefit during the war. She

sang a few more songs, before leaving us with a never-to-be-forgotten impression of her beautiful voice.

KATHERINE PRICHARD

THE GYM MEET

The annual gym meet that we had worried about and drilled for ever since the beginning of the term took place Saturday, April 12th. The Caes with their red ties began the marching, then the Kavas showed their skill and so on all through the program. There were setting-up exercises, apparatus work and interpretive dances. It was fun to watch the girls twist in and out of the window ladders and swing on the rings but the dances received the most applause. The clown dance in particular amused us and especially when the clowns forgot the steps and laughed with us. Following the dances was a game of human croquet in which the tallest girls were wickets and the swiftest ones were the balls. It was very close and caused much screaming, and excitement. The honors of the meet went to the Cae Club.

VIVIAN DANT.

On the evening of April 18, the members of the council took their monthly privilege of going to the movies where they saw two very entertaining pictures. As usual the evening was concluded by a trip to Page's.

MR. BROWN

It was five o'clock and we gathered to hear Mr. Brown sing in the school room for the last time. We enjoyed it as we always do, enthusiastic over the new pieces we had not heard and delighted with the old favorites we beg to hear each time. After the concert we took Mr. and Mrs. Brown in to tea wishing that some time in the near future Mr. Brown would come from Ithaca to sing for us again.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

THE CAE TEA

Saturday was given up wholly to a certain delightful kind of party. This party, due to the efforts of the Cae Club was unusual and therefore very effective and entertaining. After a short noisy street car ride we disembarked and walked, apparently for miles, egged on by appetites which were naturally healthy and from which, needless to say; exercise had not detracted. Wearily we leaned on each other not stopping long enough to use convenient telegraph poles and fences. We tramped and tramped and when all seemed to be useless we fell in the door of a typical New England farm house and dropped onto the floor into chairs or upon our friends. Strangely enough weariness does not stop tongues nor dull the pangs of hunger and we wonder now just what impression we made on the farmer and his wife. With spirits considerably revived we started back for the other side of the world, and it rained. Of course we didn't mind that and with our tempers—and, did I say our feet?—still intact we dashed home.

ELIZABETH HITCHMAN.

THE GREEK PLAY

Having an almost maternal interest in their little Greek guests of Christmas time, the members of the Senior Class and the last term's council accepted an invitation, given by their older sisters, to witness a play at Colonial Hall, Lowell, on April twenty-third. These girls, all members of the International Institute of the Y. W. C. A., had formed themselves into "The White Eagle Club" and this was their first production, a three-act comedy, "The Farmerette." The fact that they had put a great deal of effort into the play was shown from beginning to end by their splendid acting. The club's kind invitation was greatly appreciated, for everyone deemed it a success, enjoying every minute of it.

HELEN F. SHANNON.

THE GREEK CELEBRATION

Friday night, April 25th, in spite of imminent showers, the senior class boarded the street car and went down to view the Greek celebration of Good Friday, held a week later than ours.

We walked swiftly through dark, narrow streets, lighted occasionally by dull gleams from the coffee houses, where men sat smoking and talking, past grocery windows filled with brightly dyed eggs, on to the Greek church.

In the street before the church were crowds of people, all waiting patiently for a chance to get in and be blessed. As we had been specially invited, we went right in, through a passage made for us by a tired looking policeman. In the entrance, at either side of the door, were tables filled with yellow and white candles which the Greeks bought and lighted.

As we entered the church and went toward the center, a monotonous chant rose and fell, in a not inharmonious melody. In the center stood the "epitaphios," or bier, on which lay a waxen image of Christ, completely covered with roses and surmounted by a white, stuffed dove surrounded by gleaming candles. Soon the three priests, dressed in gorgeous robes embroidered with precious jewels, and one with a golden mitre on his head, read the funeral service in Greek followed by the primitive sounding chant. Then the people came up to kiss the image and so be blessed. When all had been blessed, they left the church and started slowly on a tour of the streets in the Greek quarter. The procession was led by a band playing a dirge, followed by the three priests bearing candles and chanting. These were closely followed by six young men carrying the epitaphios and after whom came crowds of people. The whole group stopped here and there for prayers along the way.

It was a most impressive sight for us to see people, bare-headed, leaning out of windows or standing on balconies, silently crossing themselves as the epitaphios was borne by.

The streets, which had been darkened purposely, now shone with the lights of red candles which were instantly lighted in the windows as the procession wound its way slowly beneath them.

Here and there were children with bright sparklers, while the intermittent flashing of little sky rockets or roman candles threw a grotesque light on the scene of the crowds of people following the epitaphios back to the church.

BEATRICE M. NICHOLS.

SPLINTERS BOARD

Norcross House was again the scene of a most successful Splinters supper on the night of May third.

Another enjoyable Splinters party was a movie "bat". One Saturday night in April the board and contributors left on the 7.30 car for down-town, watched by many envious girls. All were in a merry mood and we laughed hilariously at everything. After two pictures and a comedy, we trooped to Page's for two or three "Uncle Dudleys."

CECILE GRAY JOHNSTONE.

THE GLOUCESTER TRIP

Mr. Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain,
He stepped in a puddle up to his middle
And never went there again.

We thought that this rhyme might fit our case one dark morning, May third, to be exact, when we started for an all day's motor trip along the North Shore to Gloucester. A large gray bus drove up to the white gate, and out we ran. When we tried to find seats we discovered that the bus wasn't as commodious as it had looked, for there were too many of us for the number of seats. However, we managed to squeeze in as we always do, and soon forgot the cramped quarters while we sped gaily along. To our great joy the weather cleared up and the day became a lovely sun-shiny one. The time flew so quickly that, before we realized it, a fresh salt breeze greeted us and we knew that we had reached

Lynn, our first step along the North Shore. But Lynn at its best was only an ugly, crowded city and we strained our eyes eagerly for the first glimpse of Swampscott and the open sea. In fact we were destined for a longer wait there than we knew, for just as we reached the New Ocean House an accommodating tire went "plop!" Of course we had to wait for a new one to be put on, so some of us climbed out upon the rocks and others walked about the piazza of the New Ocean House, which had not yet been opened for the summer season. The wait proved to be of short duration, however, and we were soon on our way again. Next came beautiful Marblehead Neck, stretching majestically out into the sea. Then on we went through Salem with its quaint old houses and colonial doorways, remnants of the days when she was destined to surpass Boston as a seaport. After that in quick succession came picturesque Beverly, and the fashionable summer resorts of Prides Crossing, Magnolia and Manchester-by-the-Sea. Last but not least grey weather-beaten buildings, grey wharves, and countless sails came into view, and we knew that we had "reached port" at last, for it was Gloucester, that famous old fishing town. All this long time the strong ozone and the invigorating salt air had been accomplishing their usual feats and we were ready to eat everything within sight. We drew up to the Hotel Savoy, famous for its shore dinners, and it did not take us long to satisfy our hunger. After dinner we realized, much to our sorrow, that it was getting late and time to start for home. It was beginning to rain, too, but it was only a belated April shower to which the sun soon put a stop. The return ride seemed very short, for when we reached Salem, we left the shore and made the rest of the trip by way of Andover and Shawsheen Village. We reached home the latter part of the afternoon, putting an end to one of the most delightful trips we had ever taken.

HELEN SHANNON.

PHYLLIS ELLSWORTH.

MRS. KINGSBURY

Mrs. Kingsbury, who teaches voice at Rogers Hall, came from Boston to sing for us Sunday, May 4th. Her attractive manner and lovely voice made us feel that the hour in which she sang could be counted among those hours spent in appreciating beautiful things.

VIVIAN DANT.

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

Because of the educational value and historical interest in the moving picture "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the members of the history classes were allowed to go to see it on the evening of May the sixth. It was so highly approved that the rest of us were allowed to see it the following Saturday afternoon.

FIELD DAY

Field Day was a sunny intermission between endless days of rain, rain, rain. The air was really tense with excitement, and girls gathered in corners to discuss with serious faces the prospects of the day. Cheerful red and white vied with brilliant gold and blue while we held our breaths until the first event should be called. Old girls with children who talked eagerly of the day when they would be either Cae or Kava, seemed to be numberless, and we watched them with something little short of awe. At least it was open admiration.

At nine o'clock we assembled in the schoolroom and sang Rogers Hall songs. Then Miss Parsons told us the story of the founding of Rogers Hall and read us some of the family love letters nearly a hundred years old. These afforded us much amusement, and no doubt the authors would have turned over in their graves had they known their tender letters were being read to giggling boarding school girls.

With wild, enthusiastic cheers, the events started at ten, and each dash, throw and jump received a great amount of attention and cheering.

When action was suspended to eat, we all, even the non-participants, felt the need of a little rest. After luncheon Miss Parsons presented the ribbons and at last came the grand finale, the presentation of the individual cup for the highest number of points to Harriet Cushman, and the cup to the club winning the highest number of points to Cae Club!

To call the baseball game with the old girls an anti-climax would be doing it a great injustice for we were immensely interested. In spite of the impressive playing of the old girls' pitcher, in fact of their whole team, the school won. The anti-climax came at ten o'clock when the bell sent to bed a school full of dead-tired girls.

THE OPERETTA

Right after Christmas there were rumors of an operetta, and we began to hear the members of the Glee Club humming pretty little tunes that aroused our curiosity, although the final performance was not until this term. "A Trial by Jury" was certainly worth waiting for. With Marjorie Norris, in a black gown and a white wig, as the judge, Vivian Dant, in a long tail coat and a high hat, as the heartless bridegroom, and Margaret Jackson, in a lovely bridal costume, as the broken-hearted bride, the cast was perfect. We could scarcely keep our eyes off the dashing Beau Brummels of the jury, with their tiny black moustaches and pretty "side-burns," and the bridesmaids were quite as attractive in their dainty lacy frocks.

The music of the Operetta was very "catchy", and each character worked hard to carry out her part.

Miss Dowden and Mr. Vieh deserve a great deal of credit for their splendid work in producing the operetta.

CECILE GRAY JOHNSTONE.

NICCOLI-HELLER CONCERT

Sunday afternoon, May 11, we all came into the schoolroom in a state of expectancy, for Mr. Niccoli and Mr. Heller, the violinist and organist of St. Anne's, were to play for us. Since we had heard them before, we were anticipating a delightful hour and we were not disappointed.

Mr. Niccoli, who rendered several interesting pieces, and Mr. Heller, who played with his usual fervor and enthusiasm, even exceeded our hopes. We were sorry when the hour was ended and we earnestly hope that those of us who come back will hear them again next year.

BEATRICE M. NICHOLS.

SENIOR SUPPER AT MARBLEHEAD

It was a marvelous May evening when the Seniors started off to Marblehead. Huge grey busses conducted us along the North shore. There was that indescribable tang of salt in the air and we sniffed it appreciatively as we bowled over the hard roads. We went through narrow, winding streets until we again came to the water. The Adams House loomed into view, so, taking a last look at the scenery, we went in to take our choice of a steak or shore dinner. Somehow our appetites were unusually demanding, and the food was unusually good. Then came the moonlight ride home. The air was clear and delicious, and we did not mind in the least when the driver lost the way. All too soon we arrived home, and once more piled into bed.

RESUME

Mrs. Bowker, who is president of the Municipal League in Boston, gave a very interesting talk at Rogers Hall on the work done by the Municipal League.

She began her talk by asking us to picture a city, not a city as we see it, with houses, factories, gardens, etc., but as a great home: the alleys as the corridors, the markets as larders, the houses as sleeping rooms, and, through it all, that atmosphere that distinguishes a home from a mere house. This is the ideal of the League, and they believe it can only be brought about by the women working side by side with the men. If this idea can be instilled into the mind of every person in the city, a great deal of the filth will be eliminated, because everyone will want her own home to look respectable.

It was through the pressure of the League that the conditions in the markets have been greatly altered. Before their investigation, meat was wrapped in dirty newspapers, food was displayed with no coverings, animals crawled around on the display, and many other unhealthful things were allowed.

The League gives a chance to even the lowliest families with scarcely any means of support to help, for cleanliness is free, and each can do her bit. After making this first act a success, the League expects to do more big things, and I'm sure we are all enthusiastic to help them.

These are only a few of the things they have done, and they are planning many others, through the cooperation of every individual, regardless of race, color, or sex.

ISABELLE WALDRON.

BASEBALL GAME

The Cae-Kava baseball game which was scheduled for Saturday, the seventeenth of May, was postponed until the following Monday on account of a delay in the arrival of Miss Harrison, a former member of Kava and still a strong rooter for them. Monday dawned bright and clear, and excitement reigned supreme

throughout the whole school. Classes were carried on with difficulty and at two-thirty there was a big rush for good seats on the field. The Cae team came forth with red bloomers, while Kava had farmer's hats trimmed with orange and blue for the whole club. Both teams played a fine game but due perhaps to the inspiration of Miss Harrison's presence, perhaps the thought of four events already lost, perhaps to the ability and skill of "Cushy" and "Dot" Marden, but certainly to the co-operation and perseverance of the whole team, Kava won with a score of 17-3.

The lineup was:

Cae		Kava
R. Lenfestey (Capt.).....	(Catcher)	D. Marden
G. MacDougall (Pitcher).....	(Capt.)	H. Cushman
P. Fox	1st B.....	R. Farnham
M. Fox	2nd Base	J. Stronach
R. Parker.....	3rd B.....	A. Safford
H. Sherer.....	ss.....	E. Knapp
D. Tremble	lf.....	J. Meyer
M. Wells.....	cf.....	N. Ives
M. Damon.....	rf.....	H. Page
R. Holt, P. Ellsworth.....	subs.....	Leonard, Nicholson
KATHARINE PRICHARD.		

CITIZENSHIP CONFERENCE AT ROGERS HALL

The League of Women Voters held at Rogers Hall on Tuesday, May 20th, a conference for the discussion of various problems of the community. After luncheon the conference was opened by the chairman, Mrs. True Worthy White, who introduced the speakers. Miss Mabel Hill, of Rogers Hall, the first speaker, had brought from Wellesley an exhibition which had recently been set up in the Town Hall, to demonstrate the growth of the activities of that township. She gave a brief talk in connection with this exhibit assisted by two of our girls, Mary Sponable and Martha Cooper, who held up the charts as Miss Hill explained them.

This interesting discussion was followed by an address by Mr. Bradley, professor of government at Wellesley. He talked about local government, emphasizing the advantages of city managers, and gave us examples of their success in many cities.

Next on the program was a talk by Miss Cheney of the Lowell Normal School. Her ideas for progressive school government were set forth with great earnestness. She spoke of the necessity of democracy among the school children and of teaching them the value of their "junior citizenship".

A former student and teacher of Rogers Hall spoke to us next, Miss Harrison. She told us of the calamity of laziness among voters. An interesting example mentioned was with regard to an educational board meeting where only five out of four hundred and fifty appeared to vote. Perhaps the most important thing which we girls of Rogers Hall got out of the day was the realization of the responsibility of the individual citizen in politics.

The meeting then adjourned until the evening, this session being opened by Mrs. Osgood of Melrose. She had with her the famous map of Melrose, made by the school children, for the exemplification of the new zoning system.

Mr. Weed, head of the Lowell Normal School, spoke next about playgrounds in relation to traffic. His arguments were colored with amusing anecdotes in developing playgrounds. His criticism of the East was frank; he asserted that we do not have enough recreation for our children. In Chicago there are "play-places" for the children every quarter of a mile.

Mr. Lewis MacBrayne was the last speaker on the program; his topic was an appropriate one for this time of year. He spoke on Safety First in traffic. He dwelt emphatically on the serious problem of the automobiles. Eighty per cent of all the automobiles in the world are in the United States.

Each community must consider its relation to the neighboring cities, and to the whole State. If this can be accomplished the rate of accidents will be decreased.

The all-day meeting of the League of Women Voters was an enlightening experience for us and no doubt the guests who

enjoyed the hospitality of Rogers Hall took away pleasant memories of Miss Bagster's delicious luncheon.

HELEN M. SHEPARD.

“SENIOR FIELD DAY”

Wednesday morning the members of the senior class were all smiles in spite of a cold, damp drizzle, for they were going on a trip around Lowell to see the locks and canals, with Mr. Safford as guide, and ending with an inspection of the Massachusetts Cotton Mill, the largest mill in Lowell. They were excused from classes for this trip.

Promptly at nine o'clock they made a concerted dash for the huge, gray bus at the gate, and, with a shriek of the siren, the tour began. Mr. Safford led them past the old Whistler House, the Y. M. C. A. Gym, mills, canals, and bridges, on and on until they reached a large dam. Here they got out to look at the falls, and a very interesting fishway. They went on to a gate-house where they saw how the water in the canals was controlled, and from there to the Old Navigation Canal to see more locks. Next they followed Mr. Safford to the Strand Theatre, and going down under it, saw the junction of the Merrimack and Concord Rivers. At the power house of the Prescott Mill they saw the huge wheels and dynamos which run the engines.

At that point their tour with Mr. Safford ended. He took them to the yard of the big Massachusetts Mill and left them with other guides. Their inspection of the mill was most interesting. They followed the whole complicated process of blanket-making from the raw cotton to the finished product.

In about half an hour they returned to school, and Mr. Safford concluded their delightful tour, with a brief resume of the morning's trip, and some very interesting pictures of great dams, canals and powerhouses all over the world.

BEATRICE M. NICHOLS.

THE SWIMMING MEET

The announcement of the swimming teams caused a great increase in the usual hum and buzz around school. Gold and blue, red and white again swept out every other color, and at ten o'clock the swimming pool seemed fairly banked with these colors. Margaret Donaldson, last year's Kava president, and other distinguished guests, added their enthusiasm to the rest, and the whole atmosphere was excited and wet. It was such a close meet that everyone was tense when the judges gave the final decision in favor of Cae.

The first place in the meet went to Helen Sherer, the second to Grace MacDougall, and the third was a tie between Ruth Lenfesty and Edith Knapp.

The teams:—

Cae	Kava
H. Sherer (Capt.)	J. Meyer (Capt.) (Dant)
R. Lenfesty	E. Knapp
M. Fox	H. Lyons
P. Ellsworth	T. Armstrong (Boyd)
M. Wells	K. Pritchard
G. MacDougall	C. Leonard
	ELIZABETH HITCHMAN.

VESPERS, MAY 25

Sunday, May 25th, after having tea in the garden, we gathered in the schoolroom for vespers. There was a short musical program, a few girls playing and singing. Then came brief reports by the heads of the council, and the athletic clubs. Also Miss Parsons gave a health report, congratulating us on the way in which we had avoided any serious illnesses this year. She also read us an article by Dr. Perry of Exeter. We closed the service by chanting the Lord's prayer.

VIVIAN DANT.

CAE AND KAVA SUPPERS

At quarter after six on Tuesday evening, the Caes and Kavas trouped down to the porch, scanned the sky, and discussed the possibility of rain spoiling their porch suppers. It did, so with equal delight they prepared kitchen suppers, the Caes at Norcross, and the Kavas at the Hall. Everyone ate heartily, until it was announced, "There are no more second helpings!" Next at each house a meeting was called, and nominations for next year's presidents were made. After the business had been transacted, there were a few songs. Everyone felt sad to think that it was the last club supper of the year.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

On one of the very hottest days in the spring term five student officers of the school: the presidents of the council (this term and last) the presidents of the two clubs, and the editor of Splinters, were very fortunate in being invited to take a lovely ride up through Tyngsboro, Chelmsford and Dunstable with Miss Parsons. The spring scenery was very refreshing and we enjoyed particularly the beautiful Merrimack river, and the apple trees in full bloom.

HARRIET WILSON.

CANOBIE LAKE PICNIC

All the time during "exams" we had been looking forward to the last Thursday, for it had been rumored that there would be a picnic to celebrate the end of that trying ordeal. The news was confirmed by Miss Parsons, with always the weather to be considered, of course, and there was great anxiety all day whenever the sun happened under a cloud. At last, however, the last exam was written, and almost immediately fair fat grey buses drew up at the white gate. There was a great deal of scrambling for the back or front seats, according to varying inclination before we were settled, and started on a really beautiful ride out along the river to Methuen and on into New Hampshire to Canobie Lake Park. (

There was a great rush for the merry-go-round which tried out new tunes on us, then the whip, the penny arcade and the "Loony House." It was all very happy and carefree for exams were over. The picnic supper tasted better than ever beside the lake, and after it some of us took a ride around the lake in a motor boat. All too soon it was time to pile into the buses again and start back, but perhaps the nicest part of it all was the ride home in the early evening, with the gorgeous spring flowers brightening the fields and hedges on either side, and a most wonderful sunset blazing in the sky.

TENNIS

During the busy days just before graduation the members of the tennis teams were energetically playing off their matches. Both teams did very well, but Kava was victorious.

Teams:—

Cae		Kava
R. Lenfesty.....	1	R. Farnham (Capt.)
G. MacDougall (Capt.)	2	H. Cushman
M. Wells	3	J. Meyer
H. Sherer	4	D. Marden
V. Loewe	5	E. Knapp
Subs		
M. Damon		A. Safford
P. Ellsworth		H. Page

COMMENCEMENT

LAST SENIOR SUPPER

On the Friday night before commencement the seniors had their last supper, the pleasantest and, at the same time, the saddest one of the year. The results of the elections, the Prophecy, and the Class Poem were read. Some of the interesting announcements follow:

Anne Boyd—Best dressed—neatest.

Martha Cooper—Most dignified—most sensitive.

Harriet Cushman—Best athlete.

Evelyn Dimeling—Funniest—noisiest.

Patti Foos—One of most artistic—most temperamental—most absent-minded.

Rachel Holt—Most popular—most talkative—most stunning—best figure—biggest eater.

Mary Hussey—Most innocent—most bashful.

Cecile Gray Johnston—Laziest—cutest.

Dorothy LeButt—Most musical—most sarcastic.

Catherine Leonard—Most industrious—best student.

Beatrice Nichols—Most sympathetic.

Henrietta Page—Most carefree—best dancer—wittiest.

Charlotte Rushton—Most domestic—most thoughtful—most energetic.

Helen Shannon—Most artistic—one of most likely to succeed.

Helen Shepard—Most lovable—most unselfish—best natured.

Helen Sherer—Most sense—most sincere—best influence—best all around girl—one of most likely to succeed.

Gertrude Trefethen—Most stubborn.

Marjorie Wells—Most untidy—class baby.

Mary Gray Wood—Biggest bluffer—biggest drag—most sophisticated.

Harriet Wilson—Prettiest—one of most likely to succeed.

Madeline Reitenbach—Most optimistic—sweetest—most modest.

Surely every senior, and the undergraduates and faculty too, were inspired by the wonderful sermon which Dr. Howard Bridgman, the principal of Lawrence Academy, preached to us at our Baccalaureate service. His text, "When I became a man, I put away childish things," was very appropriate, and his interesting, lovable personality made his sermon particularly appealing to us all. The music, which was exceedingly beautiful,

added a great deal to the service. We are left with the sweetest memories of our last Sunday at Rogers Hall.

HARRIET WILSON.

Sunday afternoon at five-thirty we gathered together beside the lilac bushes, and Helen Shepard read our Class Will.

THE WILL

We, the departing class of 1924, of Rogers Hall School, Lowell, Massachusetts, being of sound minds, do make and publish this document as our last will and testament, by which we lawfully bequeath our estate including all our abilities and personal belongings which we have heretofore possessed.

To the future seniors:—The enjoyment of a senior privilege and senior suppers.

To the faculty:—Our hope that in the future they will find another class of such perfect deportment and scholastic ability as ours.

To Miss Parsons:—Our love and our sincerest hopes for success in the coming year.

To Miss McMillan:—Our deepest appreciation of her kindness and generous help during our stay at Rogers Hall.

To Miss Carter:—Our unfailing friendship and our wishes for the best o' luck in the future.

To the Norcross House Girls:—The sweet lullabies of the cats who live next door.

To the incoming pupils:—The joy of being "Rogers Hall Girls."

To Rudy Lenfesty:—Rachel's popularity.

To Virginia Wood:—Sutty's famous drag.

To Marjorie Nicholson:—Cushman's "mighty right".

To Jill Rice:—Patti's languid air, and a voice muffler to be used in study hall.

To the highest bidder:—Shep's good disposition.

To MacDougall:—Ann's extensive wardrobe.

To Virginia Brown:—Hot's pearls in a jewel box.

To Peg Jackson:—The key to the jewel box.

To Murmie, Tubby, and Greasy:—Ezen's and Hank's dignity.

To Louise Lowell:—Gertie Trefethen's and Dot LeButt's care of the "Big Four".

To Ethel Frost:—Kay Howell's figure.

To Timmie Farley:—A couple of yards of Dot LeButt's hair.

To the undergraduate members of Cae and Kava Clubs:—Hot's and Hank's spirit and energy.

To Bertha May:—Mary Hussey's baby stare.

To Isabelle Waldron:—Madeline Reitenbach's charming personality.

To Helen Babbitt:—Ardis Williams' athletic ability.

To the future occupants of the front pew at St. Anne's:—Bea Nichols' interest in the choir boys.

To the henna devotees:—Kay Leonard's flaming mop (to be divided evenly).

To all Southern girls:—Charlotte Rushton's staunchness in upholding the traditions of the "Sunny South".

To Priscilla Fox:—Maddie's dancing feet.

To Billy Horton:—Some of Gladys Kay's avoirdupois.

To Grayce Aldrich:—Cile's candy, flowers, and specials.

To next year's "New Girls"—Marty Cooper's book on "No Need for Nostalgia".

To Dot Tremble:—Marjorie Wells' love of sports and her winning smile.

To the future writers of the Senior Will:—Harriet Wilson's and Helen Shannon's sympathy.

We herewith appoint, authorize, and name the future members of the banjo and glee clubs as the executors of our will, trusting that our gift of a new 1925-model harmonica (to be used in study hour only) will encourage them to carry on their duties faithfully. Hereby renouncing all other wills as null and void, we, the class of 1924, announcing this to be our last will and testament, now confirm and seal it,

Class of 1924.

Witnesses:—

(1) William

(3) Bessie

(2) Thomas

(4) Rags

Then, walking hand in hand around the magnolia tree that the seniors planted last year, we sang our songs; first the seniors, then the undergraduates, and lastly we sang two of our old Rogers Hall favorites.

Supper was served at little tables out under the trees in the garden and at seven-thirty we went over to the gym to hear a delightful recital given by some of the pupils of Mrs. Kingsbury and Mr. Vieh. The program was as follows:

Alcock—Music, when soft voices die

The Glee Club

Sjogren—Erotikon, No 3

Kathryn Howell

Fairchild—Che pena e che Dolor Parker—I know a bank

Esther Perham

MacDowell—Scotch Poem

Isabelle Waldron

Godard—Florian's Song Schubert—Hedge Roses

Margaret Jackson

Schubert-Heller—Serenade

Charlotte Rushton

Fairchild—Rosa, Rosa Elliott—Spring's a lovable Ladye

Katharine Prichard

Lalo—L'Esclave

Gretchaninoff—Slumber Song

Scott—The False Prophet

Marjorie Norris

Chopin—Polonaise, C sharp minor

Virginia Brown

Purcell—Passing by

Lehman—You and I

Vivian Dant

Mendelssohn—Finale from Concerto in G minor

Dorothy LeButt

(Orchestral parts on a second piano)

Lohr—Swing Song

The Glee Club



KATHRYN HOWELL—"A voice, soft, gentle, and low is an excellent thing in woman." Kava Club, Garden Party Committee '23; Secretary and Treasurer of Council '24. Glee Club, Operetta '24, Prom Committee '24, Pageant.

ANNE BOYD—"As good to be out of the world as out of fashion." Kava Club, Swimming Team '23, '24. Garden Party Committee '23, Secretary and Treasurer of Kava Club '24, Council '24, Prom Committee '24, Pageant.

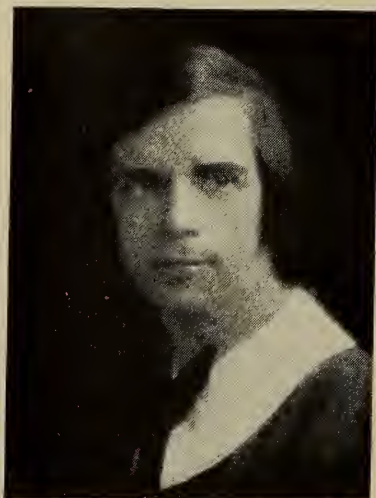


MARTHA COOPER—"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair." Kava Club, Hockey Team '23, '24, Basketball Team '23, '24, Council '23, '24, (Secretary and Treasurer '23) Senior Operetta '23, Operetta '24, Glee Club '23, '24, (Manager '24) Operetta '24, President Student Council (two terms) '24, Prom Committee '23, '24, Pageant, Underhill Honor '24.



CHARLOTTE RUSHTON—"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."
Cae Club Council '24, Pageant.

HARRIET CUSHMAN—"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."
Kava Club, Basketball Team '23, Tennis Team '23, '24, Winner of R. H. '23, 3rd Place Field Day '23, Hockey Team '23, '24, Baseball '23, '24 (Capt.), Field Day Cup '24, Cup for Best Kava '24, Pageant.



EVELYN DIMELING—"Her wit was more than man's." Kava Club, Senior Play '23, Splinters Board '24, Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class, Glee Club '24, Operetta '24, Pageant.



RACHEL JANE HOLT—"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace a finer form or lovelier face." Cae Club, Hockey Team '23 (sub) Prom Committee '23, Chairman Garden Party Committee '23, Chairman American Red Cross. President of Senior Class. Baseball Team (sub) '23, '24, Hockey Team '24, Basketball Team '24, Winner 2nd Place Field Day. Councillor, Chairman Prom Committee '24, Pageant.

PATTI LINN FOOS—"And what she greatly thought, she nobly dar'd." Kava Club, Varsity Hockey Team '23, Council '23, (Sub) Hockey Team '23, '24, Banjo Club. (Sub) Basketball Team '24, Pageant.



MARY HUSSEY—"We love her simple, quiet grace, her frank and smiling face." Kava Club, Pageant.



DOROTHY LeBUTT—"Born for success she seemed." Cae Club, Senior Operetta '23, Glee Club '24, Splinters Board '24, Operetta '24, Pageant.



GLADYS KAY—"Infinite riches in a little room." Kava Club, Pageant.



CATHERINE LEONARD—"As true as steel." Kava Club, (Sub) Basketball Team '23, Capt. '24, Baseball Team '23, '24 (sub), Tennis Team '23, Swimming Team '23, '24, (Sub) Hockey '24, Underhill Honor '24.



MADELINE FOX—"As merry as the day is long." Cae Club, Councillor '23, '24, Hockey Team '23, '24, (Sub) Basketball Team '23, '24, Varsity Hockey '23, Varsity Baseball Team '24, Baseball Team '24, Cae Executive Committee '24, Prom Committee '24, Pageant.

MARJORIE WELLS—"None but herself can be her parallel." Cae Club, Hockey Team '22, '23, '24, Baseball Team '22, '23 (Capt.) '24, Swimming Team '22, '23, '24, Varsity Hockey Team '22, '23, Basketball '23, sub '24, Tennis Team '23, Varsity Baseball Team '23, '24, Councillor '23, Senior Operetta '23, Cup for Honorary Athletic Mention '23, Secretary and Treasurer of Cae Club '24, Athletic Committee of Cae '24, Pageant.



MARY GRAY WOOD—"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." Cae Club, Glee Club '23, Prom Committee '23, Garden Party Committee '23, Senior Operetta '23, Council '24, Business Manager of Splinters '24, Pageant '24.



HARRIET WILSON—"The fairest garden in her looks and in her mind the wisest books." Cae Club, Splinters Board '23, Prom Committee '23, Garden Party Committee '23, Council '23, '24, Glee Club '24, Editor-in-Chief of Splinters '24, Class Will, Pageant.

ARDIS WILLIAMS—"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart." Kava Club, Banjo Club '23, '24, Glee Club '24, Pageant, Operetta '24.



HELEN M. SHEPARD—"Happy am I; from care I'm free. Why aren't they all content like me?" Cae Club, Council '23, '24, Garden Party Committee '23, Prom Committee '23, '24, Vice President of Senior Class, Business Manager of Splinters '24, Pageant.



HELEN SHERER—"It's quality not quantity that counts." President of Cae Club '24, Councillor '23, '24, Baseball Team '23, '24, Sub Tennis Team '23, '24, Varsity Baseball Team (sub) '23, '24, Swimming Team '23, (capt.) '24, Hockey '24, (capt.), Secretary and Treasurer of Council '24, Cup for Best Cae '24, Honorary Athletic Mention '24, Pageant.

HELEN FLOYD SHANNON—"Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." Kava Club, Splinters Board '24, Banjo Club, Glee Club, Operetta '24, Class Will, Class Poem, Pageant, Underhill Honor '24.



BEATRICE M. NICHOLS—"She is so constant and so kind." Cae Club, Glee Club '23, Splinters Board '24, Pageant.



HENRIETTA PAGE—"She's pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with." President of Kava Club, Glee Club, Operetta '23, '24, Varsity Baseball '23, Hockey Team '23, Basketball '23, '24, Baseball '23, '24, Garden Party Committee '23, Class Prophecy, Sub Tennis Team, Pageant.

GERTRUDE WHELDEN TREFETHEN—"It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice." Glee Club, Garden Party Committee '23, Prom Committee '24, Pageant.



CECILE GRAY JOHNSTON—"The daintiest last to make the end most sweet." Cae Club, Council '24, Splinters Board '24, Prom Committee '24, Class Prophecy, Pageant.

THE SENIOR LUNCHEON

The senior luncheon, Monday noon, was one of the prettiest of all the commencement events. The members of the graduating class sat at a long table, presided over by Miss Parsons, at one end, and Mary Sponable at the other, and were a source of great entertainment to the guests and the undergraduates when they excitedly opened their gifts, and blushing stood up to read their poems. To her great surprise and joy each senior was presented with a lovely little silver vanity case decorated with the Rogers Hall crest. After the luncheon the seniors stood on the steps leading into the drawing-room to sing their song, but their attempt was not very successful, due to a heavy flood of tears.

SENIOR SONG

Friends, in our hearts you'll linger,
After we've gone away.
That's why we want to tell you
Just how we feel today.
Oh, Alma Mater, here's to you!
You'll always find us true.
We will miss you, when we leave you all behind us,
We will miss you, now these happy years are o'er.
When we remember
Our days together
We want to live each day once more.
We will miss you, dear old Rogers Hall, we'll miss you,
For the time's come when we must leave your portals high.
New paths are leading
Despite our pleading,
So now we must bid you, "Good-bye"!

MAUD WRIGHT MACFARLANE MEMORIAL

One of the most impressive events of commencement came on Monday afternoon when we gathered in the gymnasium for the unveiling of the Maud Wright Macfarlane memorial tablet. Miss Parsons spoke first; just a few words about Miss Macfarlane's unfaltering enthusiasm, loyalty and love for the school, but enough to make us all feel how much we had missed in not knowing her. On behalf of the Alumnae, Miss Helen Hill presented the exquisite bas-relief, the work of Louise Allen Hobbs, an early student at Rogers Hall. It is necessary to see the tablet itself to appreciate its beauty and charm. Mr. Grannis accepted the memorial for the trustees and the school, and Madeline Fox, the only girl still in school who knew Miss MacFarlane, unveiled it.

It seemed fitting that the athletic cups and medal should be awarded at this time. The Hockey, Basketball, Gym Meet, Field Day, and Swimming cups were given into the care of Ruth Lenfestey, the newly elected president of Cae Club; and the Baseball and Tennis cups were delivered to Florence Armstrong, the newly elected president of Kava Club. The cups for the "best all-round" Cae and Kava respectively were awarded to Helen Sherer and Harriet Cushman respectively. There was only one R. H. awarded this year, and that was to Ruth Lenfestey, who also received the Athletic Medal. The following people received honorable mention: Grace MacDougall, Edith Knapp, Jean Meyer, Helen Sherer, Marjorie Wells.

The last thing on the program was the singing of Cae and Kava songs by the two clubs, and this was done with customary vigor and "pep".

On Monday evening came the "Pageant of the History of Art", written by Miss Clark, and given by the whole school—an exceptionally beautiful representation of the greatest epochs in Art History, in which the spirit of Art was represented by the three symbolic figures of Architecture, Sculpture and Painting. Under the softly-changing lights appeared an Egyptian king

followed by his queen and court, so perfectly grouped that they seemed like a suddenly animated bit of Egyptian frieze. Next came Phidias, Praxiteles and Lysippus, with a group of graceful Greek dancers, yielding the stage to the Madonna as the central figure of religious art, accompanied by Giotto and St. Francis of Assisi. The stage was filled with the color and richness of the Renaissance as the Florentine painters with Lorenzo de Medici and the Bishop of Florence, followed by the Venetian with the majestic Doge of Venice, passed across the stage in gorgeous procession, giving place, before our eyes had fully grasped their splendor, to the painters of Germany and Flanders with the courts of Henry VIII and the jaunty Charles I. Last came the portrait painters with a most realistic Mrs. Siddons, and as a final episode, a dainty group of minuet dancers stirred to the motion of the dance by the inspiration of Watteau. For an enchanted hour, the past lived before us, in exquisite color and glowing life.

COMMENCEMENT

Tuesday was another glorious day, and not even partings could be too sad with such laughing weather. The reception in the drawing room gave everyone an opportunity for "last words" before the procession to the gymnasium. As usual the school and faculty marched in first, but attention was centered on Miss Parsons, Miss McMillan and the seniors, who came last of all. The beautiful bouquets of lavender, sweet peas and yellow roses only added to the charm of that long line of white-clad girls, and there was a thrill of satisfaction in us all as they, with Miss Parsons and Miss McMillan, took their places on the platform.

After the opening prayer by Mr. Grannis, came the commencement address by Dr. Stearns of Andover. It was especially suitable that such a near and friendly neighbor should bring us a message at this time. He has the unusual gift of understanding girls as well as boys, and was able to bring home many truths with tact and sympathy.

It was a great pleasure to the graduating class to have a "father" on the platform, and each girl there resolved to follow the advice of Mr. Hussey and have "roses in December". The diplomas were presented by Mr. Grannis; and Rachel Holt, the senior president, on behalf of the class, gave a radio to the school, which Miss Parsons accepted, joyful at the prospect of a bedtime story each night.

The Underhill Honors went to Martha Cooper, council president for two terms, for the best influence in school; to Helen Shannon for academic work and ability in art and writing; and to Catherine Leonard for highest standing in college preparatory work.

As a conclusion the seniors sang their song for the last time, and the undergraduates responded with a farewell and promise of a "welcome here at Rogers Hall".

THE CLASS POEM

White arms, graceful and slender, stretch toward the pounding
sea,

Eager to fathom the secrets of its shining mystery,
For a white-winged ship is sailing over the billowy way,
Leaving a ribbon of silver, and robed in a veil of spray.

She skims her way to an island of cities with golden spires,
Where dwell the fulfillment of hopes and the answers to heart's
desires.

'Tis there the snow-capped mountains reach up to the blue, blue
sky,

And of all the ships a-sailing, there's not one can pass it by.

Bright eyes, ardent and hopeful, above hearts e'er beating true,
Watch for the ship that approaches and long to sail into the blue.
Ahead rise glittering visions of things they have not yet seen.
For the island is far in the distance and hid by a silver sheen.

But on shore stretch hills and valleys, dark woods and whispering
trees,

The clear sweet notes of the song bird, the cool of the evening
breeze.

The musical laughter of playmates in the happy Land of the Past,
And tears dim their eyes with sorrow for the ship is nearing fast.

Oh, the Land of the Past still beckons tho' it calls them back in
vain,

They've felt the warmth of its sunbeams and the lull of its gentle
rain.

They've strolled amid its flowers, heard the droning of the bees,
Each one is a priceless treasure from the Land of Memories.

White arms, graceful and slender, stretch toward the pounding
sea,

Eager to fathom the secrets of its shining mystery,

For a white-winged ship is sailing over the billowy way,

Leaving a ribbon of silver and robed in a veil of spray.

HELEN F. SHANNON.

UNDERHILL HONORS

For Highest Scholarship in College Preparatory Course

Catherine Leonard

Highest Scholarship in other courses

Helen Shannon

Scholarship and Influence in School

Martha Cooper

SCHOLARSHIP HONOR LIST

For maintaining an average throughout the year, of 85% and above—

Vivian Dant	Beatrice Nichols
Phyllis Ellsworth	Eleanor Pratt
Patti Foos	Gertrude Trefethen
Kathryn Howell	Harriet Wilson

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

March 24th, Eulalia Peterson, '23, was married at her home in Sandusky, Ohio, to Mr. Roy George Rincliffe. After May first they will be at home in Darby, Pa. Dorothy Knox, '23, went out to visit Eulalia in March and stayed for her wedding.

April 10th, Ruth Wallace, '22, was married at her home in Rochester, N. H., to Mr. Alfred LeRoy Quimby.

April 12th, Helen Obenaus, '20, was married to Mr. Charles Milton Lawrence at the North Presbyterian Church in New York City with a reception following the ceremony at Hotel Marseilles, Sonja Borg, '20, and Helen Robinson, '20, were bridesmaids.

April 24th, Janet Stanley, '18, was married to Mr. Francis Goodwin, 2nd, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Boston.

April 29th, Dorothy Johnson Salisbury, '16, was married to Mr. Porter Hartwell Adams at her home in Brookline.

May 12th, Caroline Sheldon was married to Mr. Jack Myers Showell in Lancaster, Pa. After July first they will be at home in Riverton, New Jersey.

May 17th, Edith Ellis was married to Mr. William Henry Furst in Evanston, Ill.

May 21st, Ellen Cloutman, '22, was married at her home in Winchester to Mr. Irving Everett Jennings. After their return from their wedding trip in June they will be at home in the house they have built at 1 Palmer Street, Winchester, Mass.

June 4th, Phyllis Moran, '23, was married to Mr. Herbert Lee Manning in Millinocket, Me.

June 7th, Louise Grover was married to Mr. Mario de Mesquita, in St. Stephen's Church in Lynn, Mass., with a reception following the ceremony at the Tedesco Country Club in Swampscot.

June 24th, Dorothy Howland will be married to Mr. Robert Mueller Bale in St. Paul's Cathedral in Detroit, Michigan, with a reception following the wedding at the Detroit Athletic Club.

In March Dorothy Stanton announced her engagement to Mr. Donald Lewis Richards.

In April Dorothy Knox, '23, announced her engagement to Mr. Ralph Micheline of Reading.

April 11th, Kathleen Cobb announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Downing Baringer.

April 19th Barbara Andrae, '22, announced her engagement to Mr. Elijah Kent Hubbard 2nd, of Middletown, Conn. Betty, Peters went on to Milwaukee for Barbara's engagement party.

May 3rd, Ruth Shafer, '19, announced her engagement to Mr. George Van Deusen Hutton, Williams, '20, of Kingston, N. Y.

June 2nd, Evelyn Woodward announced her engagement to Mr. Antonio M. Romero, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Romero of Bogota, Columbia, South America.

April 13th, a son, Sheppard, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald White (Martha Sheppard) in Lowell.

April 26th, a son, Towner Lewis, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Buckley, Jr. (Florence Towner, '22) at their home in Cambridge, N. Y.

May 2nd, a daughter, Jane, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard Pratt (Laura Pearson, '14) in Lowell.

May 11th, a daughter, Constance, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Clarke (Ethel Hockmeyer, '13) in Lexington, Mass.

May 20th, a son, Alexander, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Robey (Harriet Stevens, '18) in Boston, Mass.

May 21st, a son, Douglass Sands, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker (Madge Hockmeyer, '10,) in Chestnut Hill, Pa.

May 24th, a daughter, Anne, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Burrows Barstow (Mildred Barger, '17) in Cleveland.

The local branches of the Alumnæ Association are having a steady growth. In April the New York section had a Bridge party at Hotel McAlpin with a large number present.

During the spring holidays Miss Parsons gave a luncheon at the College Club in Boston at which eighteen girls were present covering a wide range of classes from '99 to '20. A preliminary organization was started following the luncheon with Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, as chairman, and Evelyn Pike Alden, '11, and Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, '19, to assist her.

This committee arranged for the first meeting of the Boston section a luncheon on May 27th at the Girls' City Club. Miss Parsons was present and the following: Mary Dewey Smith and Julia Stevens, '97, Helen Hill, '99, Sallie Hobson, '10, Leslie Brown Stump and Evelyn Pike Alden, '11, Dorothy Benton Wood, Dorothea Holland and Susan McEvoy Wood, '12, Grace Coleman Smith and Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, Eleanor Bell Badger, '14, Marcia Bartlett Denault and Jeannette Rodier, '17, Louise F. Grover, Mary Jane Pattee Robertson and Elizabeth Scott, '18, Marjorie Adams and Faith Shaw, '19, Sonja Borg, '20, Elizabeth Clifford, '21, and Carol Heath Mowry.

Following the luncheon Miss Parsons gave a brief report of the year at school and told of her visits to the three local sections in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago, which have been described in previous issues of "Splinters". Dorothy Benton Wood asked Helen Hill to take the chair and at a short business meeting the three members of the preliminary organization committee were elected formally for the year and Grace Coleman Smith, '13, and Elizabeth Clifford, '21, were added to the executive committee of the Boston section. The latter organized with Dorothy Benton Wood as chairman and Marjorie Coulthurst Smith as treasurer. It was voted to hold a bridge party in the early fall and another luncheon on March first in honor of Miss Parsons, all the details to be left in the hands of the executive committee. With this business a most auspicious first meeting of the Boston section adjourned.

Carol Quincy Davis writes: "I had hoped to get back to school for Field Day this year and bring my ten year old daugh-

ter Ellen to see you all. Nat is twelve years old and is my right-hand man in so many ways. George Quincy is eight and a live wire who keeps us all on the jump. He is a second Penrod and yet our best student and most religious. He says when he is grown up he will be either a minister or an outlaw like Robin Hood!"

It was a great pleasure to welcome Cora Chase back to school when she sang at the Auditorium in the Parker course in April, an account of the concert is given in the school news department. Cora stayed at school three days much to the delight of the girls who were thrilled to have a grand opera singer in their midst. Miss Parsons gave a tea in her honor the afternoon following the concert and many of the alumnæ came in to congratulate Cora on her success and to chat about old times together.

Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, in April filled a week's engagement as soloist at the Fenway Theatre in Boston. "My week proved a success and I'm delighted to be engaged to sing again in the near future. This week I gave a Vesper Recital at my church in Arlington. Robert came home over the week-end, principally for Bobbie's birthday, and stayed over to hear my recital. He was most enthusiastic and that means so much for he is my most exacting critic and knows exactly what my voice can do."

Evelyn Pike Alden, Dot Benton Wood and Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, went to hear Helen sing at the Fenway and Evelyn wrote so enthusiastically of their "pleasure in listening to Helen's lovely voice."

Lucile Kemp Quigley and her family spent the winter in Palm Beach and are planning to have their own cottage there another season instead of taking an apartment. Lucile has a new address in Chicago and is living at 1256 Columbia Avenue.

Mildred Barger Barstow, '17, has a new address in Cleveland Heights and is living at 2356 South Overlook Road. "I saw Kathryn Kenney Goettel this spring and hope soon to have her and her husband over for some bridge as they are living not far from us now. . . . Last spring I lost my father. We spent the winter with him in Miami and brought him home but his heart failed under the strain of his sickness. . . ."

Marie Harris, '21, has had a gay and busy winter at Haiti since her return from Europe. "We all play tennis, both Americans and Haitians, and mother and I have played in many tournaments. Father expects to be relieved in August and we hope to take a house at Monhegan for two months."

Margaret Fox, '21, writes: "I spent last week-end with Dodie Scott Gerber and we had a lovely time reading every word of the April 'Splinters' which had just come! Every spring we discuss longingly the possibilities of going to reunion or Commencement but the realization of our dream looks rather distant. When spring comes I always think of the beautiful old garden and of Miss Bagster's strawberry shortcake, and—well, then probably forget my umbrella! . . . I am planning to take a course in Normal Art, combining the Fine Arts and Industrial Arts course, at Ipsilanti, Mich. I am very enthusiastic about it, as I have always been artistically inclined, and I also feel that our American children can not have too much training along these lines."

Alice Brock, '22, is teaching the first grade at Miss Stiles' School in Paterson, N. J. "This is where I myself went to school and I do enjoy the work so much. It is especially pleasant because I do not have to commute and am at home by twelve-thirty every day. I do begin to feel more like a school teacher than when I started in September. Even the older girls come and ask me if they have too much rouge on their faces!"

Helen Pope spent the winter in Florida, "We had such a wonderful time, golfing and bathing every day and I feel so well and all ready for a splendid summer at home. . . . I saw Demetria Fleischel, '23, in Jacksonville. She was ill with typhoid for nearly two months but was convalescing then. . . . Betty Peters and I meet often and have many good times together. Betty is working on the Chicago Tribune and enjoys her work. . . . While I was in Florida I visited in the home of Helen Brown Evans, discovering to my surprise and joy that she too is an old Rogers Hall girl. We had many happy school anecdotes to share."

Evelyn Estes has been busy this winter with a group of Y. W. C. A. young high school girls who belong to the Girl Reserves. "I enjoy the work so much and am also taking piano lessons so

please do not think of me as nothing but 'a loafing queen'! Next winter I plan to go to New York and take up some special courses."

Margaret Donaldson, '23, could not get back for Field Day but came on for the swimming meet the last of May after Columbia's examinations were over. "My life has been so full this winter and I have been happier than ever before for I have enjoyed the work at the University so much. I like the way the classes are conducted and one gets as much from them as she is willing to put into them. I feel encouraged about my short story course for my marks have been good and Dr. Robinson advises me to continue since she thinks that I have originality enough to make it worth my while. . . Of course I can't help loving the dancing and I feel as if I could work at it all the time even though I had to start over again as a beginner. When Pavlowa was at the Metropolitan it was most exciting because we could watch her rehearse and she came to our classes."

Isabel Marvin, '23, came out the afternoon of the swimming meet and she and Donnie spent the week-end with Julia Kroeck, '23, in Boston.

Margaret Lins, '23, spent a week-end at school early in spring term. She has enjoyed her secretarial course in New York and is planning to continue her studies in Madison Summer School at the University.

Katharine Smith, '23, regretted keenly that she could not return for Field Day. "It would be such a joy for once to be a spectator instead of having to compete! The social season has been a very busy one for me this winter and I have divided my time between Jacksonville, Palm Beach and Miami. We had such a good time at Alva's wedding and I was so glad to have Jane Richman, '22, for a visit at that time."

Constance Smith, '23, expects to sail for home on the Homeric the second week in June. "Though I have finally arrived in Paris, I can't believe yet that I'm here for when I was in Rome, Paris seemed very foreign and far away. The family came over in March to Rome and I left school April first to travel with them. We motored through the hill towns to Florence and

spent ten days there, next to Venice for three days and from there made a flying visit to Milan on our way to Lake Como. We spent ten days there and I completely lost my heart to Como and have absolutely decided to revisit it if ever I come to Europe again. It was such a relief to be able to sit and do nothing after three weeks of continuous sightseeing and traveling. We stayed at the Villa d'Este which has such a beautiful garden. . . . When we left Como mother wanted to see part of Switzerland so that we went to Montreux for three days, seeing Chillon, Glion back in the hills as well as several other places on the lake. On the way up to Paris I was fascinated by the adorable little French towns and the beautiful rolling country which was then the prettiest shade of soft green one could imagine. We leave for England the twenty-first of May. . . . A few days ago I had luncheon with Louise Carr, '23. She does not expect to return home until fall and I certainly envy her staying here so long for now that I am to sail so soon I realize that I shall miss Europe! We expect to spend our summer in Keene Valley again."

Spring term has been crowded with events full of interest to the Alumnae as these pages show as well as to the school and certainly not the least important of these was a visit to the school made by Florence Harrison, '02. She came on for the Citizenship School held by the Massachusetts branch of the League of Women Voters and made a splendid speech on "The patriot in time of peace." Florence spent the preceding week-end at school and Sunday brought a happy gathering of alumnae to meet her as Lydia Hockmeyer was there and Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, '18, came over from Gardner to show young Keith and introduce him to Lydia's three boys.

Field Day as always brought many alumnae back from the earliest to some of 1923 and many children. The latter begin to seem very grown up as we looked at Elsie Boutwell Tompkins' Virginia and Marian Coburn Sawyer's tall son and Polly, with Martha Sheppard White's son or Ruth Greene MacDonald's baby boy at the other end of the list. The other children back and their mothers were Marjorie Fox Freeman, '08, little girl; Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11's Carol; Dorothy Benton Wood's Phyllis,

Ruth and Teddy; Grace Coleman Smith's son and daughter; Ethel Hockmeyer Clark's Lincoln Jr. and Victor; Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer's Clive Jr., Vincent and Langdon; Thelma Borg Winnette's daughter; Eugenia Meigs Clark's Tommy and little Genie. There were also present Harriet Coburn, '95, Julia Stevens, '97, Mabel Laughton Gardner, '02, Isabel Nesmith, '05, Sallie Hobson, '10, Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10, Susan McEvoy Wood, '12, Eleanor Bell Badger, '14, Ruth Bill Brooks, '14, Jeannette Rodier, '17, Louise Grover, '18, Hazelle Peterson Silk, '19, Sonja Borg, '20, Betty Fisk, '21, Josephine Lougee, '21, Dorothy Wadleigh, '21, Alice Chase, '23, Ruth Clarkson, '23, Dorothy Knox, '23, Betty Stearns, '23, Ruth Allen, Bessie Baldwin Thompson, Hannah Benton, Ellen Burke, Kathleen Cobb, Elizabeth Carter, Elizabeth Green, Estelle Irish Pillsbury, Hilda Nesmith Thompson, Sarah Meigs, Dorothy Phipps, Marjorie Quirin, Glennis Ranlett Parker, Marjorie Stover Scribner, Peggy Stover, Lucretia Walker Sibley.

Rogers Hall will be well represented in the graduating classes of many of the colleges and universities this June: Helen Fogg, '20, Dorothea Hake, '20 and Rachel McCalmont, '20, will receive their A. B. from Smith; Helen McCullough, '20, from Vassar; Mildred Donnelly, '20, and Carol Robinson, '20, from Wellesley; Helen Friend, '20, from the University of Kansas. Elizabeth Spalding, '22, has completed the two year secretarial course at Teacher's College, Columbia. Eleanor Whidden, '20, has completed her course in Physical Education Training at the Sargent School in Cambridge. Betty Fiske, '21, was graduated at the Lesley Normal School in Cambridge as a kindergartner. Frances Dregge was graduated from The University School for Girls in Chicago.

Elizabeth Scott, '18, visited Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, in May and stayed for Commencement at school.

The dedication of the Maud Wright Macfarlane Memorial was one of the most impressive parts of this year's Commencement programme and to the alumnæ perhaps the most significant. An account of the exercises is given in the main department. Many of the girls who knew Miss Macfarlane best came out

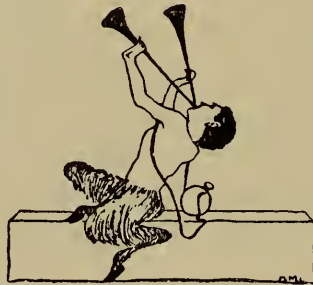
for the ceremony and we felt honored by the presence of Mrs. Macfarlane and a group of Miss Macfarlane's most intimate friends at home. The tablet is a beautiful work of art in itself besides its significance as a memorial and the whole alumnæ association is very proud of its talented member, Louise Allen Hobbs, the sculptor.

Three other members of the class of 1920 will receive their A. B. this June, Katherine Auer from Goucher College, Ethel Collins from Radcliffe, and Margaret Moore from the University of Wisconsin.

Elizabeth Green has completed the course at the Boston School of Physical Education.

Cards have been received for the wedding on June 28th of Olive Eveleth and Mr. Carroll Wilmot Peck.

Eleanor Whittier, '22, won the cup for the tennis championship of Connecticut College this June.



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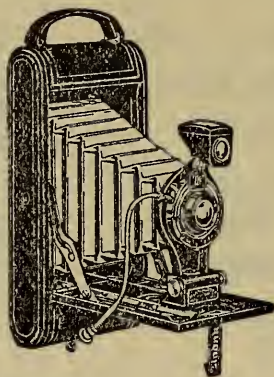
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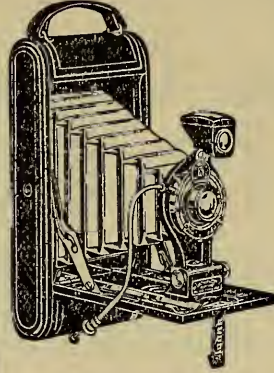
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ROGERS HALL NEWS

ALUMNÆ NEWS

FRANKLIN NOURSE .

On August thirty-first Rogers Hall lost, by the sudden death of Mr. Franklin Nourse, one of its most devoted friends. For more than twenty years he had been a valued member of the Board of Trustees and during the last decade he had served as Vice-President of the Board. To Mr. Nourse the Trusteeship was no mere honor free from any obligations but an opportunity for service in the cause of education. Slender, dignified, with friendly smile and courtly manner, he endeared himself to all who knew him at Rogers Hall. At the time when the new wing was being built he spent many hours daily at the school watching and directing the construction, always ready to assist in solving any problem that arose. The girls in the school that year grew to know him well and felt honored as he stopped for a brief chat since they realized that his interest in their sports was no mere affectation. We missed him sorely during his long illness, greeted him eagerly when he did get down to school in the spring, and now can scarcely realize that we shall see him no more. But his memory will abide among us always. The Rogers Hall of the future will be the greater because of Mr. Nourse's devotion to its interests in the past.

H. F. H.

SALVE

Mary opened her eyes in a sunny, contented world—a warm, cheerful Friday in September with the prospect of a Saturday in the near future. Estelle was still asleep—why did older people like to sleep and waste so much time? Mary climbed out of her bed and tiptoed to the door opening from the sleeping porch into Estelle's room. She must close the door so her practicing wouldn't awaken Estelle—she would close the door from Estelle's room into the hall, too. A blissful thought presented itself to Mary's eight year old mind—maybe Aunt Sarah would forget all about her practicing—she would take her time at dressing and maybe she wouldn't have time to practice before breakfast.

Mary found her doll and the dresses Fanny had completed the day before. The yellow dress might be much improved if it were shorter—Estelle said they were wearing short skirts this year. With the aid of manicure scissors the dress was in a fair way to ruin or success. The door opened and Aunt Sarah intervened. Breakfast would be ready in fifty minutes and Mary would have time for half an hour's practicing.

Twenty minutes later she entered the living room. So far, with the exception of practicing, she had been fortunate. She had escaped brushing her teeth and was wearing her favorite socks. The half hour of practicing crawled slowly along with constant commands from Aunt Sarah not to waste so much time. From the kitchen came the diverting odor of frying bacon and she could hear Fanny singing in opposition to her scales and “finger exercises.”

Breakfast passed as most breakfasts had passed since Mary came to live with her Aunt Sarah and cousin Estelle two years before. Only one incident disturbed the tranquillity of the meal. Miss Anderson had phoned Aunt Sarah that she, Mary, was not progressing as fast in her music as she should. Miss Anderson said it often took an hour and a half to give Mary a half hour

lesson—if she didn't have so much talent she, Miss Anderson, would not bother with Mary who had a most disagreeable habit of arguing with her teacher and contradicting her. Of course Miss Anderson was always right but Mary couldn't understand why she should believe everything Miss Anderson said just because she was older.

Mary went into the kitchen and was greeted enthusiastically. Fanny was always so interested and yet she was never bossy—what a wonderful world this would be if everyone were like Fanny! The conversation turned to the salve Fanny had ordered for Mary. The value of this salve to others was vague in Mary's mind but to Mary it was the means of procuring a doll twenty-four inches tall with real, curly, hair. All Mary had to do was to sell twelve boxes of this salve for fifty cents a box and give the money to Fanny to return. Then "they"—a vague and meaningless term to Mary—would send her the doll. Fanny "allowed" that the salve ought to be coming along any one of these days now, in fact, she thought it should have come the first of the week. She, Fanny, reserved a box for herself then and there—you couldn't tell when a box of salve would come in handy.

Emily came for Mary to go to school and they stopped at the drug store on the corner to spend the nickel Emily's older brother had given her. Emily wanted to get a Hershey bar and divide it, but Mary wanted All-Day-Suckers, so they compromised on five long sticks of shiny black "lic'rish."

At school the morning dragged and Miss Page scolded Mary for being slow. There wasn't anything to hurry for as far as Mary could see but her discretion got the better of her valor and she refrained from telling Miss Page her opinion on the subject.

Mary loitered on her way home from school and arrived just after Aunt Sarah and Estelle had sat down to luncheon. Aunt Sarah was most unpleasant—she acted as though Mary had insulted her in not getting home in time to practice before lunch—in fact she definitely stated that Mary couldn't play with Emily that afternoon. Fanny, however, brought back Mary's good spirits by informing her she had something for her in the

kitchen. Mary hurried thru luncheon and went into the kitchen. With a mysterious smile Fanny brought a small package from the top of the refrigerator and presented it to Mary.

"I saved it for you to unwrap," Fanny explained. "It came this morning and I knew right away what it was."

"It's the salve!" Mary guessed. "Remember you said you'd take a box?"

"Sure I will," agreed Fanny. "Here's fifty cents and a little pocketbook to put it in."

Mary flew into the living room to show her salve to her Aunt. Aunt Sarah wasn't very enthusiastic and Estelle was plainly troublesome.

"Do you mean to say, mother," she demanded indignantly, "that you're going to let that child go around the neighborhood peddling salve? No one can use it and everyone will think they have to take some. The very least you could do would be to try it yourself."

"I don't approve of it," admitted Aunt Sarah. But now that she's got it she might as well try to sell it. You always used to want to do such things yourself and anyone could afford to buy one box. Personally, though, I haven't six dollars to spend on salve. Of course if you would like to take it out of your allowance—" but Estelle was submerged in a magazine and Mary disappeared into the kitchen before her aunt could forbid the sale of the salve.

Mary put several boxes in her pocket and on her way to school stopped at Miss Anderson's house to show her the salve. The disagreeable conversation with Miss Anderson as the main topic which had taken place at the breakfast table was forgotten and the music teacher became only a prospective customer. Mrs. Anderson opened the door and asked Mary to come in. She gave her some of the cake she was having for luncheon and told her Miss Anderson was out of town for the day. When Mary produced the salve she became very much interested and asked Mary if her aunt knew she was selling it. At last she bought two boxes and Mary departed on her way with a dollar and a half in her pocketbook.

She was late to school but her sale was enough to make up for Miss Page's scolding. By the time school was over Miss Page seemed to have forgotten Mary's tardiness and Mary ventured to accost her with a box of salve. Miss Page was young and she listened to Mary's description of the salve with a rapidly widening smile and when she finished the teacher burst into laughter. She laughed so long and loud that Mary's perfect poise became shattered and she wondered if Miss Page was laughing at her. Finally, Miss Page became coherent and managed to pay for a box of the precious salve. On her way down the hall Mary heard her telling the second-grade teacher about the salve and they were laughing very hard.

Emily suggested they stop at every house between the school and Mary's house and sell salve. This campaign was not as successful as they expected, as they made only two sales. One of these was to an old man who sat sunning himself on his front porch and the other was to Mrs. Bates, a most congenial customer who gave them each a red apple.

Emily asked Mary to play with her and Mary went into the house to ask her aunt. Sometimes Aunt Mary forgot her threats and today she might even have forgotten that Mary had not completed her practicing. Mary's hopes were futile—neither Aunt Sarah nor Estelle were at home and Fanny had strict orders to see that Mary did her practicing and spent the afternoon at home, alone.

"How come you're so late?" demanded Fanny. "Here it is half past four and you get out at half past three."

Mary pulled her pocketbook out of her pocket. "I've been selling salve," she explained. "I sold five more boxes and I've got three dollars now."

"For the land's sakes!" Fanny exclaimed. "All that in one afternoon! "You'd better let me take care of your money. We can put it in this empty cocoa can and put the can way up on the top shelf of this cupboard. Who bought all your salve?"

Mary named her customers over and at Mrs Bates' name Fanny collapsed on a chair. She laughed until tears ran down her face and she had to hold her sides. "Mercy me! mercy me!"

she gasped. "You'd better not tell your cousin you've been selling salve to her beau's mother. Go on in and do your practicing before I bust my sides. It's a quarter of five and I'll tell you when it's a quarter after. Your auntie'll be home pretty soon and she'll scold me if you haven't done your practicing."

The hours before dinner passed peacefully and pleasantly. Fanny had a knack at telling stories and while she peeled her potatoes and watched the roast she reminisced of her childhood days spent on her father's little farm in Minnesota. During dinner Estelle was called to the phone and a few minutes later burst into the dining room.

"Do you know what that *brat* has been doing now?" she demanded angrily of her mother. "She has been selling salve like a—like a—book agent. She sold Tom's mother some this afternoon. Anything else but—salve! I knew she'd go around imposing on your friends—haven't you any family pride? And Tom laughed about it. He probably thinks we need the money. Oh, you little beast!" turning to her young cousin. "I could k-k-kill you! I've never been so mortified in my life. I don't want any more dinner. If you don't do something about this I'll leave home," and she flew out of the room.

Mary gazed thoughtfully after her cousin. She was a funny girl—always getting excited about little things. If Tom got sick or hurt himself she might be glad that his mother had the salve. Aunt Sarah was kind and asked her all about her day's work. Finally Aunt Sarah gave her three dollars and took the remaining six boxes of salve.

When Mary went into the kitchen to help Fanny wipe the dishes she gave her the three dollars—Fanny chuckled amusedly: "That sure was quick work, darlin'!" she praised. "I'll send off the money tonight before I go to the movies and if I was you I don't think I'd try to sell anything else—not for a while anyway."

RUTH FERMAN.

VENICE

'Tis a moonlight night in Venice,
 The air is soft and clear,
 The gondolas go gliding by,
 And love lingers near—

And way up in the heavens
 The Venetian moon climbs high,
 Sending silvery moonbeams
 From a diamond studded sky—

These moonbeams play on Venice,
 Casting shadows here and there,
 While gondolas go gliding by
 And love is everywhere—

Now a gondola is passing,
 Long and low, and curving slightly,
 And the gondolier is singing
 Pretty love songs e'er so lightly—

Oh, Venice in the moonlight
 Is the land of Heart's Desire,
 Where tears and sadness drift away
 And love is all afire!

ROSAMOND DAVOL.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT

Moonbeams floated down through the lazy air and formed a pathway thru the garden. Pale flower faces glimmered in the shadows that ran out to meet the cool light. Stately poplar trees stood out like black soldiers to greet the soft, still wind which ever so lightly tickles the grass and made the leaves shiver pleasantly.

Then down the silver way skipped a wee white rabbit, ears erect. He loved the pure, cold moon; she fascinated him and he danced an ecstatic dance with slow lingering hops for her to see. But the moon kept a frigid silence, for he was a mere white bunny and a wee one at that. The stars twinkled from the deep blue heavens. The black poplar army bent a bit nearer to see. Then the wee white rabbit stood still, wiggled his ears once, twice, thrice, in a gesture of farewell, and slipped off into the night.

The moon beamed on brighter than before. Later, however, I heard her remark to a passing cloud that she preferred gray rabbits to white ones.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

DAWN

Dawn comes
Cold, sad,
After the dark night.
Perhaps it will stay so;
But no—
Each dawn turns into day,
And the cold and sadness go away.

NORMA SCANNEVIN.

FATE

Fate—the vague figure looming over the future of mankind. Inscrutable fate of varying moods—sometimes smiling, sometimes gloomy, kind or cruel, encouraging or cynical, always partial, it mocks, or perhaps pities, the struggles of men against its will, for Fate is infallible. Often it amuses itself with the fears and hopes of a million people, but in a leisure moment, tired of big game, it will center its attention upon one lone mortal and will follow him thru the day, knowing full well that whatever he

chooses to do, the outcome will be the same inevitably. Suppose for instance, Fate fastens its eyes on Adrienne Steele, and decides that she is entirely too pretty and too completely happy. It fixes a penalty and sits back chuckling to watch the play, and occasionally to pull some vital strings. But just to prove that Fate really is such an infallible creature, let us consider some of the courses open to Adrienne and follow each to the end that has been decreed.

Adrienne has Saturday afternoon ahead of her and does not know quite how to spend it. Luncheon was delicious—imagine having chicken patties, iced tea and coffee mousse all in one meal. It had reduced her to a pleasant state of sleepiness, which left her without ambition to think of anything to do, much less do it. She kissed Mother good-bye—Mother was off to the matinee as usual in a mad rush—and then, since nothing better presented itself, she decided that she might as well take a bath. Just as she was preparing to do this the telephone bell rang.

Very aggravating, but she answered and had reason to be glad a moment later when she found that it was a boy she had met last night at the dance. She couldn't quite recall his name, but she remembered he was a divine dancer and had a very attractive way of speaking. Would she like to go for a ride? Yes, she would without a doubt, and she'd be ready in half an hour. Mother certainly chose the right time to be out. Followed a period of intense hurry, and she was just putting on her hat with elaborate care when a smart looking roadster drew up to the door. Thrills and heart-throbs! The afternoon looked more promising than she could possibly have hoped. As it turned out, the afternoon was perfect—not a flaw in the weather, the smoothly running car or the adoring youth. No wonder when she descended in front of her home several hours later that she was intent on the parting words and did not notice the car coming up behind her. It was a *rickety Ford*, but if its brakes had been as rickety as the car looked, her fate would probably have been far more grim. She was knocked down on the pavement and a sharp pang ran through her arm. They discovered it was broken.

.. .. .
She paused to listen just a second and then calmly sank down into the refreshing waters. Let the telephone ring on forever, she was going to enjoy herself this afternoon. So she took her time dressing and tried various new methods of fixing her hair. Finally, her arms aching from this violent exercise, she gathered four or five pillows and piled them on the window seat. Scorning "Snappy Stories," for our heroine would never sink as low as that, she selected one of Elinor Glynn's masterpieces and prepared for an intellectual afternoon. She found the book quite absorbing, however, and did not raise her eyes from it for an hour or so. Then, squirming around for an even more comfortable position, she glanced out of the window and saw her best friend promenading across the street with a new Airedale terrier, the friskiest little puppy she had ever seen. She must run over and ask Helen where he came from, but she'd have to hurry. Heavens! how fast that girl did walk! Quick as a flash Adrienne was out of the house and was following Helen with flying feet. Thus she failed to notice a cobblestone sticking out far more than it ought. Stumbling against it, she was thrown violently against a delivery truck, a *rickety Ford*, parked near the curb. She got up again shakily, feeling her arm. It ached so! She was sure it looked out of shape, too. Yes, it was broken.

.. .. .
Of course it would ring at a crucial point like this. She flung on a kimona and ran down the stairs, scowling in a way that would have silenced anything but a telephone. Of all people, it was mother phoning from a drug store. She had probably forgotten something.

"Listen, dear, I'm awfully sorry, but I've just remembered that Aunt Florence is coming this afternoon. You'll have to meet the 3.15. I should have told you before but I was in such a hurry that it slipped my mind."

"Mother! I never have a moment to myself. You always forget something like this and I'm the one who has to fix it up."

"Sorry, dear, but you're the only one at home. I'll have to rush now. We're late already. Bye-bye!"

“But I’m just taking a bath——”

The telephone clicked at the other end and Adrienne slammed down the receiver. She wouldn’t mind so much if it was somebody decent, but Aunt Florence put the finishing touch on the outrage. And consider the ordeal of entertaining her for a whole afternoon, Mother always chose the wrong time to be out. Aunt Florence clutched your arm when you were driving and turned pale every time you passed another car. She didn’t deserve to ride in a good car like theirs. A diabolic thought entered her head and her eyes brightened eagerly. Why not take “Leaping Lena,” brother’s 1914 Ford model. This was a real inspiration. She actually smiled when she pictured Aunt Florence’s horrified expression. Joyfully, she jammed on a hat and hurried to the garage. She ignored the impressive sedan which occupied most of the space and approached the other one, a *rickety Ford*. She remembered with a little frown of annoyance that these ancient junk piles were not equipped with self-starters. Well, if other people could crank it, so could she. She made a few ineffectual efforts, her wrath mounting at every attempt, but Lena remained obdurate. Finally, she advanced both the gas and the spark and went back for one last mighty wrench. Lena yielded this time but not without a loud protest in the form of a back kick. Unprepared for such a result, her arm gave a sickening twist, and she could feel it break.

Which way did Adrienne really spend her afternoon? Perhaps it was none of these. Fate knows though it does not really care. For life is just a play and Fate the unsympathetic audience who is never affected in the least by human tragedy or comedy. It rewards the actors according to its mood, not because of their merits or failings. More often, it will not even pause to first hear their play, but will judge them beforehand and then look on for the sake of amusement. It is capricious—that hidden and muffled Fate, though we can but dimly see it through the veil of a thousand inconsistencies.

CATHERINE MURRAY.

RALPH

When our cat, Ralph, goes into the woods,
He slinks along on soft, padded paws.
His green eyes are glowing,
His whiskers are quivering,
And he utters a growl
As he springs on a mouse.

But when Ralph, our cat, stays by the fire
He curls himself up in a big furry ball.
His round eye half closes,
As he contentedly dozes
And he purrs a deep purr
When he dreams of the mouse.

KATHERINE DYER.

THE LITTLE BOY

To his father he was the perfect embodiment of almost forgotten youth and the fun he used to enjoy in it. To his mother, he remained the little first born, to be cared for and looked after. To the girls around his home, he was "that awful pest, Tom." To his personal friends, he was known as "good ole Tom." But to himself, in his own mind, he was a man grown. Everyone could see that, in the way he walked down the street, head erect, arms swinging, legs going up and down regularly, just as father's did, eyes straight before him, intent on a vision unseen by other eyes.

His lips moved, he frowned, a frown grotesquely out of place on his smooth brow. Had anyone gone by, he would have heard: "Hurry up now, you Joe. Get me the chart." And then, with a shake of his head, "Dear me, what a lot of trouble these men are to handle."

Suddenly, the business man attitude disappeared. The reason? He had heard a band in the distance. Once more he was a little boy, and ran off to see the parade.

BEATRICE M. NICHOLS.

THE SHADOW

Far above a towering mountain in distant China, hung heavy clouds of mist which slowly settled, shutting off the view of the distant city.

Along the precipitous, rocky surface the figure of an old man—a Chinaman—was seen climbing up, up and up until at last, breathlessly, he pulled himself up over and away from that yawning pit of Death.

Two dark almond-shaped eyes peered forth from a wizened face. The contact of wind and rain was very evident and the marks of age had been written by the never failing hand of time. He shivered and drew about him his thin, ragged clothing—trying in vain to protect himself from the cruel, piercing wind. He bent low under a heavy pack which was strapped securely to his frail body by long cords of twisted rope which cut deeply into his sides. His sandals were worn to the ground but still onward he pressed—over the stony paths to the top of the mountain. The gray mist settled slowly, covering all and hiding in its midst the poor old traveler. He groped around blindly, seeking, seeking for that familiar path which would lead him down to the home he had left only a few years ago. Those were years of such hardships and privations. He had left his wife and his infant son in their humble cottage, and gone to the wars, carrying on his back the luggage of an officer of the Rui Kee Division for a small amount each day. How foolish he had been to think that he could earn more money in this manner than loading the rice on to the junks by the peaceful riverside. Wounded—and left for dead—crawling and fighting his way back to the nearest village where he had been given enough food for a dog—struggling to reach the home he loved so dearly. Across rivers and mountains, plains and highways unknown to him—and now, lost on the mountain he knew so well. Exhausted and weary, sick in body and in mind, he fell forward and vainly strove to rise again.

Far down in the valley the blazing sun sank to rest and shed its last reflection on the cross and spire of the church. Another day was fleeing from the Chinese village. The dismal light of early evening shone dimly through narrow panes into a desolate little room cold and cheerless.

In the far corner crouched a shabby, emaciated woman with gray dishevelled hair, sunken eyes, and a weary face. One wrinkled hand caressed tenderly the straight black locks of a tiny boy who lay motionless, apparently in deepest slumber.

She lifted her shadowed face and her eyes were full of dreams. Now, she would awaken the child, his baby arms would creep about her neck and she would tell him a wonderful dream story—a story of a land of amber and gold, where fairies danced and babies played, where there was no hunger witch and no black demon of cold night. Great fields of poppies waved gently to the moon and warm breezes stole softly over the silver plains of night. They would wander at will, they would find the pot of gold which is love, at the end of the rainbow, and then sail far away to the golden gateway of the stairs.

Bending gently forward she murmured: “Tay-yo-san?” In a moment he would smile a sleepy baby smile—but the hunger witch would mock her from his eyes. “Tay-yo-san?”

The gray dusk deepened into night, a rising wind tore at the frail door, and a gaunt shadow, stalking silently down the narrow street, paused—and knocked.

PRISCILLA BALL.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR

My castle is a moving castle—a ship. It is an old Spanish galleon which glides softly through emerald seas. In a way my ship isn't a galleon because the galley slaves are missing. I just “sail and sail as wind might blow.” I am always high up on the forward deck from which I can look down at the bustling seamen overhead at the calm sea.

For days I sail without sighting land and then a speck suddenly appears on the horizon. It grows gradually larger and larger until it takes shape and becomes clearly defined, against the sun which is just rising in back of it. As the sun reaches its zenith my boat draws near the island. There is a rattling of chains and a gurgling splash as the anchor drops into the water. Immediately a host of brilliantly painted canoes containing savages appear. They are all strangely clothed and have queer ornaments and feathers in their hair. They are very friendly and I trade beads and simple ornaments for the feathers of birds of paradise and strange, unfamiliar fruits. As the sun starts to set I give the command and we slowly and noiselessly drift away. The chattering natives and the palm trees of their little, green island gradually fade in the distance.

The moon seems to stretch a silvery finger toward my ship as if beckoning me onward. Down in the hold my men are chanting songs of the sea, and the faint tinkle of musical instruments reaches my ears. The slow rise and fall of waves and the sucking sound they make as they hit the side of my boat makes me drowsy. I slowly open my eyes and find myself drifting down a small stream. A peacock island is on my left and the bright gold of its sandy shore fairly hurts my eyes. We drift slowly past it and my stream changes into a Venetian canal. Other flower-decked gondolas drift lazily past mine and the gondoliers wave greetings to each other. In the distance the faint song of some happy serenader rises and falls. My ship glides onward into the open sea again, leaving all civilization behind it.

The waves grow larger and larger. Now they do not caress the side of my galleon but seem to be trying to crush in its gaily painted sides. The moans of the wind become angrier and fiercer, mingled with the lonely cry of a bird lost at sea. Above all the strange noises of nature can be heard the steady hum of my sailors as they tighten the sails and make the ship safe for me. Gradually the terrible sounds of the storm die away in the distance and the soft motion of the waves lull me to sleep again. But I always sail onward, following the silvery path of the moon.

MILLCENT ATWELL.

THE CHALLENGE

"Dare you! Dare you!" rang in my ears.
 "Dare you! Dare you!" scorned at my fears;
 "Dare I? Dare I?" Do I deny
 That pondering there, swift time did fly?
 Each moment nearer me did take
 Towards the decision I must make.
 How dare it dare for me to dare
 A deed which greater men beware?
 Laughing, mocking, scorning me—
 Who says America is free?
 I silenced it with shaking hands,
 I turned my back on its demands.
 But as I did, its icy glare
 Reminded me that I *must* dare.
 I grasped my fate with firmness bold
 And leaped out bravely into the cold.
 ("Dare you? Dare you? Tick-tick-tock.")
 I answered the challenge of A. Larm Clock.

KATHERINE PRICHARD.

THREE PILGRIMS

Three men set out in search of God; a Dreamer, a Fool and Cucabod.

The Dreamer went West, where against a blue sky rose a lone mountain peak, purple in color and capped with snow. The silence was complete, except for the slight rustle of the green-wood. As the setting sun branded the hot, bronzed mesa in scarlet and gold rays the Dreamer cried: "This beauty must be God."

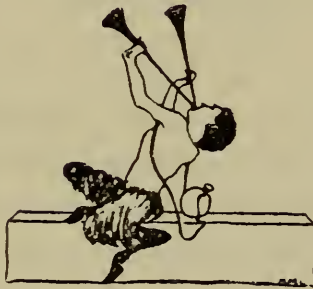
The Fool went to a city of smoky buildings, and as he stood in the canyons of brick and stone worshipping the creations

of wealth, he saw the pompous King of Power go by. "This, then, is God," whispered the Fool in awe.

Cucabod saw no trace of God, so he followed the trail of the wanderlust, passing the haunts of man that are walled by shadows and fears, till one afternoon through the purple mists of dusk the sun's last rays pictured a city of gold before his eyes. As he came closer, he saw that even the purple shone in the reflected light of the glittering buildings. But Cucabod was not blinded, for a voice within him urged him ever onward, seeking.

Three men set out in search of God; a Dreamer, a Fool and Cucabod. One found Beauty, one found Power, but the third sought Truth—and he it was who found God.

JOSEPHINE MATTESON.



This law we keep in our pre-
sentment now:
Not to take freedom more than
we allow.

THE WEATHER

Partly cloudy the first few
days of the year with increas-
ing fair weather and even tem-
perature.

The Rogers Hall News

MARY SPONABLE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL BY UNANIMOUS VOTE

COOLIDGE ALSO WINS

Mary Sponable was elected president of the Council in October, 1924, at a meeting of the entire school. She and her opponent, Lillian Andrew, were nominated by the council some time before and their choice was highly approved by the whole school. Miss Sponable served for two terms on the council last year, and this year as temporary chairman showed herself most capable of the position. She is a girl quick to see the right and wrong of things and altogether fair. She is studious, resides on the third floor of the Hall, and is a Cae. Considering all these points, and the fact that her opponent, a Kava and one of the sweetest girls in school, declined the nomination, it is little wonder that Sponable attained a unanimous vote. Hurrah for Mary! We wish her the best of luck, and we feel sure that she will have the loyal support of the community.

* * * * *

Another less important election took place at Rogers Hall on November 4, 1924. This was for the President of the United States. Before voting, an open forum was held in which all the scholars were at liberty to participate. Most heated and intelligent were the discussions. The various party platforms were first given and then a lively debate followed.

Points were brought out about all the candidates, any one of which was sufficient reason for voting for that certain man.

The "personable Mr. Davis" is certainly handsome enough to grace the front steps of our White House. Mr. LaFollette is for the working man, a policy which we as unwilling representatives of that class heartily endorse.

Coolidge and Dawes were easily the favorites, though many believed the latter would make a better president. For, as one speaker pointed out, "'Still waters run deep,' but that's not it, Coolidge is just dumb." Davis and Bryan had some true followers, but the greatest surprise of all was the changing of several Republicans to the LaFollette party. They were undoubtedly swayed by this convincing speaker. "When you consider," she said, "that Mr. LaFollette gave forty years of his best life for the people, the least we can do is vote for him." Let us not forget this important remark of another speaker, "It would be nice to have a fixed price for wheat."

In spite of the many splendid and convincing arguments, after the voting, the returns showed a large majority for Coolidge. The girls realized that he, like Sponable, had common sense.

THE DRAMA

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

Ethel Barrymore in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" fulfilled or exceeded everyone's expectations. Her acting, voice and costumes were all that could be desired, the supporting company was excellent and the leading man much admired. The first part of the first act was merely conversation among three men and just as everyone was wondering what it was all about, the first surprise came in the form of Miss Barrymore's unexpected entrance. All through the play there were unexpected little twists supplied by the cynical star, and the ending was also a surprise which turned the play into a tragedy. This play by Pinero is a good medium for the no longer youthful Ethel Barrymore.

SAINT JOAN

Saint Joan was an excellent play with excellent actors. Those who stood out most noticeably were Julia Arthur as Joan and Philip Leigh as the French Dauphin. Miss Arthur presented an entirely new Joan to us and while Shaw's conception of the Maid was criticized by many, it was presented most naturally and realistically. The lighting effects and scenery of the entire play were well managed. This play is a splendid example of Bernard Shaw's art and brings out his faults as well as his genius. The powerful theme and comments on life are typical of the author and his usual anti-climax is present in the epilogue. Saint Joan is one of the best plays we have ever seen.

STEPPING STONES

Carrying us back to childhood by a revised "Little Red Riding Hood" and displaying the most beautiful costumes and color schemes, Fred Stone and his daughter Dorothy in "Stepping Stones" delighted us beyond all expectations. Although Miss Dorothy is not beautiful she is the cute little type we all adore and her dancing is fascinating. One of the prettiest scenes was that in which all costumes represented roses. The most gorgeously colored cloth draped in most artistic manners, made the scene inconceivably beautiful. As everyone knows, the different songs from "Stepping Stones" are catching and the dances for which they were written are equally catching. The most appealing thing of the entire musical comedy is the companionship and family affection shown by the Stones.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

November eighth the Dramatic Club presented its first plays. "The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory, and "Columbine," by Colin Campbell Clemens, both one-act plays. The characters in the first play deserve much credit for the poise with which they faced the laughter of the audience caused by the extremely close-fitting policemen's uniforms and moustaches. Florence Schroeder as the police sergeant was most impressive and Elaine Vanpell's acting was decidedly unusual for an amateur. There

were only two characters in the second play and both were well taken. Barbara Hills as a Bowery girl was, at the same time, humorous and pathetic. Margaret Jones as the poor girl with aesthetic tastes and ideals was sweet and sincere. The lighting was soft and the scenery in both plays was more suggestive than realistic. We hope the Dramatic Club will favor us with many more plays this year.

Twice this year the councillors have exercised their privilege of attending the Friday night movies. The first time they saw "America" and the second time, Gloria Swanson in "Her Love Story." It is needless to add that the visits to Page's after the movies were enjoyed almost as much as the pictures.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES

ALMA GLUCK'S RECITAL

On October 14 the school went practically en masse to hear Alma Gluck in a concert program. We arrived very much beforehand and spent the time imagining how Madame Gluck would look and wondering whether we could ever find comfortable positions in the hard wooden chairs. But when there appeared an impressive figure clad in a bright scarlet gown which clashed victoriously with the red auditorium curtains, we forgot mere bodily discomfort.

The first selection, "With Verdure Clad," was difficult for an opening, and was poorly executed. In fact, the whole first group of songs was disappointing. However, we were forced to adjust that impression later on, especially in the third group when all the songs were delightful. We enjoyed "Die Post," "Botschalk," and "Little Gray Home in the West," an encore, most of all. Madame Gluck was always in perfect harmony with the atmosphere and spirit of each song and made the audience feel it. Her interpretations, improved by a long background of stage experience, were so excellent, that even if her voice did falter a little now and then, we sat spellbound through every piece.

Yascha Bunchuk played the 'cello, and we liked his rendition of "Chanson d'Automne" more than anything else on the program.

Near the end of October, Mr. S. M. Keeny, a European Student Relief Worker, told us about his work in the University of Moscow. As he had recently returned, the troubles of Russian students were very fresh in his mind and he described them so vividly that he held our unwavering attention. Some points that he mentioned about Russian newspapers show up the tactics of the Soviet government, which controls the newspapers and uses its power to twist facts in a cynical and sarcastic manner, often misrepresenting even the friendly policies of other nations so that people can never credit what they read and are naturally puzzled. The Student Friendship Organization has done much excellent work in helping to straighten out problems that are worrying everyone in Russia, both intellectual and financial. We enjoyed his lecture very much and were much impressed with his sincerity and enthusiasm.

One Sunday afternoon, soon after we returned to school, we had a delightful time listening to the pleasing voice of Mr. McClosky and the excellent playing of his accompanist.

We felt an unusual interest in them—they were young and good looking and not a bit embarrassed at the rows of grins which greeted them. In fact they grinned delightedly back at us, and seemed to enjoy Rogers Hall. Too soon we found we could not persuade them to sing and play any longer.

One of the many opportunities given to Rogers Hall girls came early in November when on Sunday afternoon we heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Words can but half express our delight with this concert both because of the unquestionable artistry of its leader and the superb quality of the music. The program itself was most interesting and with the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, who seemed to just beckon beautiful tones from the instruments, the audience was held in awed attention.

The atmosphere of the entire concert, from its opening number to Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor, had a profound effect upon us which will not soon be forgotten.

Mrs. Gilson, whom we now look upon as an old friend, gave us one of her delightful talks one morning, when she told us about her trip to South America. We were very much interested in hearing about the method of travelling and that of transportation, and were amazed at the amount of "red tape" one has to go through before one may travel in that country. She told us about the customs of courting and also the dress of the girls, and so charmingly did she speak that we were sorry when she had to stop.

Mme. Michael Tsamados, Honorary President of Relief for Fatherless Children of Greece, came to talk to us on November 16th. The aim of this organization is to aid the fatherless children of the refugees who were obliged to flee from their homes after the destruction of Smyrna, and who found that Greece was the only country in the world that would receive them. Mme. Tsamados had spent the summer visiting various refugee camps and said that she had been prepared to see great misery, but had never imagined the full horror which confronted her; that the refugees lived under conditions not considered fit for animals in America. She told us details that made us realize we could only try to appreciate their appalling state. Afterwards she sang several Greek songs and we discovered that she added a lovely voice to her other attractions. We were so enthusiastic that we felt like departing for Greece and beginning relief work immediately. But since this was out of the question, we did the next best thing and adopted a number of little refugee children.

On Wednesday, November 12, a few privileged characters went to see "The Barber of Seville" in the Lowell Auditorium. We enjoyed the singing immensely and could have listened to Lucille Banner all night even if she sang continuously on the same note. Her acting was excellent, almost too good to be true.

Leon Hoffmeister was perfect as the Barber and we thought that his rich baritone voice made the tenor's sound thin. Alfred Ilma's voice impressed us even more than his great height. It was a relief to see a really artistic ballet in contrast to the athletic contortions that so often pass for dancing on the modern stage. Claire Niles was our idea of the incarnation of grace.

Of course there were things about the production that we did not like—the scenery was amateurish and there was much horseplay that passed for comedy. But on the whole our verdict was favorable.

MRS. BOYER'S LECTURE

During the term Mrs. Boyer has been giving us a series of lectures on American history and government. Just before election day she explained the platforms of the various candidates and the danger, now happily averted, that the choice of the President might have to go to Congress. After the excitement of the election was over, she told us of the beginnings of America and of the settlement of the various groups of colonists which have merged to form our present United States.

ATHLETICS

Harvard Plays Holy Cross at Cambridge

The Lowell-Boston bus was greatly honored early in October with some Rogers Hall girls and teachers as passengers. Yes, football was the cause of the chic costumes and joyful faces. It was a beautiful day and as they marched with the throng across Harvard Bridge they couldn't help but think what a wonderful sight this compact crowd of people made and all there for the self-same purpose. By the skillful piloting of their respective chaperons they reached their seats which couldn't have been better for observing all the plays and details of the "punting" episode.

About the middle of the game great disturbance was caused by the presence of a raincloud. What could be more distressing when one had on one's best hat and coat? But it rained just a

bit and Harvard proved her worth by a final score of 12 to 6 in her favor, so all was serene again. The girls were told that in order to make the bus they must hurry right along, and hurry right along they did only to find that they must wait fifteen minutes. They were finally settled in comfortable chairs and speeding toward Lowell.

Rogers Hall also attended the Harvard-Dartmouth game, in the same bus and under practically the same circumstances—therefore it is needless to describe the trip. We will merely state that though the opinions varied as to who should win, they certainly were safe who sided with Dartmouth, for Dartmouth was victorious with a score of 6-0.

ANDOVER GAMES

The girls “sported” gaily forth to Andover several times enjoying the games there very much until suddenly, just when so many of them were beginning to look enthusiastically forward to the Andover-Exeter game and ensuing dance, they received the sad news that, owing to an epidemic of scarlet fever at Methuen, which was considered too near Andover to be safe, even though Andover itself was not quarantined, no one was to be allowed to attend the game from Rogers Hall. Many were the sorrowful faces and mournful hearts for perhaps five minutes here and there during the following day and then, what with plans for movies, plays and the Harvard-Brown game, they finally managed to reconcile themselves to their fate. The eager anticipation of their own fast approaching hockey game also helped to tide them through this heart-breaking calamity.

SOME INTERVIEWS

Miss Florence Armstrong of Buffalo, N. Y., present president of the Kava Club, was recently asked her opinion as to the outcome of the Cae-Kava hockey game. “Undoubtedly,” she said, “Kava will win!” Miss Ruth Lenfestey of Depere, Wisconsin, present president of the Cae Club, when asked her views concerning this most important event, replied: “Undoubtedly, Cae will win!” Miss Amy Louise Cottrell, present hockey (also bas-

ket ball, baseball, tennis, track and gym) coach at Rogers Hall, was next interviewed, and answered most significantly to our questions, "Undoubtedly either Kava or Cae will win!" Doubtless!

Cae Club, one of Rogers Hall's most influential clubs, held its annual election soon after the new members had been chosen. The results of this election were most satisfying as Ruth Lenfestey succeeds to the president's chair and Grace MacDougall will hold the office of Secretary and Treasurer. The managers of the various teams are: Mary Farwell Rice, hockey; Dorothy Tremble, basket ball; Grace MacDougall, baseball; Priscilla Fox, swimming, and Florence Schroeder, tennis. These officers have planned a most interesting program for the year.

Kava Club, the friendly rival of Cae, has elected the following capable staff to administer its affairs this year. Florence Armstrong will as President have the following assistants: Nettie Ives, treasurer; Katherine Thayer, manager of hockey; Ruth Farnham, basketball; Harriet Cushman, baseball; Edith Knapp, swimming, and Josephine Matteson, tennis.

THE GAME

It is needless to say what game! To every girl in Rogers Hall there was no game this fall half so important as the annual contest between Kava and Cae for the Hockey Cup. Hard practice and half-hearted studying were sure signs that the great event was near and on Friday, November twenty-first, it was not hard to tell by the excited faces and impatient eyes on the clock that something was up. And, indeed, so it was, for 'at half-past two the list of teams was to be read. There were one or two disappointments because of ineligibility, but on the whole, both clubs were very well off and both teams very evenly matched. Saturday dawned cloudy and inclined to be rainy but their hopes could not be dampened and the sun, strengthened by this unfaltering faith, burst forth for a few minutes' glory late in the morning. At half-past twelve the clubs met and formed ranks, after which they marched into the dining room, where standing at opposite ends

they sang and cheered lustily. The clouds again prevailed at the appointed hour of two-thirty and for a few minutes it showered, but the teams remained undaunted and they certainly were not lacking in loyal supporters.

The two teams ran out from the gym and were immediately received with loud cheers from their respective clubs. After a short warming up the game began and, although both teams played their very best, the score at the end of the first half was 3-1 in favor of Caes, while at the end of the second, Kava had only one more goal and Caes two. Miss Gertrude Gross, a well known referee from Boston was, as everyone agreed, one of the best the school has ever had. The team dinner which followed was enjoyed in a true sportsmanlike manner by both Kava and Cae. The line-up was as follows:

Kava		Cae
A. Safford (Capt.).....	Bully	R. Lenfesty (Capt.)
K. Thayer.....	L. Inside	V. Pardee
R. Farnham	R. Inside	G. MacDougall
H. Cushman.....	L. Wing	V. Stuart
M. Gittins.....	R. Wing	P. Fox
R. Davol.....	L. H. B.	F. Schroeder
H. McLain.....	R. H. B.	V. Ruggles
A. Louis.....	C. H. B.	M. Damon
D. Martin 1/2 (Atwell 1/2).....	R. F. B.	B. Paxton
K. Prichard.....	L. F. B.	E. Vaupell
E. Pratt.....	Goal	B. May

Subs, Kava—Rogers, Hitchman, Atwell, Murray, Stanton.
Cae—Boone, Melchers, Loewe, Jones, Carmack.

A day that deigned to be nice for us,

On a Friday of the week,

Was one of exciting excitement

For boisterous girls and meek.

A current of sibilant whispers

Seemed to prevail in classes

And we heard through the halls, "She's Kava, I know—

Ah! There go two Cae lasses."

Two-thirty struck—we rushed to the gym.
The new girls were sent below,
Then two by two, like Noah's beasts,
Told up the stairs to go.
Then the Caes went to Norcross to revel,
While the Kavas went to the Hall,
Speeches and food and song were combined
To the great enjoyment of all.

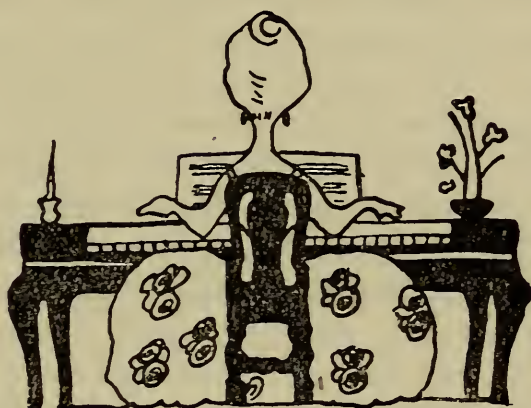
NEWS OF THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

ATTRACTIVE PROGRAM PLANNED FOR THE COMING YEAR

The first meeting of the Splinters Board was at the cottage, November seventh, under the auspices of Miss Crossman and Miss Mills. The board was much honored by the presence of Miss Caroline Melchers, sister of Miss Helen Melchers, one of the prominent members of the board. A most intellectual program was planned for the ensuing year and it is hoped by members of the Board that the public will co-operate in making its publications a pronounced success. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses and the meeting adjourned after the members of the Board had enthusiastically voted it a most inspirational one.

The Red Cross Drive opened auspiciously on the morning of November twentieth as Miss Mary Sponable announced that the first enrollment would end at one o'clock promptly and all contributions must be made before that time. Competition was keen as the various houses worked their hardest for one hundred percent membership. Red Cross buttons blossomed rapidly on middies and sweaters and by the end of the fourth period the windows of every home were flaunting brilliant Red Crosses! The excitement ran high and the schoolroom was thronged as the returns were chalked upon the board. Norcross House was the first to reach its quota with the cottage running a close second. Miss Sponable told the reporter that she was most gratified by the results and that she felt sure the National Chapter would

appreciate such tireless efforts on the part of this influential and flourishing branch of the organization.



SOCIETY NOTES

DELIGHTFUL PICNIC AT CANOBIE LAKE

The first Saturday morning after school opened, we all crowded into the familiar Grey Line busses and started off for Canobie Lake. This, however, was accomplished only after a great deal of frantic shouting and running about on the part of the chaperons. When, after a dusty and somewhat noisy ride, we arrived at the lake, we were horribly disappointed to find that not even the merry-go-round was opened for our patronage.

We immediately formed a bread-line, collected as many sandwiches and as much chicken salad as we dared, and sat down, old girl and her attendant new girls, to eat as much as possible.

After lunch we sat on the shore of the lake and discussed each other's family history so that by the time we started back in the busses, we felt that we knew each other as well as was possible on such short acquaintance.

THE FIRST PARTY OF THE FALL SEASON

The opening of our social season was a well tried and much adored form of party, the dance. Of course the orchestra was splendid and the devotion of each old girl to her new girl partner made the old girls' party its usual success.

COTTAGE ENTERTAINED AT SUPPER SUNDAY EVENING BY NORCROSS

One of the first Sunday evenings after we were all back at school, Norcross invited the Cottage girls to supper. Groups of five and six girls gathered at individual tables placed in the dining room and the drawing room. To the tune of "Do you know—?" and "Oh, are you from—?" dainty sandwiches and cocoa were enjoyed with delicious ice cream and cake. The old girls sang a few of the Cae and Kava songs and bits from the operetta, "Trial by Jury," that they gave last year. The evening proved to be far too short for us, but even in this little time everyone became better acquainted.

NEW GIRLS' PARTY FOR THE OLD GIRLS

Great was our surprise when so very early in the year the old girls were very charmingly entertained by the new girls. They were bidden to arrive at the gym early in order to obtain good seats for the "surprise vaudeville." All were held spellbound by the dancing of Priscilla Ball, and Barbara Hills gave us a very vivid picture of the modern flapper at a "movie." We were also entertained by Blue Bell Paxton, Mildred Thomas, Dorothy Mignault, Kate Bassett, and the interesting entertainment was brought to an end by Josephine Matteson's singing of "California, Here I Come."

MISS CARTER'S TEA

One Friday afternoon Miss Parsons gave a tea for Miss Carter, now Mrs. Follett, and invited the old girls to meet her.

We were all very glad to see her again and to find that she is just as interested in us as ever, in spite of the fact that she is so busy in her new home.

NORCROSS GIRLS GIVE THEIR FIRST FRIDAY AFTERNOON TEA

On October tenth, Miss Mudge and the six Norcross girls gave an informal tea for some of their friends. The house was

decorated throughout with brilliantly colored autumn leaves. A large crackling fire and yellow shaded lamps added to the attractive setting. Tea was served with daintily rounded sandwiches embellished with picturesque flowers of various designs and shades. With these were served stuffed dates, and later our eyes feasted upon the delicious layer cake before us. Two of the girls acted as hostesses, Ruth Lenfestey and Harriet Cushman. Ruth Lenfestey, better known to her friends as Rudee and the president of Cae Club this year, was very attractively gowned in a cream net lace dress over a dainty pink slip. Harriet Cushman, the other hostess, who has delighted her many friends by returning this year to Rogers Hall for a post graduate course, wore that afternoon a very becoming tailored dress of blue serge. The other unbonneted girls were the Misses Mary Farwell Rice, Maxine Jennings, Virginia Pardee, and Florence Armstrong.

Among the guests a great number of chic fall gowns were noticed, especially a tunic of ravishing black and gold brocaded material which was partly covered by a stunning black broadcloth coat lavishly trimmed with exquisite fur. Another attractive costume was one of entire grey from the top of the satin hat of directoire style to the tip of the dainty grey suede pumps. Much of the popular brown shade was chosen by these fascinating guests.

NORCROSS ENTERTAINS THE HALL AT BRIDGE

November twenty-fifth the girls of Norcross gave a bridge party for the girls and teachers in the Hall. There were ten tables and bridge was played from seven-thirty to ten. Blue Bell Paxton won the first prize which was an iridescent green glass powder box. The second prize, a decorative iron paper weight cast in the form of a little girl went to Ruth Farnham; and Norma Scanvin, who had a low score, was consoled by a paper weight disguised as a puppy. Refreshments of ice cream with fudge sauce and famous Norcross cakes made us wish that Norcross parties were not so few and far between.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

We should like to suggest a few practical hints to help the inmates of Rogers Hall in their heavy household duties.

1. If you are one of these people who arise regularly at 7.28, choose a roommate who, in return for a kind word and a smile, will be only too glad to put away your kimono and slippers. Also encourage her to close the windows promptly at 6.30.

2. Never open the windows in the morning but always be on hand to explain that fresh air annoys you and disagrees with your respiratory system.

3. Always park cracker boxes and gingerale bottles in open spaces where they may be readily seen. Thus the inspector will realize that you have nothing to conceal from her, and will thenceforth consider you absolutely trustworthy.

4. Do not bother to smooth out the bumps when you make the bed Sunday morning. It is such fun to curl around them at night.

5. For changing the bureau scarf: In your roommate's absence substitute your bureau for hers and exchange the various articles on top of them. When your roommate comes back, she will not perceive the clever trick and will change the cover, thinking the bureau her very own. Then, when opportunity again offers, you may replace everything and congratulate yourself heartily.

INDOOR SPORTS

One of the commonest remarks in the corridors now-a-days would be something like this: "What means cat and has three z's in it?" or "What has six letters in it that goes blank-b-blank-z-blank-x and means to climb a tree?" and a common sight is some student, or often a member of the faculty making a frantic rush for the dictionary with a Cross-Word-Puzzle Book under her arm. Yes, indeed, Rogers Hall, sad to say, has caught the epidemic of Cross-Word Puzzles and spare time is no longer spare time!

1	2	3	4	5			6	7	8	9	10
11					12	13		14			
15				16			17		18		
19			20					21		22	
		23					24		25		
	26				27	28		29		30	
	31				32			33			
34		35		36			37				38
39	40		41		42	43				44	
45		46		47					48		
49			50		51			52			
53							54				

HORIZONTAL

1. We should not — other people's goods.
6. Every girl in R. H. has a —.
11. "Drifting down the —."
12. — there (a salute).
14. Four, —, six.
15. Automobile association.
16. What does the lion roar?
18. —, a species rarely seen at R. H.!
19. Lowell Post Office.
20. Hetys.
22. Point of compass.
23. A German is a —.
24. 4 o'clock — in the kitchen.

VERTICAL

1. Unsuitable.
2. An airtight pit for grain.
3. A girl's name not found in R. H.
4. A prefix signifying again.
7. Concerning
8. With — and vigor we learn our lessons!
9. Capable of division by 2.
10. To begin again.
12. What we have to wear outside the white fence.
13. The clinging vine.
16. To discern.
17. Room A is the — room.

HORIZONTAL

26. —— part of small boat.
27. After hockey we are all ——.
29. "We will show the sons of ——" that the Crimson still holds sway.
31. Noise made by cat.
32. A preposition.
33. Wipe your feet on the —— before entering R. H.
35. "Do not —— the desks."
37. Initials of our violinist.
39. Pronoun.
41. Our first term sport.
44. Indefinite article.
45. Babe Ruth certainly can ——.
47. A kind of ice cream.
48. "Take it —— and easy."
49. Miss Parsons is our ——.
51. And.
52. Entendez!
53. Above the pool and below the ceiling of gym.
54. The Kava lion is a ferocious ——.

VERTICAL

20. A shout of joy or exultation as heard at the games.
 21. Suitable.
 23. Hurt.
 25. An exclamation of dejection usually heard after excuses.
 26. Important initials.
 27. Pronoun.
 28. "Please may we go to the movies?" "——"!!!!
 30. That thing.
 34. Having form or properties of a cube.
 36. To decay.
 37. A snare.
 38. To laugh loudly.
 40. A Japanese girl's name.
 42. What does the bear stand for?
 43. A small violin.
 44. Exclamation of sorrow!
 46. A measure of weight.
 48. A large body of water.
 50. "——, and behold!"
 52. A popular pronoun at R. H.
-

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

Edith Nourse Rogers has the distinction of serving as presidential elector from the Fifth Congressional District of Massachusetts of which her husband is the Congressman. It is an interesting tribute to her personality and to her faithfulness in serving the needs of the ex-service men that she was elected at the head of the ticket receiving over seven hundred thousand votes, the greatest number ever received by any candidate in this State for any office at all.

September 10th, Barbara Andrae, '22, was married to Mr. Elijah Kent Hubbard, 2nd, in Grace Lutheran Church, Milwaukee. Marjorie Downing was the maid of honor and among the bridesmaids were Flora Dingwall, '23, Eleanor Piper and Josephine Philipp, while a large number of Rogers Hall girls were present as guests. The Hubbards are at home at 80 Garden Street, Hartford, Ct., since their return from a trip to Bermuda.

September 20th, Hannah Benton was married to Mr. Collins Graham in the little chapel on the Benton estate in Belmont with a reception following in the garden. After December 1st the Grahams will be at home at 223 Slade St., Belmont, Mass. Mr. Graham is Harvard '12, and is in charge of the bonding department of O'Brien Russell & Company, Boston.

June 28th, Frances Brazer, '20, was married to Mr. Fred Wesley Northbridge, Jr., in Brookline, Mass.

June 25th, Elenora Carpenter, '20 was married to Mr. Gordon Dobson Beattie in Manchester, N. H.

June 28th, Olive Eveleth was married to Mr. Carroll Wilmot Peck at her home in Lowell. Helen Eveleth, '15 was the maid of honor. Since September 1st the Pecks have been at home at 146 Irving Ave., Providence, R. I.

August 14th, Anna Fidler was married in Lowell to Dr. Philip Grossman Berman and they will live at 235 Audubon Rd., Boston.

September 20th, Louise F. Grover, '18, was married in Saint Anne's Church in Lowell to Mr. Roland Taylor Pihl. After

October first they will be at home at 111 Parkview Ave., Lowell, Mr. Pihl is an instructor in the Lowell Textile School.

October 1st, Dorothy Knox, '23, was married to Mr. Ralph Michelini at her home in Reading, Mass. They will be at home after November first at 35 Walnut St., Reading, Mass.

July 30th, Hester Lambert, '21, was married to Mr. Theodore Waldo Emerson at her home in Stow, Mass. They expect to live in Tyngsboro, Mass.

October 3rd, Helen Lambden, '19, was married to Mr. Ralph Natrass Reynolds in Salem Baptist Church in New Rochelle, N. Y.

September 4th, Hannah McConkey, '18, was married to Mr. Michael Spahr Small in York, Penn.

September 8th, Frances Pille was married to Mr. Walter Ellsworth Shively in Massillon, Ohio. After October 20th, they will be at home at The Mayfield, Twin Lake Rd, Akron, Ohio.

October 18th, Anne Robertson, '19, was married to Mr. William Carl Sparks in Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow in Tarrytown, N. Y.

August 20th, Helen Smith, '20, was married to Reverend Augustine McCormick at St. Mark's Pro-Cathedral in Grand Rapids, Mich. They are living in Lawrence, Mass.

June 28th, Dorothy Stanton was married to Mr. Donald Lewis Richards in Boston.

September 25th, Peggy Stover was married to Mr. Victor Fuller Hockmeyer in St. Anne's Church in Lowell. Marjorie Stover Scribner was the matron of honor and among the bridesmaids was Eleanor Whittier, '22. The flower girls were Patricia and Anne Parker, daughters of Madge Hockmeyer Parker, '10, while five Rogers Hall husbands or brothers were ushers. The Hockmeyers went to Bermuda for their wedding trip and on their return will make their home in Montclair, N. J., near the Whittiers.

September 13th, Katherine White was married to Mr. Arthur Metcalf Morse, Jr., in St. Anne's Church in Lowell. Ellen Burke was the maid of honor. After October fifteenth the Morses will be at home at 20 Summit Ave., New London, Ct.

The old girls will be interested to read that on September 2nd, Miss Hazel Carter was married to Mr. Stephen Wilmarth Follett in Winchendon, Mass. They are now living at The Copley Apts., 756 Westford St., Lowell, Mass.

Eleanor Piper has announced her engagement to Mr. John Elliott Knowlton.

Elizabeth Whittier, '19, September twentieth announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Vaughan Lewis of Irvington-on-Hudson. Mr. Lewis is Williams '17.

July 21st, a son, Allan Nichols, was born to Rev. and Mrs. C. Merton Wilson (Katherine Carr, '09).

June 27th, a daughter, Laura, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Erwin N. Darrin (Natalie Conant, '08) in Hopedale.

September 7th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John K. Dufton (Margaret Betts, '19) in Clearfield, Pa.

July 13th, a son, John Lawrence, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wilson Enos (Polly Piper, '15) in Cambridge, Mass. They are living at 2609 Cadillac Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Rogers Hall has many new Alumnæ sisters, daughters, cousins, etc., this fall. They are Kathryn Adams niece of Julia Adams Shepard, Virginia Earl, cousin of Catherine Leonard, '24, Emily Hussey, sister of Margaret, '19, and of Mary, '24; Lilian Jones, sister of Rachel Jones Coffin, '11, Shirley Flather, sister of Betty; Mollie Goodwin daughter of Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10; Ruth Kilborn, sister of Helen, '22; Betty MacBrayne, sister of Elinor, '24; Margaret Shepard, sister of Helen, '24; Janet and Virginia Swan, daughters of Louie Ellingwood Swan, '00; Helen Underhill, granddaughter of Mrs. Underhill and niece of Dorothy, '98; Eleanor Williams, sister of Ardis, '24; Shirley Coburn, niece of Helen Coburn Stevens, '97. This makes four daughters, twelve sisters, seven nieces and two cousins in school this year.

Betty Bennett, '96, has accepted a position in the Calhoun School and Settlement in Calhoun, Lowndes Co., Ala. "I have been trying to get south for years and shall be so glad to be spared a northern winter."

Rachel Brown Loring, '16, is now living at 13 Hawthorne Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Nell Calvin wrote in September. "I came over to England a few weeks ago to visit Harriet Davey and am enjoying my stay in Southern England. We have had many a chat about our school days and have looked back upon them, wishing some of them might be repeated and lived over again. We are going to London for a short stay, also to the Exposition at Wembley and then I shall say good-bye to Harriet and England and be off for a winter in France."

Harriet Davey Davey has a new address, 1 Hillside Ave., Thornton Hill; Exeter, England. "I have long since intended to write and Nell's coming has reminded me afresh. It has been so delightful to have her here with us and my husband and I have tried to show Nell the historic part of Exeter. She found it most interesting, especially in the antique shops where she spent some good old U. S. A. money! Our weather has not been of its best this summer for we have had a great deal of rain but are hoping for a fine October."

Lillian Cruikshank, '23, is spending the fall at home regaining her strength after a month of treatment at the Mayo Brothers' Hospital in Rochester, Minn.

Marion Dawson, '22, and her mother moved this fall to a new home in Providence, R. I., at 534 Angell Street where Helen Kilborn, '22, visited her when she brought Ruth on to Rogers Hall.

Helen Doolittle sends her address as 810 South Berendo Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Evelyn Dimeling, '24, writes that she intends to come East after Christmas and will be on hand for the reunion in June. During the summer Mary Genevieve Andrews was visiting in Spokane and they had many good times together.

Vivian Dant visited Harriet Wilson, '24, this summer. "We had such a splendid time going to bridge parties and dances and most of all just talking! The end of August we are taking the Great Lakes cruise to Duluth and from there we go to Yellowstone Park for a short while. This winter we expect to motor

through California and I am going to try to coax my parents to go to China. In the meantime I am going to study music and have begun to read some real books."

Margaret Donaldson, '23, is living again this winter at 421 West 117th Street, New York City. "I had a very different summer and one that I can never regret for I stayed in town most of July and August. I couldn't stop the dancing for three months since it would be like beginning all over again in the fall. I'm continuing my work at Nellé's—for ballet dancing and character work and at the George Cole School. It means about four hours a day and the more I have of it, the more I love it. I'm going on with short story and essays at Columbia and am proud to tell you I had A in both courses last spring . . . Constance Smith '23, goes to two of my dancing classes with me every day so we always have lunch together. It's just like school again and I am so happy that our interests and lives haven't drifted apart. Peg Lins, '23, is back at her secretarial training and we meet frequently while Peg Liggett and Mary Andrews are to join us for tea next week. I've seen Pavlowa several times and it makes me very excited because I met her at a party one evening."

Marie Harris', '21, new address is care of Com. A. L. Parsons, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., Quarters E.

Evelyn Estes has registered at National Park Seminary in Forest Glen, Md., and expects to take some courses before entering the University of Texas another year.

Elizabeth Essick, '22, took two history courses at Columbia Summer School which gave her six hours of credit. She has been granted permission to carry extra hours at Wells this year so as to make up the necessary number of points to graduate in 1926.

Irene Eno has entered Miss Amy Sacher's School of Interior Decorating in Boston and is living at the Students' House. Later if she can find time from the art work she will study piano at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Helen Friend, '20, is the Science teacher of the Senior High School in Colby, Kansas, and will aid in directing the various activities of the school. During her last two years in college Helen

was one of the assistants in the Botany Laboratory at the University of Kansas.

Doris Jones Miller, '17, writes: "Just now all my time and thoughts are devoted to my two Bills. Billy is very well, smiling and 'sassy.' His father has bought out his partner and is alone in the business which has changed its name to 'The Miller Cabinet Shops, Inc'. Just at present it means much extra work and a great responsibility so that we go out but seldom."

Emily Judah Bayard, '17, spent two months of the spring at her old home in Vincennes, Ind. "It was delightful there and such a pleasure to show Barbara and Joe to my friends. Martha Bayard has been in school in Vincennes the past winter but entered Indiana University this fall. Dorothy Kessinger Jessup, '13, and her husband have moved to Arizona on account of Mr. Jessup's health. . . My own babies look like little Indians from living on the beach all day long. They adore the water and can't be kept out."

Helen Fogg, '20, was one of ninety or more girls to receive her A. B. from Smith in June, cum laude. This winter Helen is studying for her master's degree at Radcliffe, specializing in English.

Eva French Jenkinson is living in Methuen, Mass., where her husband has been installed recently as pastor of the Congregational Church.

Margaret Fox, '21, studied in Columbia University summer school and Katherine Auer, '20, also was taking courses. Before her return west, Margaret "visited Virginia Tutwiler Hoshor for a week and her darling baby. I hope to return to Columbia for further study in the second semester next January."

The girls of 1912 extend their sympathies to Charlotte Greene Blaney who lost her husband after a brief illness in the spring. Charlotte and her children have returned to Lowell to make their home near her parents.

Mildred Horton is studying typewriting and shorthand in Miss Wright's School in Portsmouth, N. H. this winter.

Charlotte Jealous is living at home this winter and taking the course in the Garland School in Boston.

Ruth Shafer, '19, has set January 5th as the date for her marriage to George Van Deusen Hutton. The honeymoon will be spent in Europe.

Cecil Gray Johnston, '24, is planning to go abroad after Christmas for a six months' trip.

Elinore Lee White has a new address, Bradford Apts., Storm Lake, Iowa. "We moved here last year as my husband has opened a law office of his own. It is a lovely little town in Northwestern Iowa and our apartment is but half a block from the lake from which the town takes its name so that the faintest breeze blowing reaches us coolingly. I am looking forward to the time when Gigi (Gloria Lee) will come to Rogers Hall for nothing could make me happier. She will be two years old on Hallowe'en. . . . The drawing of the doorway made by Marcia Bartlett Denault, '17, reproduced on the cover of the Bulletin brings back so many memories. I look forward eagerly to the next issue of the Bulletin."

Margaret Lins, '23, is living at 321 West 80th St., New York City. "I am taking the one year secretarial training course in the Katherine Gibbs School. I spent a few weeks this summer with Mary Gray Wood, '24. She will stay at home until her mother has recovered her health."

Helen Lyons is planning to enter the nurses' training course in Mount Sinai Hospital in December.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, is in the cast of "Cock O' the Roost" which opened in New York in November with Katherine Wilson, '18, as the lead.

Isabel Marvin, '23, expects to take a secretarial training course this year either in Portsmouth or Boston. "I have enjoyed the many calls from Rogers Hall friends as they passed through Portsmouth on their way further east."

Phyllis Mitchell is living at 3618 San Jacinto St., Houston, Texas. "I went to summer school this summer and received credits for Latin, History and English so as to add to my points when I enter the High School in the fall."

Marjorie Multer, '23 entered New Jersey State College for Women this fall.

Clarissa Nevins studied in the University summer school, "as I am trying to take my college course in three years. I expect to spend September in Michigan."

Helen Obenaus Lawrence, '20, since her marriage has lived in Mount Vernon, N. Y. "Helen Robinson, '20, spent the summer abroad and her letters report that she is enjoying her trip immensely."

Minnie Perry worked last year with the Bridgeport Charity Organization Society as a family visitor. "I have the northern part of the city which is rather countrified so that I manage to secure plenty of fresh air. To make life more interesting I have to walk all my district so that I am no longer the 'deliciously plump Min' as of days gone by! I have about fifty families under my care and each one offers a new problem, most interesting. The majority are Italians and I am struggling along trying to master the language. I expect to take a course in it this fall. . . A month ago Doris Turney got a new roadster and she and I drove Emily Hulick to her home in Pennsylvania. I have never had so much fun as figuring out the way over strange country roads. At Easter time Katherine Stuart visited me and later in the Spring I visited her at Connecticut College."

Angeline Rush Weiner, '20, writes, "In April we came East and Gene and I have been visiting his family in Newark, N. J. The factory is there, they manufacture diamond flexible bracelets, and I can always be reached until we secure a home of our own at 8 Rose St., Newark. I have been out to see Edna Hartley Peck and her adorable babies and have had luncheon once with Salome Johnston Tierney, '20."

In October, Dorothy Scott Gerber, '22, visited Virginia Tutwiler Hoshor, '21, who brought her baby Joyce, on to see her parents. "Joyce is adorable, so fat and cute. Of course I had great delight in telling the girls about 'Scottie' who grows more interesting each day. We had luncheon with Betty Peters and Helen Pope one noon and Helen has promised me a visit later. Lesley Pope Cook, '21, fell this fall and broke a toe."

Maroe Pratt, '22, was elected a member of the Dramatics As-

sociation at Smith College this fall after passing the necessary trials.

Louise Taylor Gerdine spent the summer at her rustic lodge in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. "My new address for the winter is 648 Arroyo Drive, Pasadena, California where any of the old girls will be most welcome if they come to the coast."

Frances Taylor, '21, and Sarah Painter Donworth, '21 were in Dorothy Howland's wedding party and walked together. "We had a busy time talking mostly and going to parties and it was so lovely to be all together again. Late in the fall I expect to visit Elizabeth Mann, '21, in Vermont.

Gertrude Trefethen, '24, is staying at home this winter in Portland and is taking piano lessons and harmony. Another year she plans to go to Boston to take the secretarial training in the Katherine Gibbs School.

Harriet Wilson, '24, has a position in the children's room at the Muskegon library "and as I like both children and books ever so much, it couldn't be better for me."

Mary Gray Wood, '24, writes that her new address is 159 West Fairview Ave., Dayton, Ohio. If her mother is strong enough they hope to come east in the late fall.

Katherine Wilson, '18, is to be congratulated upon her success in her chosen profession. This fall she received the lead in "Cock O' the Roost" which opened in New York at the Liberty Theatre to a most enthusiastic and appreciative audience. Katherine has an apartment at 56 West 20th St. Since the close of this engagement she is doing a picture with Richard Barthelmess.

Eileen Patterson has charge of the Home Industry of the Social Service Department of the Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men in New York City.

Mildred Donnelly, '20, is teaching English and some correlated subjects in The Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Ct., in the Lower School. "My Saturdays I spend at Columbia imbibing all the pedagogy possible in one short morning."

The Rogers Hall girls entering college this year are Barbara Billman, Mildred Mann, Susan Mann and Marion Zabriskie at Wellesley; Catherine Leonard and Rosalind Parker at Smith;

Eleanor MacBrayne at Vassar; Grayce Aldrich and Madeline Fox at Skidmore; Esther Perham at Brown.

Charlotte Blight was on hand to welcome the girls to Skidmore and writes that soon they will have enough girls to be starting a Rogers Hall Club.

Caroline Beach is a Junior at the University of Michigan and because of her high scholarship is one of the twenty-three juniors to be given residence in Martha Cook Dormitory, the Honor Senior Hall. "Because of living there this year, I am looking forward to college with added pleasure. This summer I had a delightful motor trip through Kentucky and was fascinated by both people and country. Later while at Port Huron I met Dorothy Sebastian, '21. Dorothy Dibble, '23, and I have met often on the campus at Ann Arbor and exchanged Rogers Hall news."

Madeline Fox, '24, writes: "I really feel now I am a member of the Freshman Class here at Skidmore because only the Freshmen must wear bibs of white oilcloth with our names printed in huge green letters on them and also our home town! I'm going to enjoy the Home Economics course although it means a heavy schedule of thirty-three periods a week."

Emily Hulick, '22, who is a Junior at Wellesley has been helping to make the four new Rogers Hall Freshmen feel at home in college. "I spent the summer at home and had a very good time. I did a great deal of horseback riding and now and then some driving!" Emily is living in Cazenove Hall this year.

Catherine Leonard, '24, is living at 8 Green Ave., Northampton, but hopes to receive a campus assignment before Christmas. "I have seen Isabelle Dahlberg, '23, and Rosalind Parker, '24. They are in houses next to each other in the nicest group on Elm Street. I have also met Elizabeth Kroeck, '23, and Dorothy Dorman, '23."

Mildred Mann, '24, is living at the Birches, one of the Freshmen houses at Wellesley." Susan and I are not rooming together this year, but I think we shall like it as soon as we grow accustomed to the change."

Susan Mann, '24, is living at 11 Abbott St., Wellesley, also a Freshman house. "It seems wonderful to have Barbara Billman

and Marion Zabriskie here too and when we meet as we often do, the conversation is completely monopolized by Rogers Hall! When Marion, Mildred and I play basket ball together it seems like the old Cae-Kava games again."

Rosalind Parker, '24, is living at 79 Elm St., Northampton, Mass, in the Henshaw group." I was with Edwina Pratt in Ohio for August and one very interesting experience was a ten days trip on the Great Lakes on a freighter."

Madeleine Reitenbach writes: "I had a nice trip coming back and my whole family was at Havre to meet me. We expect to go to the Vosges Mountains and later I expect to be at the sea side. In the fall I intend to go to a business school in Paris for a few months to learn French shorthand and then try to get a job and hurry to earn money to go to the States again!"

Helen Sherer, '24, is living in Lausanne, Switzerland, at Mont-Fleuri Hotel, Avenue d' Ouchy. "We landed at Rotterdam and went directly to The Hague. I think Holland is the quaintest country. I used to carefully conceal the fact that a good many of my ancestors were Dutch but now I am duly proud of the 'Stolp' and all the 'Vans' I can find on the good old tree. From Holland we went to Belgium for a ten days stay and then came straight to Switzerland. We have made innumerable trips through this part of the country, to Grand St. Bernard, the quaint old village of Gruyère, where there is a remarkably well preserved old Chateau but not a sign of cheese making! We have taken many lake trips to Montreux, Chillon, Vevey, Evian, etc., and at Christmas time expect to go to Italy, returning for winter sports. I wonder if they will be as much fun as Intervale! I have lessons in French every day and am going to the University here when it opens as an 'auditrice.' There is an English girl here at the pension who belongs to a hockey club they have here, and she wants me to join."

Helen Shannon, '24, is at the School of Practical Art in Boston. "This is strictly commercial art such as illustration and advertising. So far I like the work very much. I am living at The Student House, 96 The Fenway."

Alice Chase, '23, is the secretary of Chaplain Knox of Col-

umbia University and Elizabeth Spalding, '22, is secretary to the Assistant Secretary of the College Entrance Examination Board. Both girls are living at 80 Claremont Ave., New York City, with the parents of Rev. Mr. McGiffert of All Souls' Church, Lowell.

The Philadelphia Branch of the Alumnæ Association had a luncheon at The Manufacturers' Club in November at which fifteen of the girls were present. Miss McMillan represented Miss Parsons and the school and spent the week-end with Carlotta Heath Moore, '11.

In November Miss Parsons was in New York and had a tea at The Women's University Club for the younger graduates of Rogers Hall who live in the vicinity of New York.

In November Evelyn Leary, '23, announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Merritt Preston.

Martha Cooper, '24, visited Kathryn Howell, '24, in November and both girls regretted that their going to the Harvard-Yale game prevented their returning to school for the Hockey game.

Harriet Ballou, '21, was operated upon for appendicitis this fall but reports she is making a rapid recovery.

Saidee Forrest Rathbone sends a new address, 920 South Madison Ave., Pasadena, Cal. "It was such a pleasure to look over the school catalogue when I was on Long Island visiting a friend this summer and to think that I was helping to send her daughter to my own school. . . We do love California and I am hoping to have the opportunity of showing our part of the State to many of my Eastern friends."

Barbara Allen, '22, is a junior at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and is living this year at 258 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dorothy Beeler Long, '19, has left Atlanta where she and her husband made their home for almost a year and their address is now Care of Beeler Organization, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Florence Harrison, '02, has accepted a position as secretary of the Minneapolis branch of the League of Women Voters and is enjoying a stay in her home city.

November 15th, a son, Robert Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donworth (Sarah Painter, '21.)

Helen Lambden Reynolds has a new address at 1025 Delaware Ave., Springfield, Mo.

Katherine Weeks, '23, is studying in one of the secretarial schools in New York City.

At the tea which Miss Parsons gave at the Women's University Club in November in New York, nine of the more recent classes were represented but the centre of interest was in one of the classes of the future, for Virginia Tutwiler Hoshor, '21, brought her five-months-old daughter with her.

Dorothy LeButt, '24, writes: "I have started my music lessons again and am also studying methods of teaching music with hopes of having a few piano pupils in the future. Another year I expect to enter the music school of Syracuse University where my sister is now a Freshman."

Miss Linthicum has returned with her friend, Miss Kihm, from a trip around the world, which they enjoyed greatly. Miss Linthicum has resumed her teaching in the Kent Place School in Summit, N. J.

Elinor MacBrayne, '24, writes: "It was very exciting during election times at Vassar for besides hearing political speeches from all platforms and voting ourselves on a real voting machine, we heard the returns by radio all Tuesday night. Vassar is certainly a Republican College, though President McCracken claims to be a Democrat himself. I am glad they bring modern interests here, for all my studies except Botany are of Medieval times. I am fast getting to the point where I almost expect armored knights to prance around campus and I shouldn't be at all surprised if the Library were attacked any time."

Mary Genevieve Andrews, '22, has recently announced her engagement to Clarence I. Paulsen, of Spokane, and plans to be married early in January.

Virginia Thompson, '19, has announced her engagement to Leland Stanford McElwee, of Boston.

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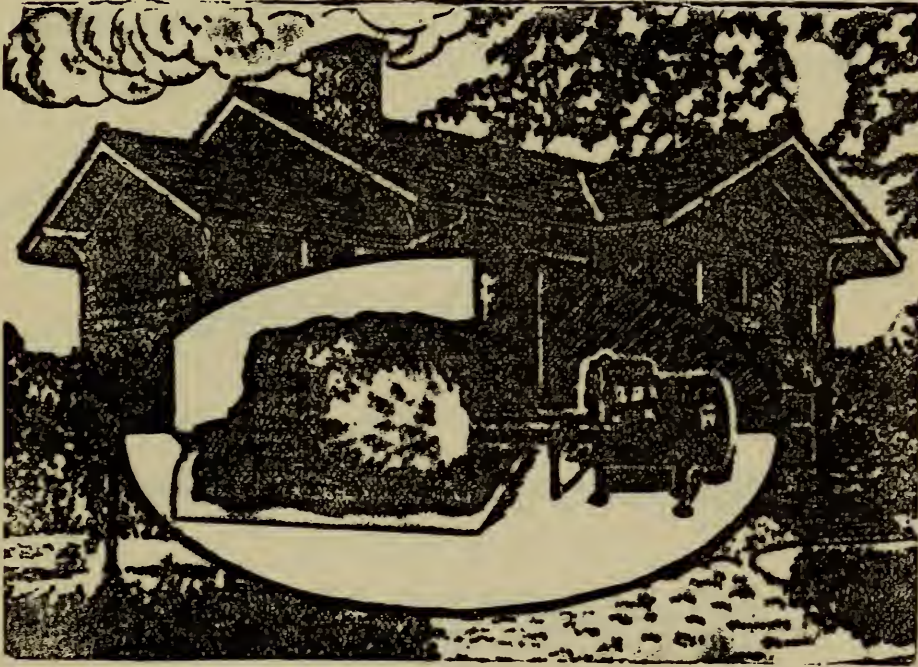
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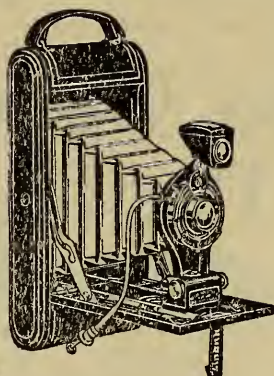
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WINTER TERM AT ROGERS HALL

ALUMNÆ NEWS



SPRING

Spring with a lilt, and Spring with a swing
Of branches and birds with fluttering wing.

A promise of buds and a sprinkle of rain,
I see you all through my window-pane.

A dash of joy and a fling of Spring madness,
The whole world is alive with Spring gladness.

BARBARA HILLS.

ICE COLD POP

Estelle impatiently looked over the top of the book she was trying to read. "For heaven's sake, Mary!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter now? Stop rolling around on the davenport, you're mussing your dress and all the pillows."

"What can I do?" Mary demanded in a whine. "Aunt Sarah won't let me play with Emily and I've read the funny papers 'n ev'rything. I hate Sundays!"

"Well, can't you read a book or paint or something?" questioned Estelle. "Anyway stop flopping around and sighing."

"Let's go swimming," the younger cousin ventured uncertainly. On being refused her final request she wandered dismally over to the window and gazed wistfully out on the sunlit afternoon. Finally she moved over to her long-suffering cousin and balanced precociously on Estelle's chair.

"Estelle," she began confidentially. "Why can't I have a pop stand? Peter has one."

Estelle flung her book down and rose to her feet. "Mary Arnott!" she shrieked, "if you don't leave me alone I'll go crazy. Aunt Sarah has explained a thousand times to you that you're not a boy and it isn't nice for a little girl to run a stand on the street. Go up stairs and leave me alone. If you bother me once more I'll—spank you!"

Bitterly complaining, Mary climbed the stairs and entered her play room. Picking up an unoffending doll she shook it by the hair and nonchalantly dropped it on the floor where it lay in several pieces. Silence reigned for a few moments while she listened for the voice of her distracted cousin. But nothing happened so she began kicking the fragments of her doll about the room. She hated dolls and her aunt always gave her one each Christmas and each birthday.

Through the open window came the tantalizing cry—"Ice-cold pop! Ice-cold pop!" Peter's mother even let him sell pop on Sunday! Mary gazed discontentedly out on the warm avenue.

Cars rolled by, vainly searching for coolness. At last one stopped and its horn was blown several times. Estelle ran out gaily with her red bathing suit in her hand. She was going swimming and she might just as well have taken her cousin with her. Mary shrieked unheeded after the departing car and finally gave up. She sat down on the old sofa and thought for some time. At last she had an inspiration.

She walked revengefully into Estelle's room and began pulling open the drawers in the dressing table. At last she found what she was looking for in an elaborately brocaded box—six lipsticks of different shades and sizes. She knew from experience that these were her cousin's most prized cosmetics and she had often been forbidden to touch them. Picking them up one by one she inserted her finger into the bottom end and pushed with all her strength. When she opened one to see the result it was most gratifying. The cover was a mess of red, greasy paint.

As she was closing the box, the doorbell rang. Fanny was on the third floor and the rest of the household was out. She ran down the steps and met Tom in the hall.

"Hello!" he exclaimed cordially. "Where's Estelle?"

"She's gone swimming," Mary answered. "With Dick." she added as an afterthought. "I guess she didn't think you'd be home till tonight."

A cloud passed over Tom's naturally cheerful face. "Do you know when she'll be back?"

Mary shook her head. "She went to the movies with him last night, too," she volunteered. "Aunt Sarah was mad. She told Estelle she didn't know a good thing when she saw it and Estelle said she would like some people better if they weren't thrown at her all the time. What do you suppose she meant? Aunt Sarah said she washed her hands of the whole affair but she warned Estelle that she was making a mistake and Estelle said if some people were so dumb that they—"

"Do you want some candy?" Tom interrupted desperately. "I guess I'd better go. You needn't tell your cousin that I was here." He deposited a large box in Mary's hands and started thoughtfully down the steps.

“Shall I tell Estelle you’ll be here tonight?” Mary shouted after Tom’s departing figure but she received no answer.

Mary sat on the hall bench and started unwrapping her prize. Under the white paper was a large square cardboard box. Inside this box was a round enameled box carefully embedded in tissue paper. Mary gazed with disfavor on the large amount of stuffing as she removed the tin box. Inside were candies of all sizes, shapes and colors. She selected a large, heart-shaped chocolate and stuffed it into her mouth. As she thoughtfully swallowed this she heard a voice from down the street. “Ice-cold pop—ice-cold pop.” For a second she hesitated with a piece of candy half way to her mouth. Suddenly she returned the candy untasted to the box and dashed out of the house banging the door behind her. Down the street she flew to the corner where Peter sold his wares.

Peter was two years older than his feminine neighbor and had the same contempt for girls that most boys of ten have. He watched her approach with apprehension in his heart and a frown on his face. Mary had already offered to help him sell pop but the stand was new and she was a girl!

“Look what I got,” she boasted, holding out her candy. “Doncha wish you had some?”

“What is it?” Peter asked, his curiosity overcoming his pride.

Mary uncovered it and held it before the boy’s covetous eyes, a self-satisfied smile on her face.

“I’ll trade it to ya if you’ll let me sell pop this afternoon.”

“Huh!” Peter grunted. “Ja think I’ll let you sell pop all afternoon for a box a pawed over candy? Well, I guess not!”

“ ’Tisn’t pawed over,” Mary defended her candy. “I just ate one piece.”

The arguing continued for some minutes and finally ended in a compromise. Mary was to be allowed to help sell pop for that afternoon in exchange for half her candy. The bargain was completed and the candy divided. Peter retired to the shade of a tree where he could eat his candy in comparative comfort and at the same time keep an eye on Mary. She had an excellent

voice for her new task and her coppery hair, gleaming in the relentless sunshine helped to attract the attention of the Sunday afternoon motorists. Between sales Mary refreshed herself with her chocolates which, since they had become soft in the hot afternoon air, Mary could not eat and still remain clean and unsmearcd.

Near the close of the afternoon Mrs. Fairwood returned home from making calls. She drove leisurely up the avenue with the comfortable feeling of having done her duty. As she arrived within two blocks of her home she heard the hoarse cry, "Ice-cold pop." She frowned and then sighed. Why did supposedly respectable people allow their children to indulge in commercialism on Sunday? If they had no religious feeling they might at least allow the members of the neighborhood one afternoon's peace. She came within a few yards of Peter's pop stand and glanced patronizingly toward the vendor of ice-cold beverages. Her expression altered and she hurriedly drew up to the curb. Standing in front of the counter was a small figure in a very soiled yellow organdy dress. One sock hung about one fat ankle and the button from one black slipper was gone. Mary's head was flung far back and her eyes were tightly closed. From her mouth, surrounded with chocolate and dust and wide open, issued the loathed cry: "Ice-cold pop! Ice-cold—"

"Mary!" exclaimed an agonized voice, and Mary opened her eyes to see her aunt standing before her. "What does this mean?" Mrs. Fairwood demanded. "Go home immediately. No," as Mary started to climb into the car. "You have to walk. You'd ruin the upholstering of my car."

Mrs. Fairwood led Mary into the playroom and firmly closed all the windows. One never could tell how Mary would receive her punishments and at such times neighbors were an inconvenience. Her face was white with anger and her voice was low and controlled. "To think that a niece of mine should sell pop like a street gamin," she began. "Especially after she had been forbidden to do such a thing."

"You never said I couldn't sell pop," corrected Mary. "You just said I couldn't have a pop stand."

"That will do," her aunt said sternly. "I'll run some water for a bath and you may go to bed immediately."

Estelle entered the room and gazed with disgust on her incorrigible young cousin. "You're filthy," she complained. "Your face is covered with chocolate. Where did you get it?"

Mary gazed at her defiantly. "Tom gave it to me."

"Tom!" Estelle exclaimed. "I didn't think he would be home till tonight. What time was he here?"

"This afternoon."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing," Mary said truthfully.

"Did he say anything about phoning or calling?"

Mary shook her head and vanished into the bath room leaving her cousin with a mystified expression on her face.

Half an hour later, after Mary had climbed into her bed on the sleeping porch she heard her cousin's voice raised in protest. Through the closed door came a word or two. "That little fiend—like to murder her." Mary turned complacently over in bed. Estelle had discovered her ruined lipsticks.

The following morning Mary wended her way leisurely toward Emily's house. At a corner not far from her own home she encountered Thomas Bates, Junior. He walked slowly with a sad, thoughtful expression on his face. "Hello, Tom," she called agreeably, memories of his gift of the day before still lingering in her mind.

"Hello, Mary," Tom answered indifferently and continued on his way to his office. Mary, without urging attached herself to him and walked down the street with him. After several unsuccessful attempts to start a conversation she lapsed into silence. They had progressed some blocks when she was startled by a sudden question from her companion.

"What did Estelle say after she said that about some people being so dumb?" he demanded abruptly.

Mary looked at the man with reproach. "I was trying to tell you yesterday afternoon," she said. "Estelle said that if some

people were so dumb that they thought a girl was in love with every man she went out with, they didn't deserve any explanations. Then Aunt Mary said she was glad Estelle didn't like Dick and—"

The cloud seemed to have lifted from Tom's face as he turned to his companion. "I believe I'll phone Estelle," he exclaimed.

His companion gazed on him in contempt. "She's still asleep—she never gets up till noon. Well—I got to go here. I'm going to Emily's. Goodbye!"

Tom paused at the corner. "Thank you," he said fervently. "What do you want more than anything else in the world—a doll—a doll's house or what?"

"A pop stand."

Mary watched his disappearing figure down the street. "Men are funny," she thought, as many women had thought before her.

At noon that day Mrs. Fairwood sat peacefully sewing on her front porch. A dray drew up in front of the house and a man jumped down. "Is this where Mary Arnott lives?" he demanded hoarsely. In answer to Mrs. Fairwood's mystified nod he thrust a book in her hands with the terse words, "Sign here."

"But I don't understand," she protested. "I haven't ordered anything—"

"Mr. Bates sent up a pop stand and twelve cases of pop," the drayman called over his shoulder as he began to unload and set up the pop stand.

Mrs. Fairwood was truly perplexed and as she often did in moments of uncertainty she appealed to her daughter. Estelle was at the phone and in spite of her preoccupation Mrs. Fairwood smiled as she heard her daughter's conversation and realized she was talking to Tom.

When Estelle came out on the porch she came with good will toward all and malice toward none. "Let her keep it," she said in reply to her mother's question. "When I was her age I always wanted a pop stand. What do you suppose she'll do when she sees it? She'll go crazy!"

"Not Mary," replied Mrs. Fairwood grimly. "She'll take it for granted. Here she comes now. Oh, Mary," she called as her niece entered the yard. "See what came for you this morning."

"Where did it come from?" Mary asked, examining the stand and its contents.

"Tommy Bates sent it," Estelle answered. "Wasn't it precious of him?"

"Yes." And Mary's next remark was characteristic of her. "Peter has coco-cola, too, and Tom didn't send me any."

RUTH FERMAN.

THE CLOWN

He's just a funny circus clown
Who silly antics plays, the day
When Ringling's Circus comes to town.

"He's such a fool," we laugh and say;
"What simple looks, what crazy clothes,
Whoever makes him up that way?"

But when he's gone our wonder grows,
Perhaps we've wronged him in our jest,
Perhaps the cares of life he knows.

For 'neath the paint and all the rest
Of gaudy show and foolishness
There is a heart, a soul at best.

The book the cover can't express,
So why should we for what we see
Of such a funny clown think less?

HELEN MELCHERS.

LOST: AN UMBRELLA

The proprietor of the "Imperial Lunch" slammed the door and locked it. Then he turned to his assistant who was engaged in mopping the tables with a rag of dubious cleanliness.

"That umbrella come back yet?"

"No, it ain't. Better call the Proffy up, hadn't you?"

The proprietor went behind a screen at the back of the dirty little room and presently bellowed forth. "Is this Pro-fessor Clark's residence? Well, this is the Imperial Lunch, and he left his umbrella here this noon and some guy took it and he wanted to know if it had come back yet and it ain't! Yeah, yes ma'am, g'by!"

With this triumph of oratory, the receiver was banged back upon the hook and the speaker advanced in a lordly manner from behind the screen.

"Well, that's the fourth time the Proffy's left the umbrella here, but it's the first time it ain't come back."

The assistant reflectively rubbed his hand over the top of a salt-cellar.

"Funny how it's always come back, just like a bird to its nest, ain't it? Seems just like it was hoodooed or something."

"Hoodooed is right. Never saw anything look so much as if it belonged to an undertaker, in all my life. Well (turning out the lights abruptly), let's turn in."

The two disappeared behind the screen into a tiny room beyond, from whence their voices issued from time to time, in a drowsy monotone.

Meanwhile, in the Clark family things were not going so serenely. The umbrella was the professor's most valued possession and its loss always made him very melancholy. Mrs. Clark, however, never laid this to the loss of the umbrella, but to the fact that the professor insisted upon eating at "that disgusting place."

Upon this particular occasion she was much upset as she left the telephone.

"If it hadn't been for that abominable dog you had, there

wouldn't have been any umbrella or any of this rumpus! When Jack suggested giving you that umbrella with Bunker's head carved in black bone for a handle, we all thought it was the most tactful thing we could do, because we all hated the nasty beast so. I could have cried when he produced that funereal-looking thing, and I had half a mind not to pay for my share of it! And now, after all our trouble, you've left the wretched thing in that unspeakable lunch room four times. It looks now, though, as if your faith in the honesty of human nature had gone a little too far!"

"My dear Elizabeth," remonstrated the professor mildly, "you will please remember that hitherto the patrons of the Imperial have always proved honest. I can't really believe, Elizabeth, that the umbrella won't be returned this time."

"Humph! Don't blame anyone for returning it! Looks only fit to be carried at a funeral anyway! What did you have for lunch?"

"A pork chop and mince pie, my dear." The professor surreptitiously swallowed the soda-mint he had taken from his pocket, unobserved, a few moments before.

"No wonder you didn't realize you'd left the umbrella! Who would be able to remember anything after eating a meal like that?"

"They have very good pie there, Elizabeth. I hope you will try it sometime."

"Try—! It's time you went to bed. You have an early class tomorrow, don't you?"

The professor wearily climbed the stairs while his wife composed a "lost" advertisement with much deliberation and sharpening of pencils. When she had telephoned it to the newspaper, firmly locked the front door, and wound the gilt clock on the living room mantel, she ascended the stairs somewhat haltingly, murmuring audibly the while. "Hopes I'll try it some day! Well!"

Almost as soon as the Morning Courant came off the press, the door of the Imperial Lunch burst open and a disheveled figure catapulted into the little room, which even at this early

hour was redolent of doughnuts and fried onions. The sleepy assistant stopped his usual morning occupation of sweeping the floor, and regarded the newcomer open mouthed.

"Jake!" gasped the whirlwind. "I took the old man's umbrella! There's an ad in the paper this morning. There can't be two umbrellas like that one, in the world!"

By this time the owner of the Imperial was standing beside his partner, wiping his hands hastily on his none-too-clean apron.

"Red! Pull yourself together!" he commanded. "You look as though you had seen a ghost!"

"Ghost! Well, you'd say ghost all right if you'd been at home when I brought that thing!" Red opened the copy of the Courant that he held, and agitatedly pointed to the "Lost and Found" column. "Look! It says here that it's been lost often before, and always brought back. I know why! Do you know, I took that umbrella by mistake yesterday, in a hurry, and didn't stop to look. When I got home the wife says, 'That your umbrella?' I looked, and sure enough, instead of my ratty old cotton one with the crooked handle, here was this one with a silk tassel and everything, and on top, that awful dog's head. Do you know the eyes are green like a cat's and seem to follow you all around? I put it side of my bed to be sure and remember it in the morning, and in the middle of the night I woke up and there was the darned thing a-staring round as though it was looking for me! It got me sure enough! Guess I'd better take it back to him, hadn't I?"

An hour later as the professor was seated at the breakfast table, mournfully putting lump after lump of sugar into his coffee in an attempt to sweeten the day before him, the umbrella was returned by a confused young man in overalls who stammered profuse apologies, and bolted down the front steps. As Mrs. Clark returned to the table with the ill-fated article, the professor smiled expansively. "You see, my dear, my faith in the honesty of my friends of the Imperial was quite justified!"

Mrs. Clark said nothing, but seated herself abruptly and dug her spoon vengefully into her grapefruit.

DEBORAH TRULL.

TWILIGHT

Over the dreary landscape, there steals a cold, wet fog.
A smack comes into the harbor with its sails damp and grey.
The sun has set before evening but, over a cranberry bog,
A last, long stroke of gold paints the wing of a jay
As he sits alone, and singing, on the branch of a dead oak tree,
Singing his lonely heart out across the darkening sea.

EMILY HUSSEY.



ON SMALL BROTHERS

Someone once said that there should be a place for everything and that everything should be in its place, which remark is in perfect harmony with my own ideas on the subject of small brothers. To me they would be altogether dear and lovable, kept in a cage, like the animals in Franklin Park and perhaps let out on the end of a chain at certain hours where all inhabitants of the community have been forewarned and have removed their washing from their respective lines, padlocked their respective garden hose, placed all automobiles, tools, etc., behind impregnable barriers, boarded up the windows, bolted the doors, and retired to their respective separate cellars. Even then they would find themselves unable to escape the shrieks and war-whoops, as the small brothers paraded down the street, tugging at their chains no doubt, pretending they were hounds at bay.

But this is beside the point—no such ideal solution to the small brothers' problem could ever be found and they have always been and always will be very nice in their places but never there. In fact this and a few other annoying little characteristics are probably what make them so distinctly and delightfully "small brothers." Did you ever know a small brother who meekly and voluntarily retired to his room when you were having company?—especially if you had an ardent desire to make a good impression on this company, always, always, in my experience, have they strolled in, their hair disheveled, hands and faces besmirched with a mixture of dirt and molasses, their clothes carelessly hanging on any convenient bone, and generally whistling loudly "Yes We Have No Bananas" or some equally unharmonious melody which committed suicide years ago—and always, always do they linger in the room, sitting on the edges of the chairs, wriggling and squirming, and telling pointless jokes or making embarrassing remarks, with great enjoyment, until, finally, after innumerable useless nudges and

glares you insist, with a look that says volumes that mother is calling. Then if they are average small brothers they will take the hint—(and a dime after the “company” has gone)—and leave you in peace.

Yet, it is not so much these things, which make them, at times, quite unpopular with the rest of the family, as the fact that they so easily and so frequently elude the “stern hand of justice,” and their parents. Instantly on such occasions into the minds of the much disgusted older brothers and sisters flashes a picture of their own youth wherein they distinctly remember innumerable scoldings and whippings for just such misdeeds. They generally agree that the youngest certainly has life easiest—especially is the fastidious big sister certain that nothing could be more disagreeable than the youngster who invariably arrives at every meal a trifle tardy and with hands and finger nails in such a state that the God of Grime himself would be jealous. The “privileges of youth,” indeed! On the contrary each small brother will vow in the most injured tones that never was any one quite so abused as he! It seems so foolish for folks to get all upset just because he forgets to wash his neck, or to use soap on his hands. And whenever he wants to go some place with the “fellers,” it seems as if he always has to pick up his room, or wear rubbers or “something!” The “privileges of youth” indeed!

Whether he is justified in these statements or not, we feel that he is wrong and our superiority in years outweighs him. Yet there are many times when we feel kindly towards him and he towards us. In fact, I think that never does he entirely lose his admiration and respect for us and his periods of revolt are founded on self-pity alone. Perhaps we, too, are merely outwardly provoked, for, indeed, small brothers are refreshing. Could anything appeal to your vanity than to have one so admire your actions that you catch him practising them himself? Could anything appeal to the emotional side of your nature more than his love for animals, his devotion to his mother, his courtesy and thoughtfulness at unexpected times—even though they are few and far between? And how we love to take them

to the movies or to a circus and see them eager to take everything in, anxious lest they miss something and fairly bursting with enthusiastic delight! We gaze at them in wonder—they know so much, and yet so little! They are such fun, and yet such bothers! And we think—

“Exasperating, or fascinating, ’twould be a strange world without them!”

KATHARINE PRICHARD.

GRAY

Pale as pearls and soft as down,
Snow of frosty, flaky gray,
Fluttering toward the distant earth
Through the cloudy, leaden day.

Buildings tall and grimly dark
’Gainst the heaven’s grayish blue
Rising sharply from the ground,
Stretch up arms of leaden hue.

Through the silver, foggy air
Trees and houses in the haze
Form the skyline dim and vague,
Of a symphony in grays.

RUTH FERMAN.

THE BONE-YARD

“Way down upon the Suwanee River, far, far away,
That’s where our hearts are turning ever, that’s where the old
folks stay.”

The Suwanee river is a long, narrow river twisting and turning its black self past many lovely and luxuriant, tropical scenes. Along its banks in some places are small cities and towns but still the banks are mostly unspoiled by any attempt of civilization. The contrast of the extremely white sand on the banks to the ebony black water, is the thing that first catches the eye. However, the willowy trees leaning over the banks with the moss on the branches dripping in the twirly water are not to be overlooked for long. Crocodiles and alligators are very often seen sticking their long snouts out of the warm water or sunning themselves on the banks or lounging around the roots of the cypress trees which grow far out in the narrower parts of the river. The Suwanee appears to be a very slow, lazy river but if one really studies it, it is easy to see the treachery hidden in its dark depths. It is calm, with a steady flow which does not appear very swift. However, if one understands water-ways, it will not take an experienced person long to see that a canoe or small motor boat (and this is the only kind of boat which can be used on this river) can go only one way and that is with the current.

One summer night while we were enjoying the moon-light on this lovely stream, one of our crowd said he would show us an interesting sight if we would come with him. Not many could be induced to leave the beautiful surroundings, and beautiful they were. In spite of the bright moon-light, it seemed as though every star were shining and twinkling the radiance and happiness of its life to the world. The river was like a bright magic carpet on which we were all mentally treading. It seemed to catch and reflect a hundred times over, the lights in the sky, making them look like gorgeous diamonds,—the trees and moss were sway-

ing lightly in the fragrant breeze and casting bewitching shadows on the ground. The swishing of the water, the murmuring of the leaves, the rustling of the palmettos and the low chirping of the crickets harmonized with the perfect setting.

However, four of us climbed into Don's car and away we drove. How happy, joyous and light-hearted we were! While we were thus chatting and laughing, the lights of the car shone ahead on a large white object in the midst of the woods. What could it be! As we drew nearer and nearer, it grew more and more ghostly and we grew horrified and almost frightened. Was it an old grave yard? No! Our wonder and terror increased. After what seemed hours to us, Don stopped the car next to the spot which held our attention. All was deathly silent but for the croaking of the frogs in the distance.

There was a tiny cabin in the very center of a rather large space, enclosed by a crude fence. All around the cabin and inside the fence was a weird whiteness which, in the moonlight made us all feel very creepy. Finally Don explained and then we realized that all this whiteness was—bones! Hung from small trees, on poles, on wires, in fact on and from everything which stood from one to eight feet from the ground were bones. It was an odd sight, and was in sharp contrast to the former scenery and our mood of a few minutes before.

We had not moved from the car when suddenly we were startled to hear a voice from the cabin say, "Good evening white folks, glad to have yo' all come see mah bone-yard, woncha all come in and look aroun'?" Startled as we were for we had not connected life with this forelorn sight, we somehow managed to get out of the car.

We were a trifle apprehensive about going in for Don admitted he knew no more about the place than we. Some one had merely given him directions to reach this spot if he wished to see something interesting and he had just happened to think of it to-night. However, keeping close together we started toward the gate. There, holding it open, stood an old negro woman who seemed civilized enough.

“Sho’ am mighty glad to have yo’ all in to see this heah yard o’ mine.”

Just then my shoulder hit against some kind of bone and in spite of my efforts I gave a little scream.

“Honey, don’t be skeered, these heah bones am purty clean, yas mam, I scrubs ’em good, they’s mighty clean, they is. If you all’ll come on this heah side furst this am ‘Lovers’ Lane,’ yas, ‘Lovers’ Lane;’ all what pass under this heah wheel will always be blessed happy, yas soh.”

Thus we passed single file through little paths with bones hung on either side of us, bones hanging from wires above our heads to the very ground.

“Look heah, white folks, heah is Sam, what was our pet alligator, see this is where his eyes was, and look, heah is his teeth, mighty big teeth they is too, and this is the buzzard, y’know the big black buzzards what swarm around those what am dead, y’know ’em, honey, wall? I prize him I does, ’cause see I have him whole, while I only has the hoahse’s, mulses, cows and all the rest o’ ’em head, and the other bones separate cut,—this one am whole. See, look heah, chilluns, on this heah orange tree all these bones on this side am our dog what just died last year. On this side o’ the tree am the bones o’ the cow, see, on this string heah, these is his teeth. Look heah honey, see this fire? Wal, I’m charring these bones over it now, then I will scrub ’em till they shine, they’s clean, they’s mighty clean. My folks? No, honey, the folks o’ mah color are sceered o’ this place and won’t come neah, it’s just you knowing white folks what like my bone-yard. How did I start this heah bone-yard o’ mine? Wal, one day I was asittin’, just asittin’, an’ the good lawd’s voice said to me, ‘Lily oh you Lily White! Get you on down to the railroad track and start apickin’ up bones!’ So I went down to the railroad track and there I started apickin’ up bones an’ I ain’t never stopped yet.”

At this point we found we had walked all through the yard, all around the cabin and were back again at the gate. Giving Lily some change for which she profusely thanked us, we started for the car. We had noticed sitting on the porch an aged

negro man with white hair and beard, with a cane in his hand, who exactly resembled our picture of old Uncle Tom. He had looked passively on, rocking back and forth, regularly, but otherwise not stirring. Also, it seemed, out of every window were stuck little black kinky heads excitedly showing their glistening eye balls and ivory white teeth.

We were all quite pleased with our evening's experience, and I'm sure Lily White, her old husband, and her quaint bone-yard will always be an interesting memory to us. Mingled with the beauty of this river midst its tropical scenes, are also interesting sights and these are two of its picturesque "old folks."

WINIFRED ZARING.

THE WIND AND THE STAR

The wind led her lone star-child
Through the dim sky:
For dawn was coming
On soft, creeping feet.
The star-child was naughty, crying,
"Pale cloud, hold me back."
But the cloud was afraid of the wind,
And the wind answered never a word;
For she knew what the dawn does to stars,
And she longed to be home in the West,
For she was tired of the dead, black night,
And of whistling around frozen trees.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

HOW THE DONKEY GOT HIS LONG EARS

Long, long ago there was a farm with many, oh ever so many different kinds of animals wandering here and there all day long. Sometimes they were all very friendly and playful and at other times you would find a discontented and angry group huddled in a corner looking sometimes unhappy and even vicious, showing to their neighbors that they did not care to be friendly. These quarrels never lasted long for with the beginning of each new day happenings of the day before were always forgotten. Where misunderstandings and quarrels take place there must be some one to go to and tell about the affairs and have their advice, and so Dixie and Blayes the two large, strong horses of the farm were usually chosen to be confided in, perhaps because they were so large and strong or perhaps because they appeared wiser than the other animals; whatever the reason, they were selected by many and consequently some became jealous of them.

Wink, the hardest worked animal of the farm, was particularly jealous of these two superior animals and felt that he was unjustly treated because never was he confided in nor asked his opinion. One could hardly blame the other animals though for of all their friends, Wink was certainly the ugliest, shabbiest, and poorest entertainer of the entire group. His greenish brown coat was matty and usually caked with mud and his heavy awkward feet had inches of clay clinging to them. His eyes were not small but always sleepy looking, and now we have come to the very funniest feature of Wink—his ears, which were so very small they could scarcely be seen. Very often some of the other animals would come up to him and jokingly ask, “Well Wink, who cut off your ears?” or, “No wonder you are so stupid and dumb, you can’t possibly hear what goes on around you, with those tiny ears!”

Few of the animals who made these jesting remarks to Wink could realize how very cruel they were or I doubt if they would have hurt his feelings in this way. They had become so frequent now that he tried to keep himself from meeting his acknowledged

enemies. It was certainly his lack of interest in things about him that gave him the reputation that he would like so to rid himself of, though to all appearances he did not try hard. One day Blazes attentively listened to the story of one of the farm hens, who told the tale of Willie, Farmer Brown's son.

"I saw Mr. Brown spanking him too, with a lengthy board which did not look as though it was free of splinters," excitedly she repeated.

"Seems a harsh punishment for just playing hookey from school, to me," added Blazes.

"I heard Willie scream that he would never go to school again, and he hoped the place would burn down!" she cackled.

Although Wink stood only a few feet away from Blazes and the hen, he made no attempt to enter into the conversation and from all appearances he had not even heard what they said. On the other side of Wink, the pig was snorting away the latest news he had heard to one of the barn-yard pigeons. He knew that by telling his bit of news to Mistress Pigeon it would quickly be spread about, for no one was as gifted in this art as the pigeon. But all of this went on unnoticed by Wink.

Sometimes when the hard work was done for the day, the animals would run about the farm, chasing after each other and playing. Very often at these times Wink could be seen off in some remote part of the farm alone with a very sorrowful expression on his homely face. Oh, he thought, if only I had some ears that everyone could see and know that I have, perhaps I would not be thought so stupid and dumb by the animals. For hours Wink would ponder, trying to think of some remedy or some way out of his difficulty, but it was to no avail for he could think of nothing that would help him. He decided that no doubt his life would have to be lived in misery listening to the slanderous remarks of those about him. Even since he was so very small and clumsy he had admired the long, straight ears of Dixie and Blazes and he knew now, so very well that if he were only the possessor of those ears he could win the friendships he desired.

After much thought of the plight he was in he decided that perhaps if he listened to the barn-yard stories that were con-

tinually being whispered about he might at least become a little more intelligent. So with this thought in mind he would at times join a group to hear the latest piece of news. During these days he had a queer ringing in his head for which he could not account.

One rainy, dismal Sunday Wink roamed about, happy when he thought there was no work to be done, but sorrowful and sad when he could find no one to talk to. He longed for someone who would listen to his sad story and sympathize with him but this somebody was nowhere to be found as Wink had discovered before. So aimlessly he wandered through the muddy fields and back again and then around the farm yard and by the side of the barn he stopped for his weary feet could carry him no farther.

Much to his surprise he heard voices coming through the barn window near where he was standing.

"Could it really be true do you suppose?" he heard.

"Sounds strange but I distinctly heard Farmer Brown's wife tell her neighbor this morning when I was pulling the carriage," came the positive answer.

Here was a bit of gossip that Wink made up his mind to partake of, too, and it must be true he decided when he recognized the voices as those of Dixie and Blazes.

"She said they were going to start the sale to-morrow morning and they are sending the news out to all the people around here," Dixie related.

"Where are they going to live after they leave here?" Blazes asked.

"It must be some place far from here, because they are going to sell everything, I heard her say," he answered in a positive voice.

This certainly was exciting and interesting news that Wink had happened upon and from what he could judge, he also was concerned, for they had said that everything was going to be sold. So he moved his head close to the side of the barn to listen to the rest of the conversation, he was so intent on hearing it that he did not notice Farmer Brown approaching the barn.

"I guess that means we will all be sold and probably to different people and no doubt to some cruel master," said Dixie.

"Probably to that Farmer Russell down the road that beats his horses so," suggested Blazes.

While this interesting conversation was taking place within the barn, and Wink listening to every word from without, Farmer Brown stood in awe a little apart from them. Could he believe his own eyes, but certainly he was not asleep and dreaming, in fact he had never been more awake before. What he saw though, would have been hard for anyone to believe.

There was Wink his homely, stupid appearing donkey standing with his head pressed against the barn unaware of anyone being around or near. What amazed Farmer Brown was that suddenly but slowly from the top of Wink's grey head appeared two ears standing up straight. They continued to grow longer and longer and stand up straighter and straighter into the air.

Loudly Farmer Brown called, "Wink!" Like a flash, Wink turned around losing the last words of the conversation that he had been listening to. Before Farmer Brown stood his same old donkey, but how very different he looked with his long, straight ears. Why he even looked a bit intelligent!

And that is how the donkey got his long ears.

FLORENCE ARMSTRONG.

NIGHT

Darkness
 Flickering shadows
 Throwing weird designs
 Whining wind
 Weaving its way
 Through heavy laden pines.
 Crystal snows
 Shimmering in the moon's soft rays
 And 'round the flaming circle
 A misty gray veil plays.

PRISCILLA BALL.

SKETCHES

Securely, I was strapped into my snug little seat, after having arrayed myself in a much too large leather jacket and a close-fitting helmet. Without any warning the man started the propeller and a rumbling, hollow sound reached my ears. I screamed but to no avail, for although the scream which I uttered seemed deafening to me, it was unheard by those about me.

Suddenly I found myself actually living the experience which I had often imagined in time of fright—of feeling the ground leave my feet. I looked about; all that was visible was the brown tip of the driver's helmet, with a flawless blue sky for a background. I should never have come, I thought, certainly I should never return alive. It seemed impossible that that bit of machinery could fly through the great expanse of space. God had made birds to fly and rule the air, and was it not wrong for mere man to interfere with God's plans? Never once did I remember that aeroplanes had before traveled through the bird's playground; I felt myself the first person to make this audacious and impertinent experiment.

For what seemed an eternity, I looked out at the endless yards of blue satin which billowed around us. Then, suddenly, I felt myself speeding down, down, like an arrow flying swiftly from its bow to the heart of an enemy. With a jolt like that of awaking from the wonders of a dream to the realities of life, we landed on the earth; the place, I knew now, that God intended for man.

FLORENCE ARMSTRONG.

After hurrying through the station we crossed the street and became a part of the waiting throng. All Boston seemed to be there and when the car stopped noisily in front of us, all Boston tried to squeeze in. I hardly know whether it was by good fortune or by good pushing that we found standing room but I verily believe it was due to the latter.

"Babe, you are underneath the streets of Boston," I heard my sister saying and then I began to realize the wonder of it all. The artificial lighting impressed me first and then that incessant hollow, rumbling noise came to my ears. As I glanced out of the windows at the cold, bare, gray walls enclosing what looked like endless miles of tracks, another picture came before my eyes. I saw the dimly lighted coal mine with its queer little coal-laden cars hurrying back and forth. So real was the imagination that I involuntarily looked in the glass to see if my face were dirty.

With a shrill, grating sound the car came to a stop and again I became one of the rushing mob. We were out, new passengers were in, and the car was starting down the track in what seemed a second's time. By my companion's skill I was piloted safely along until we reached the stairs which led us up into the world again and as we walked along I found myself marveling at the wonder of the subway and looking forward with a sort of awed delight to just such another ride.

HELEN MELCHERS.

Have you ever wished that you could run away from everyone, and everything, and hide yourself in seclusion? When I am tired, and little things annoy me, when I am troubled, and wish to be alone, when I am blue and want to be cheered, I retreat to my purely imaginary den. It is a beautiful room, so cozy and warm, not large, but large enough to be comfortable. Big, comfortable leather chairs are to be found in my den, the kind you sink right down into. On one side of the room there is a large fireplace, where logs and kindling crackle furiously at one another.

When I was a child my greatest delight was to imagine myself in this room sitting in one of those comfortable leather chairs by the fire, entertaining my imaginary friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hennessey. Sometimes this elderly couple would bring their children with them and oftentimes they would bring their

friends. When these delightful people came to see me, I had delicious imaginary teas served by one of my many servants. The lovely, dainty cakes, which were served, far surpassed any which I have ever eaten.

Now that my childhood days have passed, my imaginary friends, likewise, have passed away. But though I have lost the friendships of dear old Mr. and Mrs. Hennessey, for they certainly were a charming couple, I still have my imaginary den to retreat to when I am tired, troubled, or blue.

GRACE MACDOUGALL.

MY LOVE FOR YOU

My love for you is like the violet
That hides its shy head
Beneath the leaves and ferns
In the green woods of Spring.
But it would smother
If it were not for the sun
Whose searching rays, with never-failing warmth
Help it to live and grow and flower, until
The petals of the tiny bud,
Open their blue folds, slowly.
My love for you is like the violet
And your love for me
Is like the sun—

ARLINE WILSON.

WINTER TERM AT ROGERS HALL

(Edited and arranged by Ruth Ferman and Helen Melchers)

CALENDAR

- Dec. 17—Christmas party.
 Jan. 14—Harvard Musical Clubs.
 Jan. 17—Concert by Ethel Leginska.
 Jan. 21—Stories by Lucine Finch.
 Jan. 24—The Rivals.
 The Sleighride.
 Jan. 25—Concert by Mrs. Kuschke and Miss Mills.
 Jan. 31—Intervale.
 Feb. 5—Lowell winter carnival.
 Feb. 6—Norcross Tea.
 Feb. 7—Trip to Boston Art Museum and Library.
 Feb. 14—Mid-year dance.
 Feb. 21—Picnic at Marblehead.
 Feb. 28—Cae party.
 March 7—Basket ball game.

I was told on the map was a city named Lowell,
 I was told in the city there was a good school,
 I was told that this school was not bad at all,
 So I thought that I'd come up and spend the Fall.

I was told that the nicest of girls went there,
 I was told that this school would for college prepare,
 I was told that 'twas here that some good athletes hid,
 So I thought that I'd send up my name, and I did.

Now I tell you that here's where I did spend my Fall,
 Now I tell you for a fact it was not bad at all,
 Now I tell you for more terms, I'll eagerly wait,
 And I think I'll be sorry when I graduate.

V. P.

CONCERTS

One of the most delightful Saturday afternoons I have spent this term, was spent at Jordan Hall in Boston, when the world famous Ethel Leginska gave a Chopin-Liszt recital. One was attracted to her personality almost as much as to her technique. It is said that this girl has great difficulty in memorizing her pieces, but this afternoon she excelled especially in an extremely long composition by Liszt. As a whole, her selections were in minor keys, and only twice did she break out in light gay songs which were full of runs and trills. The last encore which she gave was an imitation of a hurdy-gurdy and it really did sound just like the kind one hears on the streets every now and then.

Leginska is a rather athletic player; that is, she changes her position often and flourishes her arms somewhat, but after all, this can be easily overlooked because the sound of the notes and ease with which she plays are really the only things that count, and in these ways she is generally considered to be among the world's finest pianists.

R.K.

In some cases we must go to Boston to hear our concerts, but in one case the artists came to us, giving a recital in our gymnasium. We quote the account given in the Lowell Courier-Citizen.

Marion Harper Kuschke, mezzo-soprano, with Lois Mills at the piano, was heard in a program of unusually interesting songs at Rogers Hall yesterday afternoon in one of the series of musicales given from time to time at the school.

The program was as follows:

Hai Luli	Coquard
L'Heure Exquise	Hahn
Chanson Norvegienne	Fourdrain

Homing	Del Riego
Tally Ho!	Leoni
My Jean	Caro Roma
Aria: Adieu Forets (Jeanne d'Arc)	Tschaikowsky
By the Sea	Schubert-Liszt
Chant of the Whirling Dervishes	Beethoven
Nur Wer die Sennsucht Kennt'	Tschaikowsky
Erlkonig	Schubert
Dawn	Lois Mills
Evening	Lois Mills
With You	Lois Mills
Danny Boy	Weatherly
Behave Yourself Before Folks	Grinnell
Hey Diddle Diddle	Hughes
(In moto perpetuo.)	
Serenade in Vain	Brahms
Undying Love	Brahms

Mrs. Kuschke's voice is of pleasant timbre, smoothly produced throughout its quite wide range, and well controlled. She has an evident feeling for the content of a song, suggesting in tone and emphasis the text of the verses and catching their various moods.

In the expression of the varying moods and rhythms of the music Miss Mills was a wholly admirable aid. Clearly a pianist skilled in her art, she colored the music, and sustained the singer sympathetically and artistically throughout the program.

S. R. F.

On Sunday afternoons we make calls on our friends and pick up many interesting bits of conversation.

"I wish I'd gone to Intervale," she sighed.

"Oh, but you don't either, because we are going to hear Mr. Niccoli and Mr. Heller this Sunday," was the reply.

"No, are we? Oh, I could listen to them forever."

Of course we didn't do that, but for an hour at least Sunday evening Mr. Niccoli's violin carried us to places even more cherished than Intervale, while the piano under Mr. Heller's touch brought back a world of memories. We were not sorry about Intervale; surely "music hath charms."

H. M.

(A Musical Appreciation)

Place: Colonial Hall.

Time: 8.30 one wintry evening in January.

The scene is the large, elaborately appointed hall of the Lowell Women's Club. There is a general bustle of confusion and expectant murmurings as the first families of Lowell are ushered in by the sophisticated Harvard committee. The seats are soon filled but for those ribbon bedecked rows in the front of the house. And then the senior class of Rogers Hall, accompanying Miss Parsons arrives and gracefully and quietly takes seats amid nods of approval and marked interest on the part of those sleuths of the University. Following this entrance the curtain rises, disclosing the Banjo Club, who render the first number.

Babe: (in her well-known lisp) "Oh, look at that cute man, —the one on the end. Oh, Flothie! Look! Heth's looking at me! Oh, Flothie!"

Marj: (in a stage whisper) "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! the one with the delapidated stare went to Andover last year!"

Mermie: (scathingly) "Oh, he's sad! I danced with him at the return dance."

Jill: "Note the character of the blonde lounging over in the corner. He's nudging his neighbor."

Ruth: (looking at program) "Look! 'To a Wild Rose.' I can't wait to hear it! Oh, Bab! the tall blonde looks like George!"

Babe: "Well, I'm glad I'm not in the back row. My neck hurtth! I can thee through thomethings but not through hair!"

Pussy: "At least 'El Capitan' is better than it sounds."

Curtain.

Scene: The same setting with increasing enthusiasm on part of audience who seem favorably impressed with Harvard's talent. Curtain rises upon the Vocal Club.

Grace: "Say! They're not so bad, do you know it?" (eyes upon an adolescent in the front row who is gazing enthralled at her.)*

Kay: "Babe, he looks just like Bill!"

Babe: "Who looks just like Bill?"

Kay: "That's Bill all over—the one at the piano, silly."

Marj: (looking at program) "I just can't stand this, girls, I just can't stand it! They're from Winchester, the Moynahan brothers. Oh, they are marvelous! For Heaven's sake clap for them, girls!"

Lois: (in a pathetic voice) "Louise, what is that, 'Tea for Two'?"

Louise: "Ssh! No! It's the 'Polish Dance'."

Curtain descends amid storm of applause. Intermission, during which girls decide music is good, and there are frantic appeals of "Rozzie, Rozzie, ask Miss Parsons if we can't stay for the dancing."

Scene 3. Curtain parts on the specialty act in form of magician with his many original tricks.

Greasie: "Oh, how dumb! Look at him put it up his sleeve. I can see through that!"

Mermie: "Well, he's pretty clever just the same."

Greasie: "Well, now you know, Mermie, anyone can do that."

Mermie: "I bet you couldn't."

Curtain.

Act 2: Scene 1. Curtain rises on Mandolin Club. Rogers Hall with one accord, deeply sighs.

Ruth: (breathes romantically) "This is 'To a Wild Rose'."

Club gains much applause.

Marj: "Now remember, girls, clap!"

Several entertainers wander nonchalantly to left side of theatre. Chaperon observing this, remarks: "Now I see why a chaperon is necessary over here." (Smiles and amid indignant giggles the next number begins.) As the Jazz Band wanders from "Rose Marie," to "Tea for Two," "June Night" and "Charlie My Boy," Rogers Hall grows more and more restless and again Rozzie is implored to ask Miss Parsons to relent and let them stay.

Kay: "Oh, Babe, isn't that divine, and you know that pianist is just like Bill!"

Marj: "I'm a wreck! Aren't they wonderful? I am just losing my mind!"

Curtain.

Rogers Hall files out decorously, rapturously exclaiming about the concert.

Miss Parsons is blockaded by the managers of the Harvard Club. "May the girls stay and dance?"

Miss Parsons laughing, "No, No, they are better off in their beds," brushes them aside and sweeps majestically out.

Rogers Hall solemnly leaves the hall.

Finis.

H. B. AND L. L.

*Editor's Note: It was not until later that we learned that Grace received a note from him.

TRIPS TO BOSTON

Great care and thought were used in dressing to attend the theatre but we used—

NO COSMETICS

A sporty hat,
A feather blue,
A wisp of silk,
Some color too,
A plucked brow,
A powder puff,
A lip-stick mouth,
A bit of fluff,
A bracelet red,
A daub of paint,
And that is what
Rogers Hall girls ain't.

E. T.

One Saturday a number of us went to Boston to see Mrs. Fiske in "The Rivals." Perhaps some of us were half-expecting something a little boring, but we were all happily disappointed. We enjoyed tremendously Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs," and admired her colorful and voluminous costumes and those of Miss Lydia Languish and her friend, Julia. Every move made by these fragile, eighteenth century ladies suggested nothing so much as an exquisite old French print. Chauncey Olcott as Sir Lucius O'Trigger with his inimitable brogue, Bob Acres, ludicrous and at times perhaps a little pathetic, and the red-coated and extremely gallant hero, pleased us immensely. At the conclusion of the play, after we had seen the gay little dance which was part of the epilogue, we decided that an eighteenth century play on a twentieth century stage can be every bit as enjoyable as any modern play ever written.

D. T.

However theatres aren't the only objects of our trips to Boston.

Choosing a most convenient time, so that we were able to shop in the afternoon for the dance, Miss Clark took the Art History classes, plus others who needed an excuse to get to Boston, to visit the Boston Art Museum and Public Library. First visiting the Museum, we saw lovely works of Dutch, Spanish and Italian artists. Our attention was especially called to the work of the Spanish artist, Zuloaga.

From the museum we went ensemble to the library where the much discussed religious pictures by John Singer Sargent were of great interest to us. There, too, we saw the work of the noted Frenchman, Puvis de Chavannes, the theme of which is the development of the mental attributes of man. Edwin Austin Abbey's pictures showing the life of Sir Galahad were delightful because of their well-known and much-loved subject.

As many of the girls had to leave then, and catch the noon train for Lowell, our most interesting visit came to an end, but not without the promise of just such another trip in the near future.

H. M.

At Rogers Hall there is always a great number and variety of amusements.

Those who did not go to "The Rivals" borrowed all the warm clothes available and went on a sleigh-ride to Idlewild Farm in Dunstable, where they had tea.

Much to our delight we have discovered a troupe of actors right here at Rogers Hall so that Boston sinks into the background for the moment. Room F affords box seats and tickets go like hot cakes on Wednesday morning.

Two little squirrels a-chasing up a tree,
Another came a-scrambling down and then there were three.
Three little gray things had nuts but wanted more,
So one came a-bringing them, and then there were four.
Four bushy squirrels with tails all much alive,
One came from 'cross the wire, and then there were five.
Five little squirrels a-chattering and gay,
To play with them another came, from just across the way
Oh see them there so happy, frolicsome and bright,
A-running and a-leaping from early morn till night.

R. K.

LECTURES

Outside the world is ice and snow,
But inside our thoughts southward go.

On January twenty-first Miss Parsons entertained the Lowell College Club with negro stories told by Miss Lucine Finch, who born and brought up in the south, was able to imitate faithfully and delightfully, an old negro mammy giving her version of the Old Testament stories. For days afterwards some of her quaint phrases were heard about the school. "Eve sashayed up to the Lord." " 'Shucks,' said the Lord, 'I ain't proud,' and he picked up a ball of mud and made Adam." One of the most interesting stories was that of Moses, containing much interesting conversation between "Miss Pharaoh" and her handmaiden.

R. F.

In our next few lectures we were not limited to the south but wandered all over the globe.

Mrs. Gilson has given us several interesting lectures this term. Her first talk was concerned with the colonial policies of European powers in northern Africa. One of the most interesting was that in which she answered the questions the girls asked her. Her last lecture was interrupted but gave promise of being most

fascinating. She talked of the Balkan states and her own personal experiences while visiting there. Mrs. Gilson is much appreciated for her charm and manner of speaking. She is interested in international affairs and transfers that interest to her audience with personal anecdotes and observations. She has a great deal of vitality and is keenly concerned with whatever happens on the earth, whether it is the latest addition to the League of Nations or the death of the President in an obscure South American republic.

R. F.

PARTIES

Before leaving for the holidays we showed the true Christmas spirit by entertaining a hundred children from the Lowell settlement schools. In the end we were as much entertained as our guests.

“What is your name?”

“Susie Gladoskie,” the small girl answered shyly.

“Mary, here is your little girl,” the sponsor of the evening was called.

Each Rogers Hall girl led one of the children from the Lowell Institute around the gym until the play began, asking her many questions and in most places being answered in weak, broken English, more nearly Polish. All talking ceased when the curtain was drawn aside, showing a fascinating setting for the Christmas play, “The Toy Shop,” with the following cast:

The Boy	Mary Gittins
The Girl	Carol Martin
Pierrot	Helen McLain
Pierrette	Alice Hall
Tin Soldier	Dorothy Mignault
French Doll	Dorothea Helt
Rag Doll	Ruth Lenfesty
Jack-in-the-Box	Katherine Dyer
Rubber Dog	Florence Armstrong

Sailor Doll	Katharine Prichard
The Storekeeper	Nettie Ives
The Drum	Louise Lowell

Everyone was entranced by the doll-like characters in the play, and the children loved them all. I am sure that that night, many a little heart longed for the adorable Pierrette doll. But everyone laughed merrily at the Jack-in-the-Box who burst forth every few minutes shouting, "Cheer up, everybody, cheer up!"

After the play the children insisted on touching each of the toys to see if they were really and truly alive. This curiosity satisfied, they turned their attention to the games that were beginning. Now "Farmer in the Dell" and "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush" made the children feel at home and brought back memories of good times to the older ones.

Suddenly all eyes turned toward the door where a large roly-poly Santa Claus was making his entrance, and with a scream they all rushed to him. Through the joyful little mob he made his way toward the bright sparkling Christmas tree in front of the fireplace. At the base of the tree piled high, were presents for each little girl. Although Santa had some trouble with the names, he finally had all the gifts distributed, and then all ate heartily of the refreshments.

Little sleepy-eyed girls with their presents and boxes of candy in one hand, waved goodbye, and called that they had had so much fun and wanted to come again next year.

F. A.

We had no more than returned from Christmas vacation when we started counting the days till our week-end at Intervale.

On the twenty-ninth of January, twenty-two brave girls, with undying courage, dauntlessly started forth for the wilds of Intervale, New Hampshire, Miss Helen Hill and Miss Cottrell faithfully accompanying them to the end.

The day of departure dawned and suitcases and hat boxes (a laundry bag was also noted among the luggage) were piled

into the waiting taxis on top of the occupants who survived the ride to the station. There all enjoyed as heartily as possible the wait for the delayed train. Slowly but surely it came and after climbing in and out of the train and making changes we found ourselves on the way to the much-talked-of Intervale. Mr. and Mrs. Bassett joined us on the way up and after a short, uneventful trip, we arrived in the frozen north.

At the station we were met with a large red sleigh and four prancing black horses drew us away over the snow towards the Bellevue Hotel where we were greeted with a "Welcome To Rogers Hall."

Then, as one might say, "The fun began," and all rushed out-of-doors to make the best of the time under the blue sky, surrounded by purple mountains and white snow shimmering in the sun. Skating, skiing, snowshoeing and tobogganing over the hills and far away—through the dense woods by the light of the moon—and on one occasion the ice on a small pond cracked and from out of the dark night came a voice, "Oh! it is cold!"

Saturday proved to be another happy day and early in the morning Miss Hill with several girls attacked Mount Surprise with much vigor—and to the others on the lower plain were left the sports which appealed more strongly.

Dusk fell, and with it rose a full moon and the stars shone brightly above us as the sleigh with jingling bells rushed over the crystal snow towards the village of North Conway where a movie highly entertained us. Then came the ride back to Intervale with the sombre stillness of the dark, towering pines broken by the singing voices and the crunch of the snow under the horses' hoofs.

Sunday morning came the famous trailing party on twelve toboggans drawn by four horses, and before the end of this jolly trip everyone had been pushed or pulled off and given the pleasure of walking or running after the toboggans—thus gaining a ride or if not, a pleasant walk.

Thus ended a most enjoyable weekend and Sunday afternoon we found ourselves once more on the train, but this time headed towards Lowell—and tired, black and blue but happy we returned to Rogers Hall. Always we will have in our memo-

ries the weekend at Intervale and as much as we hated to leave, we have before us the anticipation of another visit next year, when once more we shall see Mr. and Mrs. Bassett and enjoy the winter sports.

P. B.

J. M.

The number of demerits we received the next week made us appreciate the care-free week-end we had spent at Intervale.

Well, I'll be darned, just look at this!
I have demerits three.
And how in the world I got 'em
Is more than I can see.

It says "untidy room the 5th,"
You know as well as I
If my room ever looked like hers,
I'd lie right down and die.

It's nice to be a councillor
And give demerits out,
Then too, the teachers never fear
Or give their word a doubt.

Imagine! "Disturbing study hall,"
I didn't talk a bit.
You cannot even draw your breath
Without they have a fit.

It means this Friday night for me
Cooped up in study hall.
Oh, well, I'll get my history done;
That won't be bad at all.

H. M.

We're the popular, popular, popular Norcross, the popular
Norcross we.

We'll wash your dishes and cook and sweep,
Perchance we'll do all three.

But whether we cook or whether we scrub or whether we serve
you tea,

We're the popular, popular, popular Norcross, the popular
Norcross we!

Chorus of Maidens.

Naturally, we don't want to seem unnecessarily excited, but we simply must tell somebody of our great triumph. We have been recognized socially—that is, invited to Norcross Tea. On that fateful Friday afternoon, we got all dressed up and set out fully caparisoned for the event. But alas! tragedy hovered near, and just as we reached the door, we suddenly realized that our calling cards reposed undisturbed at home. What a menace to our social standing! We shall always remember that as the most terrifying moment in our lives; but it's all right now. Nobody noticed the error, and we enjoyed the delicious food in almost perfect peace. And it certainly was wonderful. Those stuffed dates! Words fail, so we can only hope you will be as lucky some day.

C. M.

St. Valentine's Day in the morning:

1st R. H. girl—"No kidding, I'm just a wreck! I've spent this entire morning filling in the back of my evening dress with tulle."

2nd R. H. girl—"Well, at least you aren't going to the tea dance and we'll have time to get ready this afternoon. And what's more I have to lengthen my dress."

1st R. H. girl—"I've never seen so much ado about anything. Wouldn't you know something would happen like the Middlesex boys being in quarantine?"

2nd R. H. girl—"You know there won't be any stags and I do hate parties without them."

But with all the trials and troubles of the hard-working students the prom was a great success.

Men! Real honest-to-goodness men in coon coats and derbies, taxies, cars both street and otherwise. You may not believe it, but this was Rogers Hall on Saturday, the fourteenth, an unforgettable day. Had you been passing you would have heard music and glimpsed hundreds of bright colors. But the sweetest music to our ears was the sound of men's voices. Thus favorably began our annual tea dance and everything was going beautifully when at six o'clock Miss Parsons kindly but firmly showed our gentlemen friends the door.

The dining room buzzed at supper with cries of "He's simply darling! I loved your man, dear," "How he can dance!" "I'll tell you in a minute what he said." And so forth until our ears rang.

The final and greatest preparations then set in, and battle raged fiercely over the tubs. At eight o'clock our men arrived in flocks and droves to be ushered down a very impressive receiving line, consisting of Miss Parsons, Miss McMillan, Miss Bowden and Marjorie Damon, chairman of our Prom committee. The decorations were striking to say the least; red hearts and red and white streamers were abundant, looking their best in the brilliantly lighted gym. Never has there been such music, such dancing, such men.

Promptly at twelve we said good-night to Miss Parsons, and gently herded by the combined efforts of the faculty, our men left, with the prospect of seeing us all again the next day.

E. H.

A hard times party given by Cae Club appealed to us after our recent indulgence in a very luxurious sort of party. A reaction, but don't mistake us, the pleasantest sort of reaction. We were all our toughest and Edwina Pratt was queen among us. Our skirts were tight and short, our hats askew, and our color hectic. To the intoxicating strains of Lowell's best orchestra we swayed and giggled in the most approved of Bowery fashion. Miss Schroeder, as capable mistress of ceremonies, directed us in our

favorite potato and wheelbarrow races, etc. To our great surprise a real French Chef and his charming assistant staggered in under a hamper of fried egg and ham sandwiches which we procured by means of punched tickets. Ice cream cones of course! We encored the orchestra again and again, but finally at the late hour of 9:30 the party broke up.

E. H.

“Necessity is the mother of invention.” When quarantine emphasized the advantages of fresh air Miss Parsons invented mid winter picnics.

Not a bad idea, in fact delightful when you come to think it over—a picnic at Marblehead, including a generous supply of lobster. As often before we patronized the Grey line and three buses did their duty nobly. The air was crisp and clear, the ocean was beautiful and the food delicious. Altogether, it was a Saturday devoted to the study of nature under the most favorable circumstances.

E. H.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

We sometimes become so immersed in our school activities that we forget there is an outside world. The event of the eclipse made us realize that there is something happening outside of Rogers Hall.

We would give anything to make this a scientific treatise, but seeing that the necessary information is lacking, we will have to disappoint our eager (?) readers. We were in the infirmary when the miracle of the century occurred, and so did not

walk to the top of Fort Hill with the other searchers for truth and knowledge. Nevertheless, we fared very well indeed from the front windows with a piece of smoked glass, though our eyes suffered when the sun stole a march on them through various thumb marks.

We were, however, a bit jealous of those who had been able to observe everything from the top of the world and so anxious to learn what they had to report. We had been trying for some time to make the purple and yellow infirmary return to normal again, when we listened in on the following dialogue:—

“Oh Miss Jaques! Where is Miss Jaques—do you know? I want her to look at my finger. Its all frozen and just about ready to snap off. I *never* was so cold.—Doesn't it look white to you?”

Of course it didn't look white to us—nothing did yet. But we turned over and patted ourselves on the back (mentally,—we're no contortionist,) and thanked Providence for placing us in the infirmary, and the eclipse where it could be seen conveniently.

C.M.

“Let's go to the Carnival,” she stopped me and said.

“We always do you know

Put on your galoshes and warmest clothes

'Cause there's lots of ice and snow.’”

On February fifth, the annual winter carnival of Lowell took place in Fort Hill Park, and the Rogers Hall girls were allowed to go over in the afternoon. Temporary hot-dog stands did a flourishing business and a jazz band played all the afternoon and far into the night. The toboggan slide was crowded, and there were snow-shoeing and skiing contests for the skilled. At night, there was a mammoth bonfire on the top of the hill, whose flames sprang far above the trees.

R.F.

After watching the skilled feats at the Carnival our own athletic prowesses in the gymnasium seemed trivial but at least they give poetic inspiration.

Figures forming a perfect black square
Like units drawn in a finished design
Quiet and motionless, wooden and lifeless
Each puppet so still in the straight narrow line

In an instant the mummies have sprung into action
Together they moved in concerted precision
Wiggling anatomies, grave physiognomies,
All set in motion by one admonition.

C. M.

Quarantine, just quarantine,
The doctor always calls for quarantine.
No matter what your case may be
You know what it will mean:
No matter what you may have caught,
He calls for quarantine.

(Quarantine Chorus from The Norcross Comedy.)

With wide eyes and dropped jaws we watched our friends and schoolmates depart for Norcross House on a Wednesday morning for an indefinite stay. All this uproar was due to the fact that Pussy Fox had come down with scarlet fever and had been shipped home on short notice. Well, they certainly would have fun shut up together. Every day the whole school passed back and forth beneath the windows of the doubly dear inmates, How we envied them! No bells, no classes, no conferences. But idle hands are proverbially dangerous and one day we caught echoes of something that remotely resembled a quarrel. So it was a really joyful reunion a few days later when they emerged unbelievably eager to see us and get to work!

E. H.

It happens to the worst of us
It happens to the best of us
It brings demerits and belated mail
And sympathy from the rest of us
What is it?

7:15 A knock on the door, just loud enough to penetrate the sleeping maiden's sub-conscious. Then a sweet voice, disturbing her lovely dream. No, it is a part of her dream. It is the voice of an angel and there indeed she stands, arrayed in pure white, hovering graciously near the door.

"Good morning, Miss Jaques," her room-mate's harsh voice destroys the illusion, and the maiden is transported from heaven's height down to the depths of Rogers Hall. Disgust! She turns over and tucks her head beneath the feathery covers. Hark! Faint but unmistakable, the sound of a bell makes its way to her fugitive ear.

"That's life," she lazily reflects; "You can't escape from it. For girls may come and girls may go, but that bell will ring punctually at 7:20 every A. M."

One minute—two—two and a half—

"Hi, girlie," her odious roomy again; "I'm going down early this morning. See you there."

Two and a half—three—three and a—

"We-ell, I guess I'd better arise." One glance at the clock, and a mad scramble follows. Just when she is half dressed, she suddenly remembers that she has a gym class today. The corridor becomes quieter and quieter, her fingers fly faster and faster, then out of a dead hush, the awful words strike terror to her heart:

"Hurry up, they're going in."

She makes the hall in a wild instinctive leap, gym tie in hand, shoe straps flapping. She tears madly down the stairs and lo! O tempora, O mores! they have completely forgotten her and gone in. Her entrance into the dining room is made composedly

(as she vainly hopes,) while a hundred eyes watch her walk to the end seat at the end table. During this very real agony, she has time to review the consequences of her deed—a demerit, and no mail till two-thirty.

Pleasant meal, breakfast—ha, ha (hollow laughter.)

C. M.

THAT PHONE!

Trr—rr—rr

What an awful ring!

That's the phone—hurry

Helen—no, it's not for you

Hello—oh yes it's me

Wmm—mm—mm (and on it goes)

Heavens—why don't I get that call

He must be dead for here it's getting late

And there's so much to do

Perhaps he thinks that all I have to do is sit around
and wait

Stupid of him—why don't I get that call?

Brr—rr—rr

That's from the office

Only hope that that's for me

Hello—hello—central—hello

Why, yes, it rang! It didn't? Well!

Bang!!

Brr—rr

I told you so—hello hello

One moment please—no, it's not for me

Oh there you are—yes it's for you

Rush—it's almost time for dinner, too

Help! they're going in

What ever will I do?

Brr—rr—rr—rr—rr

Persistent

Pleading

Demanding

Dubious

Brr—rr—rr—rr—rr

Why don't they answer that phone?

"Help!" yells the phone

"Girl ringing

While at the other end is clinging—"

Who? and the chorus comes from the dining room.

Brr—rr steady and strong

Brr—rr all dinner long

Anxious and fretful

Then finally—forgetful

Exhausted!

Dismayed from it all

No one to answer its loving call.

But it rang again

When dinner was through

That loving call

And the whole school knew

Hello—hello—one moment please

Now what am I going to do?

The House and the Cottage
And she's not there
Not in the gym dancing
Oh where oh where?
And the poor boy is still waiting at the phone
This call will cost him
Well—more than one bone.

Have you seen her—
Where is she
(A bright idea)
The Operator—
Her voice I hear!!

Now don't talk too long
I've a call coming through
What would Tom do
If he didn't reach you?

Brr—rr—rr
It's ringing again
Trr—rr—rr
And the pay phone too.
Who's it for
Me or you?

P.B.



The Cae-Kava basket-ball game was held in the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, March 7, and won by Cae with a score of 35-11. The line-up was as follows:

CAE

Grace MacDougall, centre
 Elizabeth Warreen, side centre
 Ruth Killom, right guard
 Virginia Ruggles, left guard
 Ruth Lenfestey, right forward
 Florence Schroeder, left forward

KAVA

Augusta Stanton, centre
 Catherine Murray, side centre
 Ruth Farnham, right guard
 Florence Armstrong, left guard
 Harriet Cushman, right forward
 Doris Berrien, left forward

SUBS

Priscilla Ball
 Carol Martin
 Virginia Pardee
 Dorothy Tremble

Margaret Evans
 Rosamond Davol
 Helen McLain
 Katherine Thayer

M. N.



ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The various branches of the Alumnae Association have been holding meetings of the old girls in their respective sections and their officers have been most loyal and energetic in arousing interest.

January 27th, the New York section held a luncheon at the Hotel McAlpin under the direction of Cora Robertson Bickham, '16, and Dorothy Scott Pontecorvo, '14. Miss Parsons was present as the guest of honor to give the latest news from school.

February 6th, the Rogers Hall Club of New England had a Bridge party and tea at the Hotel Vendome in Boston. Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, and Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, '19, were in charge assisted by Hannah Benton Graham. Miss Parsons, the president of the Council, Mary Sponable, '25, Sarah Hobson, '10 and Helen Hill, '99, represented the school at the second get-together of this group.

February 7th, the Philadelphia branch is planning to celebrate Miss Parsons' birthday, the nearest available date to March first, by a Rogers Hall bridge party at the Manheim Cricket Club in Germantown. Stella Fleer Berger, '07, is now treasurer of this branch.

January 3rd, Mary Genevieve Andrews, '23, was married to Mr. Clarence Irving Paulsen in Saint Paul's Episcopal Church in Newport, Ky.

February 9th, Barbara Brown, '13, was married to Dr. Robert LeRoy Jones at her home in Lowell. Elizabeth Eastman, '13, was her attendant.

January 5th, Ruth Shafer, '19, was married to Mr. George V. D. Hutton at St. James' M. E. Church in Kingston, N. Y., with a reception at her home following the ceremony.

December 28th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean (Margaret Bigelow, '15) in Danbury, Conn.

February 23rd, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Reese Brooks (Ruth Bill, '14), at their home in Scranton, Pa.

In January, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chandler B. Gardiner (Pauline Goodnow, '19).

February 2nd, a daughter, Lee Whitney, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roger Clapp (Elizabeth Ellis, '22) in Wellesley Hills, Mass.

December 19th, a son, Gardner Browne, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Miller (Marian Huffman, '15) in Newark, N. J.

January 20th, a son, John Ordway, was born to Dr. and Mrs. Carmi R. Alden (Emilie Ordway, '13).

January 5th, a daughter, Barbara Louise, was born to Rev. and Mrs. A. R. McKinstry (Isabelle Van Dorn).

Sonja Borg, '20, has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Shepard Hunt of Peabody. January 14th, Carol Heath Mowry gave a bridge party and tea at her new home, 12 Astor Street, Lowell, to announce Sonja's engagement to a group of her intimate friends.

Recently Elizabeth Carpenter, '18, announced her engagement to Mr. William Henry Floyd.

New Year's Eve, Katherine Kidder, '14, announced her engagement to Mr. Walter Dinsmoor Carr of Boston. Mr. Carr is a Dartmouth, '17 man and has a distinguished war record of 28 months' service. He enlisted with the American Field Service and went over seas in June, 1917. During his service with the French army ambulance as a member of Unit 66 he was twice cited and received the Croix de Guerre. In 1918 he was commissioned a lieutenant with the American ambulance service.

Marion Willson has announced her engagement to Mr. Ira Milliken Boothby.

Marjorie Adams, '19, is teaching in the gymnastic department of Radcliffe College. She is in charge of the swimming classes, assists in the corrective work and with the sports. Once a week she has a class of "Faculty Wives" of Harvard and Radcliffe professors. "They are my most earnest pupils and fairly wear me out with their energy!"

Katherine Auer's address is 232 East 79th Street, New York City. "I am living and working in a settlement house, a branch

of the Henry Street settlement. I have been here only since the first of December but I like my work very much. I enjoyed especially the Christmas parties for the children even though there was a great deal of work connected with them. This last summer I went to the summer school at Columbia University and enjoyed seeing Margaret Fox, '21, who was studying art there. A week ago I had luncheon with Virginia Tutwiler Hoshor. I found that little Joyce had grown so much that I could scarcely recognize her. She is so sweet!"

Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, writes: "I had a Christmas gift of a ten-day trip to Bermuda, so that I sailed on January second with my sister Hannah and my oldest daughter, Phyllis, on the S. S. Avaguayra. We enjoyed the cruise and had a wonderful time at the Hamilton Hotel in Hamilton. My new address is 1865 Beacon Street, Waban, Mass."

Hannah Benton Graham and her husband have closed their home for the winter and are living in her mother's apartment at 985 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, while Mrs. Benton is cruising in the West Indies.

Ethel Clark Koch writes that her daughter Martha is thirteen and Barbara is ten. "We are all well and happy and I have lived in Bradford, Pa., ever since my school days. I wish that I could get in touch with some of the girls of my class, especially with Helen Pratt."

Betty Campbell is attending the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti. "I am taking a kindergarten and primary course and enjoy the work greatly. I am to receive a credit in college for one term's work for the courses that I had at Rogers Hall last year. Eleanor Rowe is here in college and we are rooming together."

Evelyn Dimeling, '24, writes that she is expecting a visit from Eleanor Stearns in February. "I can scarcely believe that Eleanor will arrive as so many of our plans have fallen through. I hope to be able to return East with Eleanor, perhaps by the way of California. The winter has been a hard one with heavy snow falls, but now it seems as though spring had arrived. I have been helping in the social service work, going around in-

vestigating families and at Christmas I played Santa Claus to some of them."

Kate Dyer Evans, '10, is living now in Pelham Manor at 4638 Boston Post Road. "I see and hear from a few of the old girls, Frances Neale, Peggy Dice and this summer I had a wonderful day with Alice Faulkner. We were on our way home from California. Alice met me in Chicago and how we did talk! . . . I see that 'Splinters' has a poem written by Katherine Dyer! I laughed and thought there is nothing in a name, is there, for my ability in that direction has never improved."

Patti Foos, '24, is studying in an art school in Paris. Her address is Hotel Louis Le Grand, 3 Rue Rouget d L'Isle. She is having a very interesting and profitable winter, likes the school and has access to the Louvre for materials and lectures. At Thanksgiving she visited her aunt and cousin in Antwerp where her cousin is American consul and at Christmas they took her for a delightful trip to Avignon, Cannes and Nice.

Helen Faber missed the New York luncheon as she and her grandfather were visiting in Ohio. "Next year I expect to take a secretarial course in New York so that I am making the most of this year of freedom."

Elizabeth Gleason, '18, has had a part in the Junior League play in Manchester, N. H. "We had such success in 'Going Some' that our friends in Concord have asked us to repeat it there when the proceeds will be divided between charitable organizations there and here. I have enjoyed the play though it has taken much time. Later in the month I hope to go south for a visit."

Florence Harrison, '02, is living at 2000 Pleasant Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. "I am living with my grandmother and still enjoying the work with the League of Women Voters of which I am secretary for the city chapter."

Mary Hussey, '24, writes: "I have just taken a position in a bank here in Plymouth. So far I find my work very exciting but totally different from anything that I have ever done before. In the morning I do odd jobs for the president of the bank, such as finding market values of bonds. In the afternoons I have been

doing some filing and listing of checks. Besides my regular work I am a lieutenant in a Girl Scout Troup which keeps me very busy but is lots of fun as the children are just beginners and so enthusiastic. During the Christmas holidays I visited Beatrice Nichols, '24, in Poughkeepsie and enjoyed seeing Vassar."

Mary Kellogg Sherrill, '00, moved into a new house this fall at 319 St. Paul Street, Brookline, Mass.

Kathryn Kenney Goettel writes that her new address is 2439 Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Aileen Lawrence entered the nurses' training course in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, February first.

Margaret Luther, '22, started in December on a trip to California with her parents.

Ethel Merriam Van Horn was visiting in Philadelphia last fall at the time of the Alumnæ luncheon and writes: "How splendid it was to look in on the group of Rogers Hall girls gathered for the luncheon! I was truly proud of my school and its representatives. Everyone was so enthusiastic and I was so absorbed by all the news and gossip of the few whom I knew best that I had hardly time for a long breath before it was time to go home. Christine Rose, Charlotte Tibbetts, Hazelle Sleeper and Stella Fleer were there so that I certainly felt rejuvenated. Just to show you how much at ease I felt, I found myself balloting with the rest when the elections were in order. Robert's 'Rules of Order' had no place in the mind of the non-member that day. I have been talking to the girls here in Springfield, Mass., Alma Shepard Taft and Dorothy Rice Palmer especially, and we think we shall have to join the Boston branch because there are not enough of us here to keep the banner flying."

Harriet Parsons King, '05, writes that in December, Jacksonville, Ill., suffered from the worst ice storm in fifty years. "Our yard is covered with branches and logs that can't be removed until the ice melts. Not a trolley ran for five days and a month later not all telephone and electric light wires had been repaired. . . . We have added a sun parlor to our house which was finished just before Christmas and enjoy its light and added space immensely. A cold winter apparently agrees with us for the children

have been very well, though I did have an attack of the flu in the fall."

Carol Quincy Davis is a very busy person with the care of her children and running a small land business at their home in Hingham. Her husband is ill in the sanitorium.

Aline Phelan, '23, plans to enter training in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York in the fall. "I am glad to have the opportunity to take this year a course in a commercial school and I find it indeed very interesting and beneficial. Last week it was a great pleasure to meet Peg Lins and Margaret Donaldson in New York."

Katherine Ragsdale, '21, is having a trip around the world, her mother writes. "In January she had reached Penang Straits Settlement. Kitty is travelling with two girl friends and a chaperon whom we have known for years. A guide is to meet them in every country and be with them until they leave and if they all prove to be as satisfactory as their Japanese guide their trip will certainly be wonderful. For he was a cultured, educated Japanese who spoke English very well and left nothing undone that would make their stay in Japan most interesting. I hope to go over to Europe in May and tour it with them."

Jeannette Rodier, '17, like Gig Gleason, has been indulging in dramatics. "I've often heard of the hectic life of a chorus girl but I never appreciated the full meaning of it until now. With just three weeks' training the Junior League of Cleveland is putting on a show the last of January. Almost everyday since we started the director has drilled us in agonizing variations of kicks and gymnastics that no gym teacher would have the heart to put us through. Most of us have been walking around like cripples the greater part of the time."

In the autumn Charlotte Rushton, '24, had an operation upon her nose and later went to Miami where she met Rachel Holt several times.

Mrs. C. G. Anthony (Sara Scott) is now living at 350 Chestnut Hill Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

Ruth Shafer Hutton, '19, and her husband are enjoying a three months' honeymoon abroad which will take them as

far as Egypt. They will be at home to their friends at 27 West Chestnut Street, Kingston, N. Y., on their return early in May.

Mrs. E. W. Huntley (Helen Swenson) sends her address as 330 South Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.

Una Libby Kauffman spent part of the fall in Wyoming with two of her children, enjoying ranch life and occasional pack trips on horseback.

Eleanor White Baker is now living in Hollywood, Cal., at 813 North Milton Avenue. "I wish I could get back for reunion but we live so far away."

Eleanor Whidden, '20, is the gymnastic instructor and athletic adviser at the Newton Y. W. C. A. She continues to make her home in Cambridge with her mother.

Eleanor Whittier, '22, and Margaret Durkee, '21, are living in one of the campus dormitories at Connecticut College this year. "In one way it is a relief not to have to climb the hill from the off-campus house but I really think we miss the exercise. College is just as fine as ever and both Peg and I still love it."

Margaret Wood, '16, numbers among her pupils this year the sister-in-law of Cornelia Cook Menefee, '08. "I am spending the Christmas holidays in Oregon and have seen my first snow storm in two years. I went home last summer for six weeks of the vacation."

The old girls will be interested in some notes about former members of the faculty: Frances Lucas (Mrs. Henderson) is living at 214 Sixteenth Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. Dr. Henderson is dean of the college of arts in the University there. Winifred Miller (Mrs. John Maurice Clark) is living at 1222 East 56th Street, Chicago. She has two small sons. Miss Glorvigen is living in Christiania, Norway, but hopes to return to America during the year. "I have spent three years in Spain, two years in Munich and one year in Dresden and now am back once more in cold Norway. I studied in Spain and Germany and had the advantage of some of the best teachers and had hoped to teach in Dresden or Munich, but it is difficult for foreigners to find positions there now."

February 24th, a son, Robert Charles, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Lawrence (Helen Obenans, '20) in Albany, N. Y.

Dorothy Stanton Richards writes that her correct address is 118 Riverway, Brookline, not Cambridge.

In February, Katherine Weeks, '23, with her father started on a trip to California by way of New Orleans. Mr. Weeks had been very ill, and took the trip to aid his recovery.

Esther Perham, '24, is enjoying her Freshman year at Brown. She had some of her classmates home for a week-end and took pleasure in showing them over Rogers Hall. "I am glad mid-years are behind me and that I passed them all. . . . If any girls are in doubt where to go to college, do suggest Brown, for I'm sure they would love it as much as I do."

Helen Tracy, '20, is planning to attend the summer school of the University of Wisconsin next summer.

Dorothy Sebastian, '21, did not take her usual trip westward this winter, as she has had to be under the doctor's care, having had two operations since September.

Myrabelle Pope, '22, visited Dorothy Scott Gerber in February. The latter writes: "It was so good to be together again as we had not seen each other since graduation. In March I expect to go to Chicago for a little vacation, and if possible I shall come to Lowell in June, but Scotti is at the age when it is hard to leave her. I could not get along without her, but sometimes I don't know how to get along with her!"

Mary Gray Wood, '24, moved to New York in February, and her new address is 328 West 80th Street. "Mother is greatly improved, which makes us all so happy after our long siege. I spent a great part of the winter in Georgia, and never had such a glorious time. Peg Luis and I meet frequently, and hope to come back to school for a visit early in the spring."

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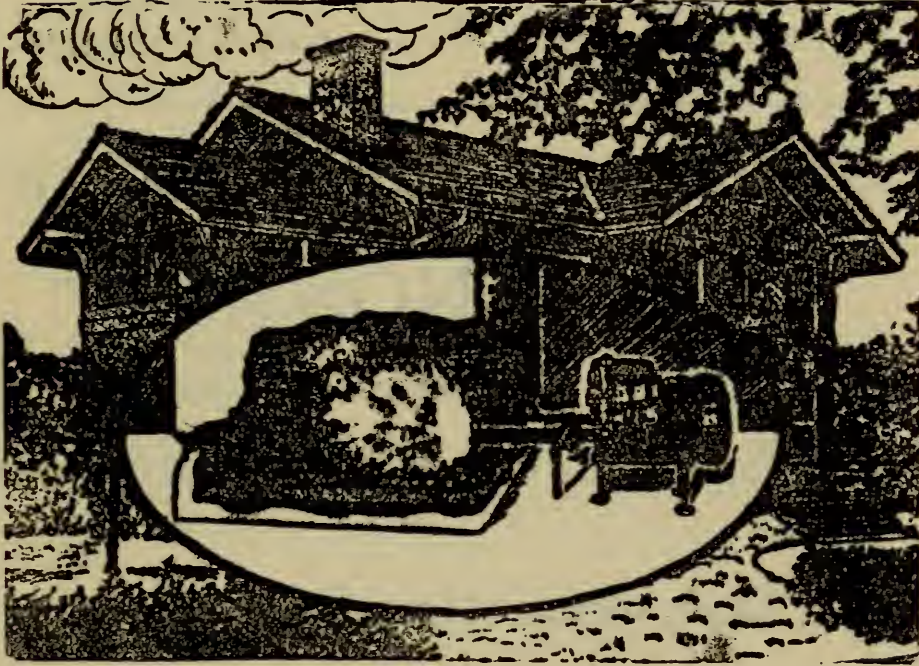
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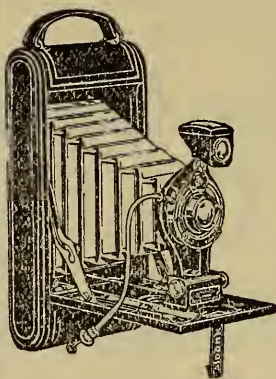
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Spring Term at Rogers Hall

Alumnæ News



GOLD AND LILACS

Gold and lilacs—
That is sunshine and spring,
Happy mornings, cool and clear,
Warm noons with humming bees,
Or sunset, with a distant hill
In bold relief.

Silver and lilacs—
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MARJORIE NORRIS

ON SPRING FEVER

Is there any disease, for fever and disease are synonymous, which is as trying and at the same time as delightful as Spring Fever? In city and country alike, it places its gentle but firm grip on all mankind, and strong is the one who can resist it.

Perhaps it arrives in the city first, for city people are always forcing the next season. We first become aware of its presence among school children. There is a marked restlessness enveloping the class-room; heavy shoes shift as regularly as the minute-hand on the big clock on the wall, which, by the way, is a sort of magnet to the large blue and brown eyes that glance up eagerly, thinking of their coming freedom, and then return to their books with the look of disgust that is only possible to school children affected with this malady. Even Miss Gray, with her spectacles balancing uncertainly on the bridge of her nose, is a complete failure in her attempt to rouse a little life in this hazy atmosphere. Little Lawrence Brewster wages a passive war with paper airships, without the usual penalty of a half hour after school, for the apparent reason that Miss Gray does not wish to remain at her desk any longer than is necessary. Yes, even Miss Gray's conscience, which is usually so dominant, is being lulled into drowsiness. The clock ticks the hour and for a minute we imagine that all have entirely recovered. However we soon change our opinions or at least decide there has been a relapse, when ten minutes later we see the children still dilly-dallying around the school which, before, they had been so impatient to leave.

They at length arrive at their various homes, bringing the fever-germs with them. Mother lays down her embroidery with a sigh as if the strain was just too much to endure. Father comes home and flops into his chair, for even dignified Father has lost his pride and "can't tell where to find it"—and prob-

ably doesn't want to, anyway. With difficulty he attends to business the next day, pulling himself together with a jerk when he realizes he has been gazing out the office window for at least five minutes. He concentrates for a while, then sways his shoulders and resumes his dreaming as if in a stupor; he is almost too listless even to dream. He gazes down into the square below and sees the traffic officer, leaning for support against a post, half snoozing—and why not, when traffic is so slow it literally has to be coaxed along? Off in the distance, he pictures the purple mountains, tempting the city people with the promise of recovery. But the temptation is not very difficult to resist—t'would be too much exertion to go and besides, it is so comfortable and pleasant right here at home.

Although the hills promise relief, I doubt if it would be forthcoming. They can give delicious enchantment, though. So muses little Sally Fogg as she gazes from the window of the little white school-house nestled among the hills. An early butterfly glides by the window and pursues its course, skimming over the newly-green meadow and finally alighting on a tall blade of grass. It stands poised for flight a minute and then flutters off in the breeze again. A large blue-jay takes his perch upon a high branch in a tall oak nearby, and tossing his head in the air, screams aloud as he revels in the breeze that swings him to and fro'.

Across the aisle from Sally sits her cousin, Johnny Jones. All country people seem to be related. Perhaps that is the reason why the village "lock-ups" are so seldom frequented, instead of the scarcity of people, as we have so often been told. One could scarcely be expected to arrest his own cousin. Then, too, tongues are well sharpened in the country, and are as effective as our city officers. But Johnny is not thinking of lock-ups now. He is wondering whether the large brook-trout that he saw under a rock that morning is still haunting the same pool. It will take some skill to hook that monster, and patience, too, but the jealousy of the rest of the gang is worth it. It would be nice to go for a swim at Wild Cat Falls. The brook would be almost over-

flowing with the melted snow and what fun it would be to be washed down over the rocks into the seething pool below. The rest of the class have almost finished their sentences and there is John's paper with just one little sentence copied. What can be the matter with him—every letter takes all his energy and even then, they are not neat.

Along toward evening he ambles along the muddy road to his home, disappointment written on his face and no fish in his basket. Father wants him to go down to the meadow for Molly and Daisy and Buttercup, as he has been walking all day, and is tired. What is the matter with the world when Father doesn't want to go after the cows? Laddie comes around the corner of the barn, walking sedately. How funny it seems for Laddie to walk instead of frisking in circles around him and barking at his heels. Johnny comes to a flat rock under a gigantic dark-green pine-tree. He sits down, resting his back against its firm trunk, clasps his arms around his knees and stares into space. The frown on his face fades away as the gentle evening breeze wafts him the clean, fragrant perfume of the pine woods, and he sighs with content.

SHIRLEY FLATHER.

THE POINT OF VIEW

Bob turned over carefully in his bed. Every muscle cried out at the strain, and what had he to show for it? A small Skull and Bones pin which stuck into him. He lay awake for awhile thinking. Wonderful thing for a man to belong to such a society, keen fellows and good sports every single one of them. Dad would be pleased to think his son had made that society. He would give him "the grip." Wouldn't the old man be surprised—wonder how Dad ever made the society, he must have been different when he was young. He turned over again and his

thoughts turned to Polly his fiancée and how impressed she'd be. Too bad she couldn't realize the significance of it. Girls never could.

A few mornings later he was at home. There was a different air about him. The girls noticed it, his friends noticed it and said "high hat" in envious whispers. It went to his head perhaps. Inwardly he wasn't quite so triumphant. Bob was disgruntled. Dad had not been so elated as he had expected, he had just said, "Glad to hear it." Mother hadn't seemed to be even aware of it and the kids were impossible. Where had they got hold of it anyway? And why should Mr. Reeves come to supper Sunday night? He'd have to stay at home. Everything seemed wrong that morning.

Bob strolled into the living room where he found his mother darning socks. She looked up and said,

"You haven't said one word dear, about your senior society. You are satisfied?"

"Rather, Mother"—he lowered his voice to awe-inspiring tones, looked at his two brothers carefully. Apparently they were absorbed in their books, "you know it's the same one father was in at college. Best there is of course. You can't guess how much it means to a fellow."

"Yes, dear."

"And Mother, if you don't mind, I'd rather not be here Sunday night." Bob congratulated himself upon tactfully opening the subject.

I really think you ought to be here. We really invited them for your sake, you know. Mr. Reeves is interested in you and is considering a place in the firm for you."

"Honestly do you think there is a chance of it? But *why* did you ask them here Sunday night of all times?"

"Because," said Mrs. Dunton firmly, "you say you are always busy week day evenings, and it seems to me, one evening you can be expected to be here."

"All right if you say so."

A long silence ensued.

"Mother:"

“Yes?”

“Please don’t mention the fact that I’ve been taken into the society.”

“Why not? Mr. Reeves is a Bonesman himself.”

At this point Edgar nudged Don. Books were forgotten.

“Because,” said Bob in an exasperated tone, Dad, Mr. Reeves, and I would have to leave.

“Leave?” queried Mrs. Dunton.

“Yes—*leave*” said her son a little rudely.

“Bob,” warned his mother.

Don and Edgar became visibly excited. Here was a double interest. Bob was telling something confidential and a family dispute was in progress.

“You don’t seem to understand Mother that the society is not a silly little high school fraternity or even a college fraternity. It is more than that, it’s sacred. If ever the name is mentioned we must leave.”

I really doubt if Mr. Reeves would leave, or your father for that matter.”

The telephone demanded Mrs. Dunton’s attention and so the matter ended. Bob went over to Polly’s for consolation.

That afternoon the gang held an exciting meeting.

“In Bob’s society they even have to get up and leave if the name’s mentioned,” announced the chairman from his box seat.

The gang opened their mouths. Imagine belonging to a fraternity that was as sacred as all that.

“Why can’t we be a fraternity?” one voice inquired.

“If they have a junior AAE, why can’t we have a junior Skull and Bones?”

“Aw don’t let’s be a junior anything.”

“Why not be a society all our own?”

“Well we’ve got to vote about it.”

“Naw—we haven’t.”

“We have—see—”

“Come to order,” violent poundings on a pan.

“I move mister chairman—”

"I make a move—"

More poundings.

"I move we become a fraternity."

"Second it."

"All in favor—unanimous."

"I move we all stand together and hope to die if we don't."

The entire gang seconded that.

"I move that we call it the Skull and Bones like Bob's."

"We can't."

"I'd like to know why not?"

"Cause you're not allowed to. It's like it was patented. You can't use the same name but we can have something like it."

A hubbub ensued. In fact it was so much of a hubbub that the discussion came to nothing and

"Everybody think."

"How about Head and Rib?"

"Naw, sounds like a butcher's society."

"Or Rib and Leg?"

"Nope."

"Well then, Cross Bones—pirate ones, under the skull you know."

"You could have it for an insignia."

"This name was liked immensely. It had a flavor of adventure."

The boys swore in with mighty swears that would have done a trooper credit and shocked any mother. They swore in by blood, by Bible.

"I know," said an excited voice. "Let's have to leave if any one mentions the name."

"Mr. Chairman, I move we introduce that to our constitution."

"I secon' the motion."

"All those in favor—It's unanimous," declared the chairman.

A babble of conversation arose, then this new procedure was sworn to, by oath and by blood. The ceremony was very serious

and was treated with dignity. The Cross-Bones became a sacred institution.

Sunday passed agreeably and the Reeves arrived for supper. Sunday supper was always a simple meal but this time certain delicacies were added which are known to please the male stomachs. Donald and Edgar were decidedly interested in the chocolate cake. Would there be enough for second helpings or not? Outwardly they were calm when mother urged Mr. Reeves to take a second piece of cake, inwardly they felt that murder would be too merciful if he took another piece.

So interested were they in the cake they nearly did not hear Mrs. Dunton's remark. It was most innocently made. The conversation had turned to books and she said:

"Have you read Quentin Stearns' new book?"

"No," said Mr. Reeves, "What's he written now?"

"It's a Pirate story called—Cross-Bones."

Don was the first to awaken to his responsibilities. He poked Edgar in the ribs. Edgar, busy with chocolate cake, paid no heed.

"Ed," said Don "We've got to leave."

"Huh," said Edgar, his mouth full of deliciousness.

"She said Cross-bones," and Don prepared to leave. He couldn't leave his chocolate cake so he stood up, plate in hand, a solemn expression on his face, turned about and walked out of the room, Edgar, not to be outdone, stood up, turned, plate in hand, and marched out after him.

The elders looked on aghast, Mr. Dunton with his fork half way up to his mouth.

An expression of intelligence came over Bob's face. Evidently they had gotten up a Society too. The expression changed to one of anger, a cold, controlled anger. His brothers had insulted his society, they had mocked it, deliberately. Why didn't Dad and Mr. Reeves shut their mouths and do something? Bob stood up, said "Our society has been insulted," and left the room. Behind him four hysterical people were trying not to laugh

aloud. They gazed at each other helplessly. They would burst if Bob didn't hurry out of hearing.

Bob mounted the stairway slowly. Evidently from the silence of the dining room discipline was out of the question. All right, he'd do it.

One must reason with children, he thought. Perhaps if he reasoned with them they would see their grave mistake. He looked for them and finally found them on the porch.

"Don, Edgar," he said. "Do you realize that you have insulted my society—that you have mocked a tradition that is very dear to us?"

The boys looked startled. Edgar went to the defense of the gang.

"She mentioned the name of our fraternity and it's just as much of a tradition as your silly old society is, anyway."

"But to get up at the dinner table and to carry your chocolate cake with you. You're just two crazy brats."

"You said you'd have to leave—it isn't any funnier."

"You've been eavesdropping?"

"No we were there when you came in and we couldn't help hearing."

"And we didn't insult your old society anyway," said Don who had been figuring it all out. If we had, Dad and Mr. Reeves would have been mad and you can hear 'em laughing now."

Bob listened, you could, there was no mistaking Mr. Reeves' hearty ha! ha! Dad might have laughed but Mr. Reeves. There was no use talking. He strode off.

The next morning Bob awoke early. He had a feeling of being out of tune with the world. He thought over the night before. Perhaps, he reflected, kids can't be expected to understand traditions. They were funny, with their solemn faces and their chocolate cake. Bob looked at his pin. It meant a lot to him, that pin—it meant lasting friendships, high principles. Yet he would have probably looked as funny leaving the dining-room as Don and Edgar. Cute kids, if they were his brothers, perhaps ten years from now they would know and understand.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

ANTAGONISTS

Have you ever met anyone who seemed to inspire you to do and say everything you know to be against his principles? I knew once a girl who was chronically immaculate and when I was near her I always felt and delighted in feeling a hopeless mess. Her hair always gleamed in rows of shining regular waves and her fingers looked as though she had just come from the care of a manicurist. I used to flaunt my straight, mussed hair and broken fingernails before her. Whenever an argument arose over clothes or conduct, any one had the final word who could claim Glenny's opinion as agreeing with her own. "Glenny says" and "Glenny does" were irrefutable. My chief joy was walking in Glenny's presence with my shoe laces untied and clicking on the floor. She would stand it as long as she could and then say in a pained voice "Your shoe strings are untied" to which I always gave the same answer. "I know it." Since then I have grown to know her better and even like her a little. I think it started the day she came to school with a hole in her stocking.

Another person who affects me in this contrary way is a boy. He is several years older than I and perfect in every detail. He is a member of one of the best national fraternities, a thorough athlete and on the way to winning his Phi Beta Kappa key. At dinner parties he invariably uses the right fork. If I am sitting near him I always get half way thru the meal and find myself with no utensils and dessert and coffee still to be disposed of. On the few occasions when he has honored me by dancing with me I have stumbled miserably and got out of step. I know that he greatly admires feminine girls so when I am with him I do everything in my power to impress upon him my "un-feminine-ness." Perhaps someday he will misuse a word or come in third at a track meet and I can welcome him into the ranks of faulty mortals.

It's not that we disapprove of these demigods but that their virtues only serve to emphasize our faults. Perhaps, on the other hand, we are back grounds to the demigods' virtues like black velvet to precious stones. But it does seem that such a great contrast is unnecessary. How much happier we all should be if we were all alike! Still I shouldn't like to be like everyone else. At least, if I can't be perfect the next best thing is to make my sins original. The path of demigods is straight and narrow, but the road of ordinary mortals is broad and winding, with infinite variety.

RUTH FERMAN.

CONTRASTS

Into the black night the soft moon comes gliding,
Dipping through dusk-clouds still pink from the day;
Out of the black night the red sun comes striding,
Breaking through dawn-clouds of purple and gray.

LOIS KROLL.

EAST AND WEST

It is most natural that I, a westerner, should find fault with the easterner and the east and notice every difference between said person and country and myself and home. I have found and still do find many differences although I am becoming more and more easternized.

Perhaps the first thing I noticed on that memorable day of my arrival late last September was the difference in scenery and

towns. I can think of no other way to describe the eastern towns than that they are like hermits before the oven has had a chance at them—all running together. They are not clear cut and distinct.

At that word my mind turns to the accent. Certainly the easterners have a distinctive accent and yet it is not distinct. Now that sounds obscure yet I, being a westerner and the author of it, can easily see through it. I have been told, when in a heated argument upon this weighty subject, that my words are raw and bare but at least we westerners talk as if we knew the word and did not have to slide over it. Many times in our table discussions I have gasped with amazement to think of a teacher talking with her mouth full and then to my own private embarrassment realized that it was not hot potatoes that caused the trouble but the speaker was an easterner and had been bred that way. She was just speaking in her natural voice to which in time I have become accustomed. But still I can get a great deal of amusement out of one eastern accent peculiarity. That is the use and omission of the letter "r." They entirely leave it out of a word demanding it, yet invariably put it in the wrong place. Generally it is tacked on the end of the word so that an idea in an eastern mind is an "idear" or a Kava in Rogers Hall is a "Kavar." Even staid old-fashioned Martha becomes "Marthar" when an easterner chooses to refer to her and the out-of-date horse is a "hawse."

The customs of the east did not surprise me as a whole because I was looking for a difference. However there is one at the thought of which I always have an inane desire to giggle. The way in which I happened upon this most amusing custom makes it all the more delightfully humorous. Having indulged in a game of basket ball and become somewhat soiled I had been fortunate in finding the bath tub out of use and greedily partaken of its soothing waters. I do not know whether it was that I was not used to such a luxury that prompted my forgetfulness, or whether I was so deeply engrossed in my studying—I leave that to my reader—but at five-fifty-five I found myself about to wash

my hands and face all over again, which indeed would have been a calamity. Upon discovering my mistake I disgustedly sighed, "Gee, I almost forgot I took a bath. Nearly washed my face."

Now truly, I shall never forget the look which crossed, nay it did not cross but parked upon, my room mate's face. When she had recovered from her immediate shock she cried, "Heavens! you don't wash your face in the bath tub, do you?" If you are a westerner I think you can put yourself in my place and realize how I felt but if you happen to be of the east you probably cannot, since by further inquiry I have discovered that my act would have been hostile to any easterner. At that question what answer save "yes" could come from me, a westerner, brought up to understand that a bath tub was an overgrown washbowl in which you must scrub every part of your anatomy vigorously on Saturday, when a child, and when you saw fit, as you grew older? True to my bringing up I did say "yes" whereupon such expressions of disgust, helped by an apt tongue, were rendered by my room mate that I felt sufficiently squelched. However at this climactic moment another of my numerous room mates came to my rescue by assuring me, between shouts of good-hearted laughter, that she too, being from Illinois, daily committed this unheard of error. At this announcement I felt so much better that I saw how humorous it all was and joined the others in a good laugh. I did not rewash my face.

Well, there is a difference between east and west, distinctly, and a much greater one than I had expected. Yet if there was not some distinction there would be no east and west, no, 'twould all be west or 'twould all be east. I suppose I could have cited the beauties and good points of the east and its people but everyone knows those and my aim is to give something new. Yet with all the differences between east and west the westerner is just as clean with washing his face in the bathtub.

HELEN MELCHERS.

A FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time there were four little, fat raindrops. And they were just as round as—well—as round as four little, fat raindrops, and you know that is just as round as anything can be. Now the first little raindrop was wee and small, and he was called Johnny North, because he lived away far away beyond the North Pole, and you know that is very, very, far, far, north. The second little raindrop was most terribly awfully fat, and he was called Tommy West because he lived away far away beyond the sunset and you know that is very, very, far, far west. The third little raindrop was soft and warm, and he was called Dicky South, because he lived away far away beyond the Evening Star, and you know that is very, very, far, far south. And the fourth little raindrop was cool and shining, and he was called Billy East, because he lived away far away beyond the beautiful rainbow, and you know that is very, very, far, far east.

One day after the four little raindrops had been traveling for a long—oh!—ever so long time—they met right out here in your very own garden, and just where the big rose bush is—just where the first pink rose leans over and kisses the first lovely purple iris—there those four little raindrops settled—like four round fairy Dreams. The first little raindrop, who was Johnny North, was very shy and didn't want to tell the story of his adventures, but Tommy West spoke up right away and said, "Now, Johnny, we want your story first, for you know about Santa Claus land—and we want you to tell us all about him, and how he lives—and—and—and—oh! just everything about him."

And all the little raindrops cheered and cried, "Yea! Yea! Johnny, begin!"

So Johnny North cleared his silvery, frosty throat, and in a high, clear little voice that sounded just like the tinkle of tiny crystal icicles when the north wind blows them together he began to sing—

“I live in a land of snow and ice,
But oh! I think it is very nice;
To play in the snow when the strong winds blow
In the land of snow and ice.”

And this is the story he told them:

“Away, far away, where the snow flakes live, and work at icicles and frost pictures—here lives Santa Claus. His home is a warm snug little cottage made of big black logs, and out from three sides of it are huge, big, big rooms—all filled with toys and dolls and drums, and all the wonderful presents that Santa Claus brings to little children every year. And in the center of those big store houses, is the real home of Santa Claus. The rooms are low and cozy, and there is a big fire place in every single one. And in front of every single fire place is a big white bearskin rug with a tiny black dog curled up in the left hand corner of every single rug—and the fires never go out—day or night! There are tiny, tiny windows with queer diamond shaped panes of glass in them, and bright red curtains that just match Santa Claus’ suit are tied back at each and every window. Oh! it’s a lovely, lovely home that Santa Claus has and worthy of so fine a master.

There Santa Claus lives and works all the year making toys for the children of the world. And when Christmas Eve comes, Santa Claus goes out on his tiny tiny doorstep and whistles three times—just as loud as he can whistle—and then, as quick as a wink—from every side comes a beautiful brown reindeer. They are so happy to be back that they all run up to Santa Claus and crowd around him, and he gives them all lumps of sugar and pats them and talks to them. Then he goes into a little room at the right of the house and comes out again with eight sets of the most beautiful harness you have ever, ever seen. It is all red and gold and has tinkly silver bells fastened all over it. This harness he puts on the eight reindeers and then fastens them to his sleigh which is filled with heaps and heaps and heaps of big furry rugs to keep Santa Claus warm on his long journey. Then he puts his big sack of toys into the sleigh—steps into it him-

self—and with a happy smile and a cheery word to the reindeers is off on his trip to the world. And that is the true story of Santa Claus.”

Then the second little raindrop spoke—and you remember he was called Tommy West, “That was indeed a fine story, friend Johnny, and we do thank you for telling us and now I think, it would be good to hear from Billy East, for surely he must have a very different story to tell us.”

And all the little raindrops cheered and cried, “Yea! Yea! Billy begin!”

So Billy East in a vague honey-colored little voice began to sing—

“I live in a land of mist and dreams,
That is filled with flowers and swift-running streams
Where the air is so clear,
The sunrise seems near,
In a land of mist and dreams.”

And this is the story he told them:

“Away, far away in the land where the moonbeams and star-lights live—there lives the rainbow. Now the rainbow you know is a lovely lady. Her eyes are bits of the sky’s bluest blue cloud—and the Sky Mother was very particular about choosing those eyes, for the rainbow is her loveliest daughter. Her hair is a golden ripple of light stolen from the moon’s last night in the world. Her teeth are pearls gained from the depths of the ocean as it smiled at the sky on a day in June, and her lips were tinted with the last glow of a burning star. You see she is very, very beautiful! And when the Sky Mother saw how beautiful the rainbow was, the Sky Mother said—“Lo! a miracle of beauty has been created—she must be clothed fittingly and in much splendor.” So from the deepest, deepest depths of the sea, mermaids came, bringing soft mystic green,—and this they gave to the Sky Mother saying—“This is our offering.” Then from the heart of the first rose, two tiny dewdrops came, bringing the palest, palest pink, and said, “This is our offering.” From the uttermost ends of the earth, a wee baby bird as golden as the

sun, came fluttering, and when she came before the Sky Mother said, "Take my fluffy down, for nowhere will you find a clearer yellow, and let that be my offering." And from the other side of the moon—a faint voice was heard—"Take me, oh Sky Mother—for I am violet, and I am alone of my kind. I exist in no other place—for I am only a lovely dream."

When the wise Sky Mother saw all these beautiful colors, she was greatly pleased for she felt that now her beautiful daughter could be suitably clothed, and she examined them all carefully to decide which one would indeed be best. But they were all so pretty that each one seemed perfect. Then the Sky Mother was worried, "What oh, what shall I do," she moaned, "all are so pretty—how can I choose one alone?" Then the wise old owl, who knows more than any living person, spoke slowly, "Oh, Sky Mother, let me help you. Do not choose one color—see how exquisite is each one—take them all—use them all for your daughter." And the Sky Mother saw how good the plan was, so she took all the beautiful colors and made them into the dress that the rainbow wears even today. And that is the true story of the Rainbow.

When Billy finished speaking, Tommy West spoke again, "Well," he said, "since I seem to be the 'Master of Ceremonies.'" I'll speak for us all again and say that that was a good tale—and now as we've heard from the north and east, suppose we learn about the south—come, Dicky, tell us a tale of the Southland."

And all the little raindrops cheered and cried, "Yea! Yea! Dicky begin!"

And in the softest, slowest drawl you have ever, ever heard, Dicky South began to sing—

I live in the land where the soft poppies blow,

Where strange blue roses and pink violets grow.

And the moon is so bright, that the night is quite white

In the land where soft poppies blow."

And this is the story he told them:

"Away, far away in the land where crystal grows, there

live the Soap Bubbles, waiting to be called into the world. Now you know that there are many, many bubbles, all divided into three kinds. First there are the big beautiful bouncing bubbles, that are full-grown—and have learned all there is for a bubble to know—and you know that is very, very much to know. For Soap Bubbles must learn how to dance and float in the air, to bounce up again every time they came to rest on some table or chair, and they must learn how to keep their fat round sides sleek and shining so that all their beautiful colors will glow and gleam forever, and so, please every single person who sees them—whether it is a wee tiny baby or the wee tiny baby's pretty Mother, or even the wee tiny baby's big wise Daddy—for you know even great wise men like to play with Soap Bubbles sometimes.

Then there are the middle-sized Soap Bubbles. These are the ones that have learned some of their duties but not all. For instance, they learn first how to keep that lovely crystal clearness from the crystal plants with whom they play all day long. But it takes a much longer time to learn how to bounce up to keep from breaking, because they can bounce only on the Milky Way, and some of them have a hard time crowding upon the Way for its sides are very slick and slippery. Sometimes when there is a big childrens' party, there is a hurry call for more Soap Bubbles than are grown, and some of these middle sized Soap Bubbles are sent to fill out, and then what a scene takes place in the world! Oh me! Oh my! When the children see how the bubbles break—the way those children do cry! But it's not often that this happens and so, as a rule there are plenty of grown Soap Bubbles for everybody.

And then there are, last but not least—in number although they are in size—the wee tiny baby Soap Bubbles. They are so cunning and dear that sometime you must all come with me to see them. These little babies haven't learned a thing—not one single solitary thing—about being Soap Bubbles. Of course they shine gorgeously because they are so bright and new—but they just bump into everything, and instead of bouncing up

gaily to float on, they fall down flat and have to be helped up by some of the older Soap Bubbles. So you see Soap Bubbles live pretty busy lives and aren't nearly as frivolous as you might think they are. And that is the true story of Soap Bubbles."

"That was a pretty story, Dickey, and if I didn't have such a good time in the West, I'm sure I should be tempted to go with you and train Soap Bubbles. But now as you have all told your stories—I guess it is time for me to tell you what I know—and I hope I can please you all as well as you have pleased me."

Thereupon in a rich golden voice, Tommy West began to sing—

"I live in a land where the sun shines all night,
And that is why I am such a queer sight,
For we eat night and day, and do nothing but play
In the land where the sun shines all night."

And this is the story he told them:

"Away, far away in the land where the sun lives at night—there lives the Easter Bunny. You all know how pretty the Bunny is—with his snow white fur, his beautiful pink eyes, and lovely pink lined ears—but I wonder if you all know how jolly and good natured he is? In case you don't, let me tell you that he is every bit as dear as he is pretty and you know that is very, very dear.

Now the Easter Bunny is a great deal like Santa Claus in that he works all year making something pretty for the children, and of course you know what it is the Easter Bunny brings."

At this the other three little raindrops all cried loudly—"Easter Eggs!"

And Tommy said,—“Yes, Easter Eggs—but did you ever know how the Bunny makes those eggs?”

“No,” cried the three raindrops, “How does he? oh! Please, please tell us how he makes the Easter Eggs!”

“That’s just what I’m going to do, answered Tommy—“and this is how he does it—First he takes millions and millions and billions of eggs—more eggs than you can imagine, and sorts

them—so many in one pile—so many in another, and soon until he has twelve piles—one for every month in the year. Then he begins his points—for each pile must be a different color. And where do you suppose he finds the colors? Every single one from the sunset clouds. First the lovely, delicate little pink clouds that wander along the edge of the sunset and are so tiny you can scarcely see them. Then the coral clouds—that join hands with the pink clouds and winks at the yellow ones at the same time. After that he uses the bright blue clouds, so proud and dashing, that seem to be trying to crowd out the tranquil green ones as they float quietly through the sky. Soft brown and sleepy violet clouds are favorites of the Bunny and he uses them gently and makes some very beautiful eggs from them. Then he comes to the funny speckled clouds that live nearer the center, and from them he finds the beautiful pictured ones of Knights on gorgeous white horses rescuing fair maidens in distress. And then—he takes the brilliant gold clouds, and all the silver linings, that center around the bright red sun itself, and there he has his twelve colors. So he puts the colors into the cups of tulips and into each tulip he dips an egg, and that is how the eggs get their beautiful tints. And that is the true story of the Easter Bunny.”

“Oh!,’ cried the three raindrops, “What a lovely, lovely story, and how glad we are that now we know about the Easter Bunny.’

“But,” wailed little Billy East, “I want to go and see all these lovely lands.”

“And so do I,” cried Dicky South.

“And so do I,” trilled Johnny North.

“And so do I,” boomed Tommy West, “so what are we going to do about it?”

Thereupon the four little raindrops sat and thought and thought, until finally Billy East gave a great cheer. “I have it,” he cried. “We’ll all go visit each other. Three months at each land, and at the end of the year we shall have seen them all.”

And at once the raindrops all agreed and then said Johnny North, “Where shall we go first?”

But after thinking for a long, long, oh, ever so long time, they couldn't agree, so decided to draw lots—and Billy East was the lucky raindrop that drew the long blade of grass—so they all set out for Billy's land. And my! what a journey they had, and what fun they did have after they came to Billy's home. But that, of course, is another story.

LOIS KROLL.

ON INDEFINITE THOUGHT

People are so calm on the surface, so well-poised. They keep their emotions hidden, allowing only the lighter feelings to show and affecting others which they do not experience. A man is himself only when alone. He is too wary to evince in society his fluctuating current of feeling, and presents an unruffled front to the world at large, which successfully conceals his shifting thoughts. Only his intimates may penetrate to the inner layers of his mind and even they cannot reach those secret chambers which he keeps closed or cannot find words to open. For it is in them that he keeps the beautiful, wondering, incoherent thoughts that only a genius can express.

There is one particular experience of indefinite thought that almost all of us have. It usually comes when we are alone out-of-doors, and there is no sound anywhere, just absolute stillness. Probably Thomas Hardy's Eustacia felt it many times on the heath. First we feel an oppressive sense of smallness before the greatness of the universe. The sky seems to crush us down and the very air seems to tingle and throb. Suddenly our minds whirl off into space, travel further and further into emptiness, almost to infinity. Then our dizzy, strained senses come spinning back and we are left trying vainly to grasp our intangible, kaleidoscopic thoughts. We feel as if we had been lifted off the earth until we almost reached something that no mortal had ever found. Our minds or our imagination had not been great enough to go

further, but if they had, they would not have returned, but would have stayed there with the incomprehensible. We have heard that Indian Wise Men can die by sending their spirits into space.

This illusion, however differently it may come to us, always leaves us with a purified and uplifted sensation. We feel philosophically inclined and discover a desire to ponder over everything. Some people find that the world has now become a queer and unreal place. They see things they have so long taken for granted in an entirely different light. The social order, religion and civilization appear incongruous and irrational. They perceive that their lives are based on assumptions—theories on which to act. Nothing is certain. The facts which make the definite foundations of existence are nothing but theories—theories concerning the movements of the sun and stars, the origin and nature of man, the counting of time; man cannot create a cell of living protoplasm, nor can he explain the elements used in chemistry or define electricity, though he turns them to utilitarian purposes. Thus the very essence of nature is a mystery to those who thrive on it. The house of civilization is built on sand and man's accomplishments are unstable and transitory—impotent as a tiny sailing vessel in the power of the sea.

Other people react very differently to this flight of the imagination. They feel themselves lifted above the petty meanness and sordidness of daily life. They turn their experience into a motive for active benevolence and do not stop to theorize. They return home with an added strength and beauty of character and for some time are fired with the desire to interchange kindnesses and are full of eagerness to do everything good-natured, unselfish and of benefit to others. Good music very often inspires them in the same way.

Some people call it a religious experience and find themselves possessed of the profound conviction that there must be a God to rule the universe—not the personal God of the Bible, but a God of Nature, unconcerned with the trials and tribulations

of mortals, inaccessible, impossible to visualize, not fashioned after man's own image and altogether sublime.

But whatever our reactions are, we are always left with our thoughts elevated to a higher plane and a new depth and understanding of life.

CATHERINE MURRAY.

THOUGHTS

An endless procession of thoughts
Marched by in pageant colors.
Some of them in mystic gowns,
Some of them in golden crowns,
Some of them in gray.
Some vague and rosy-hued,
Pleasant memories.
One was violet—
A thought of glorious deeds.
But the loveliest one was golden,
Mellow, melodious,
A thought of you.

MARJORIE NORRIS.

THE COMPROMISE

He was christened Thomas MacGregor Vane Junior and Thomas he was always called by his mother. To the rest of the world he was Tom or Mac but never Tommy. From the days when he threw his rattle out of his perambulator and demanded (and received) his mother's spectacles to play with, his fond parent boasted of his persistence. Her less lenient friends called it stubbornness and his own companions classed it as plain bull-headedness. His father died when he was only a child and his

mother lavished all her care and affection on her son. When he was sixteen he was tall and thin and not over strong, due to the fact that he had grown too fast. In spite of these handicaps he had an air of assurance and culture that only generations of breeding and a liberal income can give. For a boy who had been indulged and pampered as much as he, he was remarkably attractive—spoiled of course, but this spoiling showed itself only in the before-mentioned stubbornness and a certain egotistic moodiness and despondency. During these spells he was silent and melancholy, impossible to talk to and difficult to live with. He considered Thomas MacGregor in relation to other boys, more athletic, wittier or more socially inclined and found him wanting. His perseverance was displayed particularly in his distaste for new or conspicuous wearing apparel. He believed that old clothes, like old friends, were best.

During his dancing school days his mother had worked against many obstacles. In vain had she bought Windsor ties, Eton jackets and collars. In vain had she tearfully pled with her obstinate son to wear them just once and see if they were not comfortable. Every Saturday afternoon Thomas had departed for dancing school in his Sunday suit and a shirt with a soft collar. Sometimes he had arrived there and more often he had been unavoidably detained, but that has nothing to do with this story.

For his first sixteen years Tom's friends were limited to members of his own sex and girls were scornfully ignored. When he was sixteen a new girl appeared at high school and all masculine hearts were set a flutter. A new girl is enough to cause a commotion in any small community and a pretty girl may cause a riot. Gloria was more than pretty—she was beautiful, with red-gold curls and lively brown eyes. Her features were perfect, her complexion was perfect and altho her figure might have been called lanky by a critical observer, to Thomas, it too was perfect. There were battles to decide who should walk home from school with her, who should take her to the movies Friday nights and who should call on her. Gloria, being tactful and wise

beyond her fourteen years, settled these difficulties advantageously. It was no unusual sight to see four boys walking down the street with her or two boys disagreeing as to who should pay the extra cent of her movie ticket, and every evening the doorbell rang from seven o'clock till eight-thirty. While others acted, Thomas only watched and admired from a distance. Gloria was not a little disturbed at his seeming indifference. Thomas was not handsome but he was fascinating in a black-haired, sharp-featured way.

When Gloria was fifteen her mother gave a birthday party for her. It was to be a real evening dance beginning at eight and not ending until twelve. Everyone between the ages of fourteen and eighteen was invited. Mrs. Vane accepted Tom's invitation for him and made all necessary arrangements. It was not without apprehension that she mentioned, the night before the party, a surprise she had for her son. Thomas glanced up absently and then went on eating his dinner. He was wondering whether it would be more agonizing to stay at home or dress up and attend the party. "Thank God," he thought to himself, "Mother has stopped talking about those Eton jackets and soft ties."

"Here it is," announced Mrs. Vane after dinner. "I hope you'll like it."

Thomas gazed disgustedly at the large suit box. "Some more clothes! I just got that blue suit last month." He tore away the wrapping and his jaw dropped at the contents of the box. "Hell!" he ejaculated to his mother's anguish. "A tuxedo."

"Try it on, dear," urged Mrs. Vane. "I wanted to have a tailor-made suit for you but I don't think you have quite gotten your growth yet and it would be foolish to spend so much money on something you will wear only three or four times."

"Three or four times," grunted the incorrigible son. "You can just take the thing back now! If you think I'm going to make a fool of myself by wearing a dress suit you better think again. You'll have to gag and tie me before you get me into that and then just try and make me go to the party!"

"Now Thomas, don't get so excited," begged Mrs. Vane.

"This is a formal party and everyone who is anyone will have on formal clothes. Anyway this isn't a dress suit but just a tuxedo. Please be reasonable, dear. I met Mrs. Whittman down town today and she said Percy was going to wear one and—"

"Percy would," Thomas interrupted. "He wore dresses till he was three and velvet suits to dancing school and look at him now. He takes mandolin lessons and writes poetry. I suppose you want me to be like him. He wears spats—would you like to see your son wearing spats? He has eight suits and boasts about it. I've got six but you don't catch me advertising that. Percy—"

"There, there," soothed Mrs. Vane. "Percy is rather a sissy. But I was trying to tell you that Stan Parsons and Jimmy and Gordon Paige all have tuxedos and of course they'll wear theirs. And I saw Freddie and Jack Aldrich trying to rent some. You ought to be glad you can have such a nice suit all your own. Now suppose you put on the coat and just see if it fits you. Of course if you don't like it we'll take it right back."

In spite of much cajoling and flattering, Thomas attended the birthday party in his best blue suit and his mother, always optimistic, put the unused tuxedo into a box with moth balls and camphor where it remained, unworn until long after Thomas had outgrown it.

Progress with Gloria was slow but sure. Tom's appearance had fascinated Gloria but he was less entertaining than Freddie and Jack. "He never says anything," she complained to her mother. "And I try to talk to him, but he just looks at me and I feel as if he were laughing at me."

"He's never paid any attention to any girl before and doesn't know just how to act," Mrs. Drake reasoned. Mrs. Whittman says he never has even looked at a girl. But he is so trustworthy and has such lovely manners."

"I know mother, but so has Percy," Gloria protested. "And mother, Percy writes such sweet poetry."

"Poetry!" Mrs. Drake exclaimed. "To you? Let me read some."

Gloria went to her desk and pulled out several folded papers. Mrs. Drake read one and then, with her handkerchief to her mouth, murmured something about taking the poetry to her room and reading it when she had more time.

After Mrs. Drake's departure Gloria walked to the mirror and gazed seriously at her reflection. Was it possible her hair was getting redder? She picked up the hand mirror and walked to a window where she carefully investigated the roots of her hair. Percy said it was gold but she had overheard Sam Payne call it red. She hated Sam—why did Tom like him and go around with him so much?

The next two years passed swiftly. Tom advanced in favor with Gloria until, by the fall Gloria was seventeen and went away to school, he was considered as "going steady" with her. To be sure, Gloria had other dates but Tom was so moody and disagreeable that she had very few. Tom was not yet even a good dancer nor was he particularly amusing but he had a car of his own, perfect manners and plenty of spending money. Gloria had thoroughly realized this and was now beginning to appreciate the finer points of his character. Because he was Thomas MacGregor Vane Junior, sincere and striving to please Gloria, she overlooked many defects that would not have passed unnoticed in any other boy.

As for Tom himself, he had a self-satisfied, complacent feeling that at times bordered on the martyred. He was learning to dance and even attended parties without grumbling if they were informal. His even tenor of life was violently disturbed when Gloria brought home her roommate for the spring vacation. He was polite in an absent minded, forgetful way but Ann was not a girl who would permit herself to be overlooked. She and Gloria had been attracted to each other by the law of opposites. Gloria was small and fair with curly hair and Ann was tall and dark with straight hair. Even their dispositions were different. Gloria was reserved and tactful with great consideration for the feelings of others. Ann was plain spoken and flippant and did not hesitate to embarrass her friends if she felt it necessary.

From the moment she met Tom and began calling him Junior he disliked Ann.

At the end of the first evening of vacation the two girls settled themselves on Gloria's bed for an exchange of confidences.

"Tom thinks you're a big joke," Gloria chuckled amiably. "No one ever said anything to him like the things you said tonight."

"I know it," Ann admitted indifferently. "That's why I said them. Everyone from Harvard affects me that way. I always want to stick a hat pin into them to see how far you have to go before they feel anything. Imagine his refusing to take us out tonight after we've been shut up in that school for three months. I think the way he treats you is a crime!"

Gloria sighed. "I wish you'd tell him that. He never will go anywhere the first night I'm home."

"I will," Ann promised. "When I know him a little better."

Near the end of vacation there was a concert and dance given by the musical clubs of a nearby college. It was the big event of a quiet spring in a small eastern city. The afternoon before the dance Mrs. Drake asked a few of Gloria's friends in to play bridge. Naturally the dance was the main topic of conversation.

"I want to wear my evening dress," Gloria declared. "It's velvet and this is the last chance I'll have. Ann wants to dress up, too—don't you, Ann?"

"I think we should," Betsy May broke in. "We have about two chances a year to wear formal clothes in this town and we ought to make the most of this dance. Their concerts and dances will be formal in every other place."

"I will if the rest of you will," promised Dorothea. "I got a new dress Christmas vacation and I've worn it exactly three times."

"Freddie didn't even bring his tux home," a new voice put in. "But he said it was all right with him if I want to dress up."

"Jack hasn't a tux," Dorothea remarked. "But if you dress up it will be all right for me to, too."

"Let's all swear up and down we'll wear formal clothes," Betsey May proposed. "We're the only girls of our crowd in town now and if we all dress up it will be all right. I know Percy will just glory in a chance to strut his tux."

Each girl solemnly promised and departed for her home to make the necessary arrangements.

At the same time in the same town a discussion with clothes as the subject was taking place at Barker's—a cigar store and general assembling place for boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

"Whatcha going to wear tonight?" Sam demanded of Tom. "Ann said last night that she and Gloria wanted to dress up."

"Yeah—that's what Gloria told me," Thomas admitted. "But my tux is at the tailor's."

Sam uttered a spontaneous guffaw. "Been there since the middle of January, hasn't it?"

"Sure, why not?" Thomas demanded reasonably. "Good place for it. Hey—" to two youths entering arm in arm. "Whatcha going to wear to the dance tonight?"

The two approached and leaned confidentially on the counter. "My tux is in New Haven," Freddie grinned. "And Jack hasn't got one. What'sa use dressing up anyway? If none of us do, it won't make any difference."

"All right," Tom agreed, "I feel like a fool anyway in a tux."

That evening there was much excitement in the Drake home. One girl dressing for a party is enough to upset any household and two girls dressing at the same time in the same house is almost too much. At half past six the telephone rang and from the library fragments of conversation drifted into the dining room.

"Tom, please do," Gloria pleaded. "Please—Tom—dear." At the end of fifteen minutes she returned to the table with the light of victory in her eyes.

"He didn't say in so many words that he'd wear his tux," she informed her anxious roommate. "I just begged him to and

he kept saying, "Wait and see," but I really think he will and of course if Tom does Sam will too. He's so silly tho—he has had his tux at the tailor's for just weeks and weeks and today Mrs. Vane got it and brought it home. Tom is just furious. He said "Freddie left his at college and you don't suppose he's going to wear a sign on his back saying, 'I have a tux but it's in New Haven'" and he said 'Jack hasn't one but you don't think he's going to advertise that.' I—"

"Gloria, Gloria," Mrs. Drake interrupted. "Stop talking for a few minutes and eat. The concert begins at eight."

"Not really," protested Gloria frantically. "I have three hours' work before me. I don't want any dessert. Come on, Ann. We're only having pudding tonight, anyway."

At seven o'clock Mrs. Drake fled protestingly from the house, leaving the two girls to dress themselves. In spite of pressing dresses and mending stockings, they were ready at eight o'clock. At half past eight there was still no sign of their escorts.

"Wouldn't you know Tom would pick out a time like this to be late?" Gloria demanded in an exasperated tone. "He knows I hate to get anywhere early but if it's only a dance he gets me there before the orchestra arrives. And I did want to hear the concert. The program in the paper sounded divine."

The door bell gave forth an imperative summons. "There they are now," exclaimed Ann. "They've kept us waiting so long we'll keep them waiting. You go to the door and tell them I'm not ready yet. Since we've missed so much of the concert it won't matter if we miss a little more."

Ann played absently with her nail buffer until a shriek from Gloria brought her to the head of the stairs. "I think you're terrible," Gloria moaned. "You said you'd dress up and you come in an old suit you've been wearing for ages and I haven't an afternoon dress that's fit to be seen."

Ann forgot her plan and tore down the stairs to witness the tragedy with her own eyes.

"Thomas MacGregor Vane," she exclaimed in a cold fury. "killing's too good for you. Gloria told you we were going to

dress up and you come in a blue shirt. Imagine wearing an orchid velvet dress and going to a dance with a blue shirt."

"Come on upstairs," Gloria interrupted in a resigned voice. "We'll go and put on some old afternoon dresses."

Still sputtering, Ann allowed herself to be dragged upstairs, leaving the boys amazed and stunned. Even after the door of Gloria's room was closed fragments of conversation floated down to the two dazed ones in the hall below. "I can't find any stockings at all—let alone clean ones. If Thomas Vane were mine I'd shoot him—"

After several moments of discussion Ann descended the stairs and made her way past the men into the library. She telephoned Betsy May's house and ascertained by means of Betsy's mother that she did wear her evening dress. Sam waited in the doorway to tell her that they would go home to change but she didn't give him a chance to explain.

"We'll go home and change," Tom called up the stairway after her retreating figure.

Gloria hung over the railing. "Don't bother," she said sweetly just before the front door banged.

"Oh Ann!" she exclaimed gleefully. "I didn't think Tom would. Did you hear him whistling as he went out? He was perfectly furious because he never whistles unless he is just boiling. I never knew him to change his mind like that before. Why last Christmas vacation we were invited to a darling dance in Providence and we accepted and everything. Then Tom found out it was formal and he wouldn't go."

The minutes passed and became an hour. At first the girls had been amused and rather self-satisfied, but about half past nine they became worried.

"Suppose they don't come," Ann suggested.

"They wouldn't dare," Gloria maintained stoutly. "Listen—" as the clock struck the half hour. "Nine thirty! They've had plenty of time to change. It couldn't take them more than fifteen minutes apiece. If they don't come back I'll never forgive Tom Vane."

"Let's go up and put on our oldest flannel dresses," the disturbing Ann exclaimed. "I think it would be funny if they came all dressed up and found us in sport clothes."

Not far from the Drake house two separate houses were being upset and two separate families were being shaken out of their usual evening routine.

"Hey, Mother!" Sam shouted excitedly down the stairs. "Where's my tux?"

"Your tux!" Mrs. Payne exclaimed. "What in the world do you want your tux for?"

"To wear, of course," her distracted son replied. "You didn't think I was going to make it into sandwiches, did you?"

Mrs. Payne procured her son's clothes and for a few moments comparative peace reigned, then—

"Where's a collar button?" Sam bawled from the floor above.

"How should I know?" Mrs. Payne demanded in an exasperated and exasperating tone. "I haven't been wearing any lately." She was a woman and could never understand the pathos of a missing collar button.

Sam thoroughly examined every one of his bureau drawers. This was accomplished by dumping the contents of each on the bed, window seat, desk or one of the chairs. This examination finished, he gazed helplessly about his room. Then one of those rare inspirations came to Sam and, with a shout of hope he dashed into his father's room. He rummaged through all the drawers of his father's chiffonier and at last discovered a solitary collar button in his father's jewel box. It was nearly an inch long with a wicked, rough point but it would serve the purpose.

During this time Tom was dressing with comparative ease of body but great turmoil of mind. His mother's answer of "I told you so" to his tale of woe had not helped matters particularly. He felt beaten, disgraced—he was being led around by the nose by a member of the weaker sex. He was doing it for Gloria, he told himself, not for that freckled-faced Ann but he could not

truthfully say he would have changed unless Ann had said the things she did.

"I don't see what difference it made whether or not I wore a tux," he argued with himself. "But it seemed to bother Gloria a lot. After all she doesn't ask me to do much and it isn't such a big thing. But that's no reason for that Ann-woman to act so fresh. Here I've got dates for her and dragged her all over New England and she flies off the handle over a little thing like a tux."

When he stopped for Sam at half past nine he was still seething inwardly. They shot past Gloria's house at fifty miles an hour and out into the country. Tom was in a pathetic state of confusion—lost in a maze of "whys." Why did girls like to dress up? Why did he have to dress up because two girls wanted him to? Why did Ann act so insulted because he wore a blue shirt? Why did Gloria like Ann anyway and why did Gloria look so hurt? He hadn't meant to hurt her feelings. Tom had arrived at a place in his life when the cruel realization that this world was not the exclusive property of Thomas MacGregor Vane Junior and not to be disposed of as he chose, was impressed upon him.

"I guess I'm just a plain rotter," he remarked despondently. "Gloria's too good for me."

"Go on," Sam protested loyally. "Gloria's mighty lucky!"

"No she isn't," Tom contradicted in a resigned monotone. "I'm a selfish brute."

Sam sighed sadly and desperately racked his brain for a more cheerful topic of conversation. Tom turned the car around and started back toward town. A frown disfigured his brow and his right foot bore down on the accelerator. Sam looked at his companion and did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Tom's despondent mood had passed and a sullen one had taken its place.

"Suppose the girls have changed their clothes," he suggested tactfully.

There was silence for some seconds and then Tom said grimly, "We'll go in there, we'll take one look and if they've changed we'll walk right out."

At ten o'clock the Drake door bell rang for the second time that evening. Ann, still in her evening dress, flung open the door. "Well, back again in the same night!" she greeted cordially.

Tom glared at her and turned to Gloria.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured. "If you had worn anything but a blue shirt it wouldn't have mattered so much."

The next evening was the last before Ann and Gloria returned to school. Sam and Tom came up for a farewell call. Gloria was not dressed when they arrived so Ann went down to entertain them till their hostess was ready. After greeting Sam, Ann turned to Tom and held out her hand.

"Good evening, Junior," she mocked. "How's your disposition tonight?"

Tom mumbled something unintelligible and she rattled on. "I'm glad to see you have on your blue shirt. One can't help but admire such dogged persistence in a man."

Tom sputtered helplessly trying to think of some cutting retort, appropriate and dignified. Gloria floated in at this critical moment and put an end to all hostility. The four started out on the evening's round of amusements. Gloria snuggled down in the front seat beside Tom and looked up at him thoughtfully.

"I'm still awfully sorry and ashamed about last night," she whispered.

"That's all right," Tom answered gruffly. "Dresssing up for one evening isn't so bad. 'Specially since I got a chance to wear a blue shirt tonight," he added manfully.

RUTH FERMAN.

RAIN

It is raining, so romance must be near at hand. That is according to popular belief. But it happens that way only in stories. Surely no one has ever really and truly found romance in a rain—when curls and waves seem to disappear as if by magic—when hats droop limply and noses lose all vestiges of powder and shine.

But raindrops are good things to have on one's nose compared to rabbits. We once had a small bunny of the pink and white variety jump from a mud hole onto our noble nose. The bunny soon left, probably more frightened than we were, but his marks remained. It is hard to realize without such an experience, how sharp rabbits' feet are, and how unromantic is rain-soaked fur.

After the rabbit we advanced to the proud heights of owning a dog. He was a small fox terrier called Danny, and his chief claim to fame came through the power of rain, though one can scarcely call it romantic. It was Danny's great delight to place four perpetually muddy paws on any and all light dresses that came into his range. Sometimes he would even run a block or so out of his way to greet friends in this odd fashion. Not many of them seemed to like it very much and mothers of small girls really disliked poor Danny and didn't hesitate to tell us so. On rainy days he would roll in the puddles formed at the street corners. Then, upon meeting a group of young friends, Danny would vigorously shake himself in their white-ruffled midst. This seemed to please Danny more than the usual manner of greeting—but even this enthusiastic welcome didn't suit the mothers.

Mothers are very hard to satisfy and rain and all things resulting from rain rouse their anger—just and unjust—more than anything else. Take for instance a warm day in May—not the proverbial sunshiny day, but a damp, wet, sloppy, rainy day. All the morning the rain has droned steadily and at three o'clock it is still raining. By four, however, the sun is shining. There is still to be seen the remains of a rainbow in the eastern sky—and down the sides of the muddy street run small rivers of black water. Of course every small girl and boy sees visions of herself or himself gloriously wading down these rivers squashing the soft warm mud through small toes—splashing great drops of black and brownish gray water on bare legs and immaculate aprons and where the swiftness of the current swirls around ankles in miniature whirlpools and waterfalls. This is the adventure and romance of childhood. But whoever knew a mother who approved

of this pastime? "It is too cold. The children are sure to catch pneumonia or chickenpox or something. They will get their clothes dirty. It is not ladylike or gentlemanly."

But children are husky young savages; pneumonia is rare among them, and chickenpox holds no terror for them. Clothes are made to be washed and who wants to be a little lady or gentleman when nature calls so thrillingly? Who could wish to destroy this romance of rain—what mother invented this rule against wading?

LOIS KROLL.



SPRING TERM AT ROGERS HALL

- April 2—Concert by Heifetz.
April 4—Exeter Musical Clubs' concert and dance.
April 17—The Operetta.
April 22—Miss Holister's lecture.
April 25—Romeo and Juliet.
April 26—Mrs. Merrill's lecture.
May 1—The Hottentot.
May 2—Rose-Marie.
May 7—Founders' Day.
May 9—Kava party.
May 11—Senior Tea at Mrs. Safford's.
May 13—Homelands Exhibit.
May 14—M. I. T. Musical Club's concert and dance.
May 17—Norcross Tea.
May 18—Baseball game.
Civics Class Trip to Tewksbury.
May 22—Swimming Meet.
May 25—Exhibit of the home-making department.
May 26—Cae and Kava Club suppers.
May 27—Students' Recital.
May 28—Splinters' Board supper.
May 29—Last Senior supper.

COMMENCEMENT.

- May 30—Picnic at St. Anne's camp.
May 31—Baccalaureate Sunday.
Concert by Mrs. Kingsbury and Mr. Vieh.
June 1—Senior Luncheon.
Pageant—The Dance of Youth.
June 2—Commencement Day.

CONCERTS

Our post-vacation blues were dispersed by a concert the day after we returned to school. Heifetz gave us a very interesting program at the Auditorium. With his usual faultless technique, the notes seemed to flow from his bow, perfect and exquisite.

The next musical event was of our own making. After much "patience" on the part of the actors and the rest of the school as well, the combined Glee Club and Dramatic Club presented the operetta, *Patience*, by Gilbert and Sullivan. It was a great success and the twenty lovesick maidens found a decidedly sympathetic audience. Our hearts fluttered at the entrance of the manly chorus of soldiers, and especially at the entrance of Bunthorne, the aesthetic poet. *Patience*, the village milk maid, took her part with sweet simplicity and the manner in which Lady Jane attempted to capture the affection of Bunthorne proved heartily amusing.

For several years we have not had the opportunity of hearing the Exeter Glee Club, but this year we resumed our old custom of inviting them to Rogers Hall to give a concert, and dance with us afterward. The concert was of a very high order in both the solo and ensemble work and the dance was perfect in all respects but one—it ended too early!

A few weeks later the musical clubs from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology came out for a similar concert and dance. As it was a warm, sunny day we received them in the garden before going to the gymnasium where we heard a delightful concert. As the supply of men was limited, the girls acted as stags during the dance, enjoying immensely the privilege of cutting in.

"Little Tommy Tucker
Sang for his supper,"

and so did others—when the pupils of Mr. Vieh and Mrs. Kingsbury gave us the following program one evening:

Song—a. *Petites Roses* *Cesek*
b. *The Year's at the Spring* *Beach*
Marjorie Norris.

- Piano—Impromptu in B flat*Schubert*
Elizabeth Williamson.
- Song—a. Giovinettin*Fairchild*
b. I bring you hearts ease*Branscomb*
(Flute Obligato)
Nettie Ives.
- Song—a. Violets*Cornelius*
b. With lilies sweet*Branscomb*
Darthea Ferguson.
- Piano—Romance*Faure*
Elizabeth Tucker.
- Song—a. Sing, sing, birds on the wing.....*Nutting*
b. Mia' little banjo*Rutherford*
Kathryn Jenkins.
- Flute—a. Menuet*Bizet*
b. Serenade*Herbert*
Rosamond Davol.
- Song—a. Passing by*Purcell*
b. Gay little dandelion*Chadwick*
Blue Belle Paxton
- Song—a. Mignonette*Weckerlin*
b. May Eve*Matthews*
Arline Boone.
- Piano—Waltz in A*Rachmaninoff*
Elizabeth Williamson
-

LECTURES AND EXHIBITIONS

One of the most interesting lectures we have had this year was given by Miss Antoinette Hollister, who told us of the Cezek School of Art Education. She brought with her fascinating pictures drawn by children without instruction but under the direction of Professor Cezek of Vienna, who has founded his school on the theory that if a child learns to look for beauty in the world he

will be able to express that beauty in terms of form and color—a somewhat radical theory but one which is being amply justified by the results achieved.

Another interesting speaker was Mrs. Merrill of Lowthorpe School, who spoke of landscape architecture as a new and delightful occupation for women. To illustrate the work we were shown lantern slides of the grounds of Lowthorpe School.

When our names were read among those who were to attend the Homelands Exhibition we little knew what was in store for us. Under very capable leadership a vast exhibit of the handiwork native to each nation represented in Lowell was presented at the Auditorium. Beautiful and strange were the embroideries and hand-woven materials, and the queer, foreign-looking confections displayed were very tempting to even the most American appetite. The dances and tableaux of native fete days given by the different groups were very interesting and the whole exhibition was a unique and most successful undertaking.

To complete our education it is necessary to know how “the other half” lives, so Miss Hill’s Civics class visited the State Hospital at Tewksbury. They inspected the many wards filled with men, women and children and discovered what wonderful work the state is doing in the case of the unfortunates. From the general hospital they went to the hospital for tubercular people where it was interesting to hear that a large percentage of the inmates are rapidly growing stronger. After a thorough inspection of the remaining buildings, the kitchens, laboratories and nurseries, the girls returned home inspired and eager to do all in their power to aid those who are destitute and unfortunate.

Once in a blue moon, one finds a man who realizes that girls really are interested in industrial affairs as well as in parties—and such a man Mr. Safford proved himself to be by taking the Seniors to visit the mills in Manchester. Open-eyed and open-mouthed with wonder, we looked at the great oil-burning furnaces, the electric dynamos, the tunnel dug deep beneath the Concord River, and the rows and rows of weaving machines, all clacking away at top speed and producing great heaps of soft cotton in

all the rainbow colors. Surely no Arabian Nights' tale could furnish more wonders in a few short hours.

After seeing the products of foreign countries we looked with pride on the pieces of Rogers Hall workmanship displayed at Norcross one Monday afternoon. First we met in the schoolroom to hear some very good papers written and read by Miss Mabel Hill's classes, then we went to Norcross to see the work of Miss Pratt's handicraft classes. On a tour about the room one first discovered lovely dresses draped tastefully over the piano. Then one came to a table loaded with filmy underthings, and another covered with candlesticks, book-ends and all sorts of dainty knick-knacks. Finally, punch and frosted cakes were served by Miss Mudge's girls and we returned to our rooms for study hour, mentally, physically and aesthetically refreshed.

TRIPS TO BOSTON

The first trip to Boston after a vacation is always a special occasion. It was very special indeed when we went to see Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet." She was more beautiful and vivacious than ever, giving the romantic heroine a dash of the modern spirit. Her scene with the nurse in the orchard was unusually lively and sparkling and in the romantic scenes, especially the famous balcony scene, her work had a convincing quality unexpected in a play of that type. Rollo Peters as "Romeo" was an efficient and sufficient star to support Miss Cowl, with all the dash and daring of the fourteenth-century youth. Another actor who deserves mention is Charles Brokan as "Mercutio," whose interpretation of the joyous, brave and loyal friend of "Romeo" was one of the strongest features of the play. The subtle skill of his acting was perhaps most noticeable in the Queen Mab scene and in the last scene where he died defending Romeo's name. The scenic effects were simple and striking in the modern manner and formed perfect backgrounds for the gorgeous and elaborate costumes.

"Oh, Rose-Marie, I love you"—and I should say we did! It was all one could desire in the way of music, dancing and scenery.

Ever since that theatre trip the corridors have echoed with the Indian love-call, sung in strange keys and tempos.

The art classes were most fortunate in being able to visit Fenway Court this term. In order that all of us might have this privilege, three afternoons were given up to it, and Miss Clark chaperoned each group, explaining the fine points of each wonderful work of art. We were particularly fascinated by the Tapestry Room, and the wonderful Spanish cloister with its beautiful Sargent picture, "El Jaleo."

SOCIAL EVENTS

R. H. Girl: Why so dressed up to-night?

Councillor (in a superior tone): Oh, haven't you heard? Miss Parsons is taking the Council to see "The Hottentot." After all the hard work we've done this term, we deserve a little relaxation.

R. H. Girl: I suppose you mean those six demerits you gave me last week. If anyone should ask me, I'd say I was the one who needed the relaxation.

But be that as it may, the Council, as the guests of Miss Parsons, departed in style and taxis for the Auditorium to see the Lowell Textile School play. It was very amusing to see the men masquerading as girls with a curious combination of feminine attire and deep bass voices. The play was well acted and amusing.

It's nice to be a Senior—
One of the twenty-three,
To go to Senior parties
And be invited out to tea.

One Sunday afternoon Mrs. Safford gave a delightful tea for the Senior class, at her home on Andover Street. A few weeks later Miss Mudge gave another of her Norcross teas, not especially for the Seniors this time, but for a few chosen guests.

Suppers have been prevalent at Rogers Hall during the spring term. One of the Senior privileges is that of having supper

every other Friday night at Norcross, where the most delectable and sumptuous menus are arranged and carried out by efficient committees. After the suppers, the Victrola is turned on and gaiety reigns. At the last Senior supper, on the Friday before Commencement, the class will and prophecy were read and the undergraduates came in a body to sing their farewell song to the Seniors, written by Elaine Vaupell to the tune of "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

As the years go by and we pause to think
Of the friends who have touched our lives,
Of the chums of our youth, whom we used to love,
Whom often we idolized—
Our thoughts will turn back to the Senior Class,
To the girls of the class of '25,
And we'll dream again of the fun we shared
With the class of '25.

Oh, the Senior girls are the sweetest girls
Of all the girls we know;
Each face in the class will linger and last
Oft in our memory's glow.
In the days we have spent together here,
We have learned to love you all—
So we'll say Good-bye, with tears in our eyes,
To the Seniors of Rogers Hall.

But the Seniors are not the only ones who have had suppers. "Everything comes to those who wait," and after many postponements in favor of other activities, the Splinters Board achieved a supper at Norcross House, in honor of itself and its contributors. The same week, Cae and Kava Clubs held their annual suppers in the Hall and Norcross House, respectively. Earlier in the term, Kava took Cae to the movies to see the screen version of "Anne's an Idiot."

The last Saturday of the term was one of those drizzly days. At any moment it might clear, thought the optimist, and at any minute it might pour, decided the pessimist. We decided to go, rain or no rain, and rode away in three huge busses. There seemed to be a slight misunderstanding as to the exact location of St. Anne's Camp, but we found it eventually. One of the picnickers has been moved to imagistic expression.

A late start—lost roads—

A cozy cabin—a sparkling pond.

Boats!

Wet feet!

Hampers of food—ginger ale!!

A picnic.

ATHLETICS

We were afraid that the annual celebration of Founder's Day would not fall on May seventh this year, for the weather-gods had been most unkind for the two or three days preceding that date. However, with their usual inconsistency they gave us a beautiful, sunny day and the girls assembled in the school-room at half past nine to hear Miss Parsons tell the history of the school. Later, the athletic events took place and rivalry ran high. The honors went to Harriet Cushman, who won first place, with Florence Schroeder winning second place and Bluebell Paxton and Alice Safford tied for third place. After luncheon came the base ball game between the school and the alumnae, won by the school with a score of 21-5. The alumnae were somewhat consoled, however, by a refreshing swim in the pool. The honors of the club went to Cae with 70 points to Kava's 43.

A week later came the Cae-Kava baseball game, won by Kava with a score of 25-11. The line-up was as follows:

Cae

Kava

MacDougall G. (Capt.)(Pitcher)....	(Capt.) Cushman H.
Warren E.(Catcher).....	Hall L.
Schroeder F.1st B.....	Safford A.
Pardee V.2nd Base.....	Dorward M.
Lenfestey R.3rd B.....	Farnham R.
Boone A.ss.....	Knapp E.
Jones L.rf.....	Stanton A.
Martin C.cf.....	Thayer K.
Paxton B.lf.....	Louis A.
Damon M.subs.....	Bailey M.
Kilborn R.“.....	Murray C.
Ruggles V.“.....	Berrien D.



On the Friday after the base-ball game, Cae and Kava again "crossed swords," this time in the swimming-pool. It was an exciting meet and both teams surpassed our expectations in form and speed. Cae was victorious, although the score was very close, 294-264. The teams were as follows:

Cae	Kava
Ball	Knapp
Warren	Prichard
Martin	Armstrong (Capt.)
Fox (Capt.)	Thayer
Lenfestey	Hall
MacDougall	Bailey
Subs	Subs
Schroeder	Martin
Ruggles	Stanton
.....	McLain



COMMENCEMENT

On Sunday, May 31, Commencement really began with the preaching of the Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Alexander McComb, a forceful and inspiring talk on the power and mysteries of the soul. In the afternoon the Seniors read their will and prophecy in the garden and supper was served—not in the garden, as we had planned, but in the dining-room, sheltered from the rain. In the evening we listened to a delightful musicale given by Mr. Vieh and Mrs. Kingsbury, enjoying especially “The Song of the Robin Woman” by Cadman, and “Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.”

In the midst of Commencement activities we found time to elect our most important officers for next year. Margaret Shepard is to be President of the Council, Florence Shroeder President of Cae Club and Katherine Prichard President of Kava Club.

On Monday, Miss Parsons gave the Senior Luncheon. At every place were the undergraduates’ gifts, small silver perfume-bottles, engraved with the school seal. We laughed over the jokes and rhymes, but felt quite teary when the Seniors stood up to sing their farewell song, written by Florence Armstrong to the tune of “Remembering.”

Remember in future years that
You were our guide to truth.
Our hearts now are filled with sorrow
To say good-bye to our days of youth,
Our memories of fondest friendships
Will live with us always
We’ll keep you—our inspiration—
To guide us through all our days.

On Monday afternoon, Cae and Kava sang their club songs and the athletic honors for the year were awarded as follows—

The Field Day cup to Harriet Cushman, the baseball cup to Kava, and the cups for basket-ball, swimming, hockey and tennis to Cae. The winners of the "R. H." were Harriet Cushman, Ruth Lenfestey, Grace MacDougall, Florence Schroeder and Elizabeth Warren. Again we ate supper in the dining-room, this time in the midst of a violent thunder-storm, and gave the pageant which we had planned to have out-of-doors, in the gymnasium. Written by Miss Clark and directed by Miss Cottrell and Mrs French, "The Dance of Youth" was entirely delightful, even without its out-of-doors setting.

The theme is based on the psychology of Youth during the years of secondary education when mental training must be balanced by contrasting energetic activities. In the first episode the Spirit of Youth is revealed in an engaging dance. The Spirit of Wisdom towers above Youth, standing before the Altar of Learning. In her hand she holds the undying flame of the soul. The Spirit of Life now bursts upon the vision of Youth and dances about in a magical circle.

The Spirit of the Ages is next revealed, and a procession passes before Youth, symbolizing in briefest outline those epochs wherein great ideas have been revealed to the masses of humanity. An Egyptian King typifies Antiquity; The Muses, the high aesthetic contribution of Greece; A Byzantine Emperor recalls the release of Christianity after centuries of persecution. Galileo and Columbus represent the benefits of Science and Discovery. Music appears as a symbolic figure. Art will be recognized in a group showing Giotto, Botticelli and Raphael; Literature by the characters of Homer, Plato, and Dante.

The procession passes. Youth is for the time impressed with the vision. Wisdom again speaks to Youth:—"Fair Youth, since thou canst thus regard with fitting reverence the deeper things of life return to thy delightful dance. Summon thy dear companions—Joy and Love and Play—Make merry as thou must, the time is young." Then follow the Dance of Play, Dance of the Birds, Dance of the Morning, the Butterflies, the Brook, The Dance of the Butterflies.

In the second episode the coming of Romance is represented by a Knight in quest of the lovely virtues who dwell in the Castle of Aspiration. The virtues enter. A procession of maidens in medieval costume. The Knight appears. Youth advances to meet the Knight and guides him to the lovely group. Wisdom speaks to Youth. "Dear Youth, behold Romance, most dearly loved of thine experiences. The symbol of thy chivalry. Go forth to meet the Knight and guide him to that castle where the Virtues wait." Here in the castle the Knight finds Love awaiting. The spirit of Love inspires the Knight. He selects one among the throng and leading her forth, he offers her his life and the protection of his sword. The maidens surround the pair and conduct them to the back where they are enthroned. Then follow the Dance of Love, the Dance of Joy, Dance of the Fates and Graces.

At this point Folk Revels are introduced, suggesting the homely joys of experience and the spirit of Play. A medieval craftsman summons the people into the circle. They enter bearing the instruments of their daily toil. Groups form on either side and the revels begin, Dance of the Maidens, Dance of the Woodsmen, Dance of the Betrothed, The Mimic Joust. The Pageant ends with the changing moods of Youth, idyllic thoughts expressed in the Dance of the Silver Moon, The Dance of Love, The Dance of Youth, The Dance of Joy, The Dance of Play, The Circle Dance, Dance Finale.

Tuesday, Commencement Day was irreproachable as to weather, and after Miss Parsons and the Seniors had received their guests in the drawing-room, we marched to the gymnasium for the Commencement exercises, where Mrs. Gilson spoke to us of "The Education of Mary Smith." Although she said she spoke to our parents rather than to us, she gave us much to think about, and we were glad to find that she had so much faith in the younger generation. The diplomas were presented by Mr. Grannis, the Senior gift of a moving-picture machine presented by Rosamond Davol and the academic honors for the year awarded as follows:

SPRING TERM AT ROGERS HALL

Underhill Honors

HELEN MELCHERS

MARY SPONABLE

College-preparatory.

HELEN UNDERHILL

ADRIENNE LOUIS

Athletic Medal

HARRIET CUSHMAN

Scholarship Honor List

FLORENCE ARMSTRONG

CHARLOTTE HOWARD

MILLCENT ATWELL

LOIS KROLL

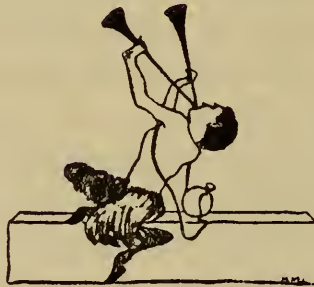
SHIRLEY COBURN

VIRGINIA LOEWE

FLORENCE GANSON

RUBY ROGERS

ELAINE VAUPELL





FLORENCE ARMSTRONG, Buffalo, N. Y.—1925's Magnet. "The glory of a firm, capacious mind." President of Kava Club, Council '24, '25, Splinters Board '25, Glee Club '24, '25, Dramatic Club '25, Prom Committee '24, Sub Hockey, '23, Sub Basketball '24, Basketball '25, Swimming '24, Capt. of Swimming '25, Sub School Baseball Team '24.

HELEN BABBITT, Taunton, Mass.—1925's Chatterbox. "News, news, news, my gossiping friends, I have wonderful news to tell." Cae Club, Executive Committee '25, Council '25, Dramatic Club '25, Sec. and Treas. of Senior Class.



GRACE CARMACK, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—1925's Monsieur Melancholique. "A Sunbeam on a Winter's Day." Cae Club, Council '25, Glee Club '25, Sub Hockey '24.



MARJORIE DAMON, Winchester, Mass.—1925's Pep. "From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot she is all mirth." Cae Club cheer leader, Council '24, Prom Committee '24, Chairman Prom Committee '25, Glee Club '23, '24, '25, Sub Tennis '24, Hockey Team '24, '25, Baseball Team '24, Sub Baseball '25.

ROSAMOND DAVOL, Taunton, Mass.—1925's Charm. "A mother's pride, a father's joy." Kava Song Leader, Council '24, President of Senior Class, Prom Committee '25, Glee Club '24, '25, Dramatic Club '25, Banjo Club '24, Hockey Team '24, '25, Basketball '24, Sub Basketball '25, Sub Tennis '24, Tennis '25.



RUTH FARNHAM, New Rochelle, N. Y.—1925's Perseverance. "And unextinguished laughter filled the air." Kava Athletic Committee, Glee Club '24, '25, Dramatic Club '25, Hockey '23, '24, Basketball '24, '25, Baseball '24, '25, School Baseball Team '24, '25, Capt. of Tennis '24, '25, Honorable mention in athletics, '25.



RUTH FERMAN, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
—1925's Flapper. "Thy name is great
in mouths of greatest censors." Kava
Club, Splinters Board '25, Glee Club '24,
'25, Dramatic Club '25.

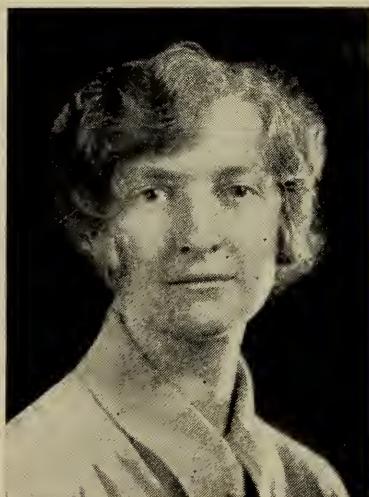
PRISCILLA FOX, Lowell, Mass.—
1925's Good Nature. "All who joy
would live must share it. Happiness was
born a twin." Cae Athletic Committee,
Council '25, Sub Hockey Team '23,
Hockey Team '24, Baseball '22, '23, '24,
Swimming '22, '23, '24, Capt. of Swim-
ming '25.



MARY GITTINS, De Pere, Wisconsin.
—1925's Mischief. "She walks the
waters like a thing of life and dares the
elements of strife." Kava Cheer Leader,
Glee Club '24, '25, Dramatic Club '25,
Hockey Team '25.



LOUISE HALL, Lowell, Mass.—1925's Genius. "A most unspotted lily shall she pass to the ground, and all the world shall mourn her." Kava Club, Baseball Team '25, Swimming '25.



NETTIE IVES, Hartford, Conn.—1925's Presence of Mind. "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep." Sec. and Treas. of Kava Club, Council '24, Prom Committee '24, Glee Club '24, '25, Dramatic Club '25, Treas. of Splinters '25, Sub Baseball Team '24.



LOIS KROLL, Pekin, Illinois.—1925's Reserve. "When looks were fond and words were few." Cae Executive Committee, Council '24, Prom Committee '23, Splinters Board '24, '25.



RUTH LENFESTEY, De Pere, Wisconsin.—1925's Delight. "Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit." President of Cae Club. Cae Athletic Committee '24, Council '24, '25, Dramatic Club '25, Hockey Team '23, Capt. of Hockey Team '24, Basketball Team '24, '25, Capt. of Baseball Team '24, Baseball Team '25, Swimming Team '24, '25, Tennis Team '24, '25, School Baseball Team '24, '25, R. H. '24 Athletic Medal '24.

VIRGINIA LOEWE, Muskegon, Michigan—1925's fastidiousness. "So wise, so young, they say do never live long." Cae Club Song Leader, Council '24, '25, President of Council '25, Dramatic Club '25, Banjo Club, '24, Splinters Board '25, Glee Club '24, '25, Vice-president of Senior Class, Sub Hockey Team '24, Tennis Team '24.



LOUISE LOWELL, Calais, Maine—1925's Jollity. "A very riband in the cap of youth." Cae Club, Glee Club '25, Dramatic Club '25, Splinters Board '25.



GRACE MacDOUGALL, Brooklyn, New York—1925's energy. "As she thinks in her heart, so is she." Secretary and Treasurer of Cae Club '25, Council '24, Glee Club '23 '24, '25, Banjo Club '23, Manager of Banjo Club '24, Dramatic Club '25, Splinters Board '25, Hockey Team '23, '24, '25, Basketball Team '23, '24, '25, Baseball Team '22, '23, '24, Captain '25, Swimming Team '24, '25, Tennis Team '23, '25, Captain '24, Honorable Mention for Athletics '23, '24, R. H. '25.



MARJORIE NORRIS New Britain, Conn.—1925's Sentimentalist. "With all its beauteous honors on its head." Kava Club, Council '24, '25, Secretary and Treasurer of Council '24, Splinters Board '24, Editor-in-Chief of Splinters '25, Glee Club, '24, '25, Dramatic Club, '25.



EDWINA PRATT, Massillon, Ohio.—1925's Intellectual. "She was ever precise in promise keeping." Kava Club, Secretary and Treasurer of Council '24, Glee Club '24, '25, Dramatic Club '25.



MARY RICE, Watertown, New York.—1925's Titterer. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." Cae Club Athletic Committee '25, Prom Committee '25, Glee Club '24, '25, Hockey Team '23, Sub Basketball Team '24, Sub Swimming Team '24.



ALICE SAFFORD, Lowell, Massachusetts—1925's Ability. "No path of flowers leads to glory." Cava Club Athletic Committee '25, Council '24, '25, Baseball Team '23, '24, '25, Hockey Team '24, Captain '25, Tennis Team '24, School Baseball Team '24, '25, Sub Tennis Team '25.



MARY SPONABLE, Syracuse, New York. 1925's Poise. "Her very frowns are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are." Cae Club, Executive Committee, President of Council '24 '25, Prom Committee '25, Dramatic Club '25, Glee Club '25, Splinters Board '23, '24.



KATHERINE THAYER, Hinsdale, Illinois—1925's Mystery. "Persuasive speech and more persuasive sighs, silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes." Kava Club, Prom Committee '25, Glee Club '25, Dramatic Club '25, Hockey Team '23, '24, Sub Basketball Team '25, Baseball Team '25, Swimming Team '25.

WINIFRED ZARING, Jacksonville, Florida—1925's Placidity. "The mirror of all courtesy." Cae Club, Council '24, Prom Committee '25, Sub Basketball Team '24.



ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

April 13th, Eleanor Bell Badger, '14, was married to Mr. William Morrison Stuart in New York City. For the present they will live in Lowell at Eleanor's old home.

June 6th, Sonja Borg, '20, was married to Mr. Frank Shephard Hunt at her home in East Chelmsford, Mass. After September first they will be at home at 99 Orchard Rd., Swampscott, Mass.

May 23rd, Ellen Burke was married to Mr. Serge Daniloff at her home in Lowell. Ruth Burke was maid of honor and among the bridesmaids were Katherine White Morse and Virginia Jennison Hayden.

May 28th, Sarah Meigs was married to Mr. Robert Hutchison Collier in St. Anne's Church in Lowell. Elizabeth Meigs was maid of honor and among the bridesmaids were Dorothy Wadleigh, '21, and Peggy Stover Hockmeyer. After an automobile trip in Canada the Colliers will be at home in Dubuque, Iowa.

April 25th, Lois Niles, '20, was married to Mr. Harold Gregory Doyle at her home in Utica, N. Y.

May 1st, Dorothy Penney was married to Mr. James Russell Hudson at her home in Mechanic Falls, Me.

May 28th, Elizabeth Whittier, '19, was married to Mr. Arthur Vaughan Lewis in Grace Episcopal Church in Nutley, N. J. Eleanor Whittier, '22, was maid of honor and Edith and Sylvia Holmes, daughters of Edith Whittier Holmes, '14, were flower girls.

April 29th, Madeleine White Kennard was married to Mr. Stuyvesant Fish Morris, 3d, at her home in Winchester, Mass. After June first they will receive their friends at Babylon, L. I.

In May, Helen Shepard, '24, announced her engagement to Everett Gordon Bentley, Princeton, '25.

April 22nd, Demetria Fleishel, '23, announced her engagement to William Henderson Warren of Tampa, Fla. Mr. Warren

is a graduate of Vanderbilt University and is a member of the S. A. E. fraternity.

April 21st, Elizabeth Gleason, '18, announced her engagement to Frank Richard Hill, Dartmouth, '21, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ford Hill of Milton, Mass. Elizabeth plans to be married in September.

May 19th, a son, Alfred Akeroyd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hall Walker (Betty Akeroyd, '19).

May 2nd, a son, Luther Judd, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lester J. Parker (Marion Billings) in New Britain, Ct.

March 7th, a son, Edward H., Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bowen (Isabel Carpenter, '19) in Fall River, Mass.

January 16th, a son, Chandler Brewer, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chandler B. Gardiner (Polly Goodnow, '19) at their home, 33 Meadow Road, Woonsocket, R. I.

May 11th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Ingram (Aida Hulbert, '14) at their home in Snoqualmie Falls, Wash.

May 7th, a daughter, Martha, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Emerson (Hester Lambert, '21) at their home in Chelmsford, Mass.

May 14th, a twin son and daughter, Robinson and Prudence, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Garrett D. Speirs (Prudence Robinson, '10) in Bangor, Me.

May 7th, a son, Albert Wheeler, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Moore (Carlotta Heath, '11) in Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

May 25th, a son, Charles Warner, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roger K. Eastman (Mary Holden, '14) in Lowell, Mass.

May 26th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Rincliff (Eulalia Peterson, '23).

For Field Day, 1925, sixty-three alumnae returned bringing with them twenty-three children and it was interesting to have so many classes represented from the earliest years of school down to 1924. We are very proud of our alumnae children for they are a sturdy, handsome group and the photographer caught

some very amusing scenes between them with his movie camera. These girls returned for at least some part of the day: Julia Stevens, '97; Alice Pickering Morse and Sammy, Dorothy Underhill, '98; Helen Hill, '99; Louie Ellingwood Swan, '00; Clara Francis Hobson and Bertha Swanton Bradford, '03; Juliette Huntress Dowse, '04; Harriet and Isabel Nesmith, '05; Sarah Hobson and Helen Nesmith, '10; Bonney Lilley Dunbar, '11; Susan McEvoy Wood, '12; Betty Eastman and Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, with Clive Jr., Vincent and Langdon; Eleanor Bell Stuart, Mary Holden Eastman with Kimball, and Laura Pearson Pratt, '14, with Hildreth, Betty, Amasa 2nd and Lalla Joan; Ruth Greene MacDonald, '15, with Morgan, Jr.; Katherine Jennison Dunton with Jane and Sewall, Jr.; Dorothy Johnson Adams and Katherine Nesmith, '16; Louise Grover Pihl, '18; Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, '19; Sonja Borg, Lorna Bugbee Symmes, Faith Harrington and Helen Smith McCormick, '20; Elizabeth Clifford and Dorothy Wadleigh, '21; Ellen Cloutman Jennings and Virginia Gittins, '22; Ruth Clarkson, Dorothy Knox Michelini, Betty and Eleanor Stearns, '23; Dorothy LeButt, Helen Shannon, Gertrude Trefethen and Ardis Williams, '24; Estelle Irish Pillsbury, Mabel Hall, Eva French Jenkinson, Marion Coburn Sawyer with Polly, Alice Coburn Nottage with Marion, Eugenia Meigs Clark with Jeanne, Thomas Talbot Jr. and Hayden, Eleanor Cushing Corner, Polly Pew, Carol Heath Mowry with Faith, Sarah Hunter Marlin, Ellen Burke, Katherine White Morse, Sarah Meigs, Dorothy Bramhall Waterhouse with Joan, Bessie Baldwin Thompson with Perry, Louise Grover de Mesquita, Martha Sheppard White, Marjorie Quirin, Mildred Horton, Charlotte Jealous, Dorothy Stanton Richards, Charlene Dean.

ETHEL MERRIAM VAN HORN

In Memoriam, April 6, 1925.

A devoted daughter, wife and mother—a loving and loyal friend—ambitious, capable and with all so kindly—all these she was and more. She left a host of friends in whose memory she will ever live.

HER ROOMMATE.

Helen Barnard, '21, writes, "I attended business college and found the work very interesting and intended to take a position but after my sister died, mother wanted me to stay at home with her so that I had to change my plans. But as I was graduated I can return at any time to school for a few weeks and get the necessary practice. I have charge of our home and find my memories of Norcross training very helpful when I am ordering and planning meals. . . Elizabeth Hayes Mortimer, '20, was here for Lois Niles' wedding and visited me for a few days and together with Frances Dixon Maynard we had a little reunion of our own. This summer we shall be at Fourth Lake in the Adirondacks as usual where I am anticipating the swimming."

Etta Boynton Carlton was one of the many old girls to express her interest in the Rogers Hall Anthology of Verse. "I was so pleased to receive the Anthology for it brought back so many very pleasant memories. I never tire of telling my three girls of Rogers Hall and the wonderful times we all had together. Betty is twelve years old today, Judy is eight and Susan very nearly seven; all candidates for Rogers of course and all going to Smith. I shall be in Boston for the National Conference of the Junior League of America. I have enjoyed the work in the League so much. My pet hobby in it is a salvage shop which we conduct in Springfield, helping to support a free bed in the Wesson Maternity Hospital. I shall see Margaret Delano Varney for a day before the meetings begin and it will be such fun to talk over the third floor of the Hall again! Very shortly we expect to start the Rogers Hall Club of Springfield and Western Massachusetts."

Constance Cleaveland is keeping house for her mother in Ionia, Michigan. "I have even arrived at the stage of progress where I have no qualms about arguing with a butcher about the good or bad virtues of a piece of beefsteak. I am planning to spend the summer in England with my sister who married an Englishman."

Isabelle Dahlberg, '23, was taken into Alpha society at Smith just before Easter for her music, a distinction she may well be proud to attain during her sophomore year.

Helen Faber writes, "I have applied recently for a position as librarian in New York City so that my life of leisure ends in September when I shall become a full-fledged working girl!"

Demetria Fleishel, '23, announced her engagement in a novel manner. She was the maid of honor at her cousin's wedding and when the latter threw her bridal bouquet out fluttered many little cards with the names of the engaged couple. "I am planning to be married in November following a summer in Europe. I am to be in Evelyn Leary's wedding party on June twentieth and then sail for Naples ten days later with a party of friends from home. . . . Cotty Smith and I meet frequently at parties and sometimes Alva Tupper joins us. She has the sweetest six-months-old boy now. Recently Alva was a delegate from Jacksonville to the National Junior League Convention in Boston."

Eleanor Goodrich, '17, and Mary have been living with their father in Stamford, Ct., but write that their present plans are very indefinite as they must give up their tenancy of Rock-Acre. "Care of Rev. C. W. Goodrich, care of the Federal Council of Churches, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City," will at least always bring mail to us. During the autumn I met Miss Linthicum several times at theatres when some French plays were being given."

Margaret Hussey, '19, late in May went to the Girl Scouts' Camp as part of her duties as director.

Katherine Jennison Dunston, '16, has been elected president of the Women's Club of Shawsheen Village, Mass., for the coming club season.

Louise Jennison, '16, for the past year has been secretary at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. She and her mother have an apartment in Cambridge near Victoria Jennison Baker and her family.

Bertha Holden Olney, '97, is president of the Lowell Y. W. C. A. and to her capable leadership is due much of the credit for the recent successful Home Lands Exhibition. This was a movement undertaken by the International Institute to foster interest in the respective home lands of our foreign-born population.

Booths were erected suggestive of native cottage interiors and therein were placed example of fine needlework, quaint jewelry, hand carved treasures, etc., while each evening some of the native groups pictured out in dance and song their ancient national welcome of spring and the passing of winter.

Dorothy Kessinger Jessup, '13, writes that her husband has been greatly benefited by his stay in New Mexico. "The first of June we expect to move to Los Angeles and it will be wonderful to be all together again, for the children are growing fast. Bruce is five and Barbara is nearly seven. Both are in school. Kate is living in Los Angeles so that we are anticipating being near each other."

Katherine Kessinger Beach, '10, proves her loyalty to her adopted state of California most convincingly. "A siege in Walter Reed Hospital was indirectly the means of bringing us out here and I for one should willingly spend even a longer time in a hospital to attain such a desirable end! For two years we have been living in Los Angeles but recently bought a lot in Pasadena on which we hope to build as soon as possible. We acquired our lot by a most unorthodox method for we had driven over to call upon some army friends but were so fascinated by this particular spot that within a few days we were the proud possessors of this case of love at first sight! . . . Helen Swenson Huntley and her husband dined with us recently for they live near and we meet frequently. This fall she gave a lovely tea for me at the Los Angeles Country Club so that I might meet her friends. Margaret McJimsey Kiplinger since the war has lived in Laramie, Wyoming, where she and her husband are most enthusiastic westerners. When I was home in Vincennes last fall I saw Mary Jeannette McJimsey Grimsley, '17. She has two darling youngsters, Margaret, and a brand new Mary Jeannette.

Though to the present girls at Rogers Hall a graduate of 1910 seems to belong in a museum, we girls of that vintage still retain our faculties and have great reminiscing parties when we meet! After reading the Alumnæ Notes I feel as if many interlopers

have crept in since my day but that's merely the usual difference in a point of view!"

Kathryn Kenney Goettel in spite of an active social life still finds time for creative work. "I have been rather busy with my writing, doing feature stories for the paper amongst other things. I enjoyed the Anthology immensely though my own poems actually threw me into a shiver, they sounded just like—well, a pet abomination of mine! I am enclosing one or two more recent efforts." (The Editor regrets that she cannot share them in full with the rest of you.)

Mary Lucas has been appointed to a splendid position in Providence, R. I., as Supervisor of Young People's Reading. "I take up my new duties in May so that I shall be nearer my friends and hope to see something of them. I have never really liked Atlanta. What I have seen of the old South, I love, but the new is very disappointing. Not long ago I had one of the most enjoyable trips I have ever had. I went over to Charleston to see the Magnolia Gardens. They are beautiful beyond description, not for the magnolias but for the azalea. Just miles of a great riot of color with here and there a lake or a stream made a deep amber hue by the cypress trees. Charleston itself is a quaint old-time city and its old houses are perfectly charming. We spent a whole day just roaming around the city. I have had likewise two lovely trips to Florida so that my time in the South has been well spent."

Margaret Luther, '22, is home again in Mechanicsville, N. Y., after three months of travelling through the west. "From so many memories of beauty spots it is hard to touch upon only the high lights! The Rocky Mountains are beautiful and I could never look at them enough. We took several drives in Colorado, visiting the Garden of the Gods and Cave of the Winds. What a wonderful country ours is. California too was enjoyable and while there we went over the border to Old Mexico, thence on to the Grand Canyon which is beyond any descriptive powers of mine. Father and I took the day trip down Bright Angel Trail to the Colorado River five thousand feet below. It all seems like a

dream to me, the going through the South, stopping in the quaint city of New Orleans, on to Florida and then Havana for a few days before we turned homewards."

Asenath Mitchell, '22, was elected a member of the Italian Club in Smith College this spring.

Aline Phelan, '23, reports a call recently from Aileen Lawrence on the latter's day off from hospital training. "Aileen is still most enthusiastic about her work and she makes me eager for the time when my own training will begin."

Elizabeth Phillips will finish her course of work at Johns Hopkins this year, following her work at Wheaton.

Prudence Robinson Spiers, '10, writes, "I wish I could come back for Reunion but with my twins, how proudly I write the term! and my small son Garrett, Jr., not yet two years old, it looks as if I should have my hands full right here at home. However, Dorothy Doster Cole, '10, and I hope that we may come some time. She has three fine, sturdy boys."

Dorothy Sebastian, '21, is sailing for Europe July first. "We shall be gone for three months, my sister will be with me, and as Helen McCullough, '20, is going in the same party, we expect to have a wonderful trip. I am looking forward to seeing Helen Obenans Lawrence, '20, and her baby son before I sail from New York."

Elizabeth Johnston Kingsley, '17, and her family have come back East and are living in Bethlehem, Pa., in an apartment next door to Frances Taylor, '21.

Louise Taylor Gerdine produced on April 16th her fourth play, "Uncle Sam's Workshop." The following is quoted from the Pasadena Evening Post: "Pasadena clubwomen are justly proud of the program presented this afternoon at the Lobero theatre in Santa Barbara, the event being one of the regular sessions of the twenty-fourth annual convention of the Los Angeles District Federation of California Women's Clubs. For it included the presentation of the prize American citizenship play, 'Uncle Sam's Workshop.' This play, which won the prize offered by the district federation was written by Mrs. Louise Taylor Gerdine,

who is one of the delegates from the Woman's Civic League of Pasadena to the convention. The play deals with the dominating thought of the convention, 'Education for Peace and Protection for the Home.' There are fifteen characters in the play, which is cast and directed through the courtesy of the Santa Barbara Woman's Club." It is interesting also to hear that film producers are seeking the rights for a screen version from Louise.

Isabel Watrous Couper, '18, writes, "Like everyone else I skip to the alumnæ notes when 'Splinters' comes to see what my friends are doing and always find much to interest me and more leisurely I enjoy the school items and the main department. The magazine continues to be a real credit to Rogers Hall and always I am glad to see it come. I should just love to hunt around for talent for a short story again, or to urge some of the girls to write up a recent recital or lecture, but perhaps the most exciting of all was when the proof came—that always assured me that we really were making a veritable magazine. We are very happy here in Binghampton and have many good times. My husband was admitted as an equal partner in the insurance firm with which he has been for five years. We love our little home, so much more satisfactory than a rented apartment. Dick was two years old in December and is very vigorous and healthy. He plays out-of-doors from eight-thirty in the morning until late in the afternoon except for meal and nap times, and has never had a real illness for which we are most thankful. We shall spend the summer in Mattapoisett with my mother and grandmother."

The girls of 1914 and her other friends extend deepest sympathy to Kathrine Kidder, '14, whose father died very suddenly during the spring.

Mrs. Walter McGay (Katharine Whitten) writes that her husband is steadily regaining his strength at Rutland and hopes to rejoin his family by fall. Mrs. McGay expects to teach in the Wakefield schools again this coming school year.

Sarah Hunter Marlin sends a new address at 22 Atlantic Ave., Beverly, Mass.

Cards are out for the marriage of Frances Dregge to Mr. Clifford Clarence Thornquist on June 17th at Park Congregational Church, Grand Rapids, Mich. After September 1st they will be at home at 555 Rosewood Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids.

June 20th, Evelyn Leary, '23, will be married to Mr. Frank Merritt Preston in Haverhill, Mass.

May 25th, a son, Mancourt, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Downing (Mary Jane Mancourt) in Denver, Col.

The new address of Mary Gray Wood, '24, is 328 West 86th St., Apartment 6A, New York City.

June 16th, Helen Pope expects to sail for a summer's travel in Europe.

Frances Fenton Kelley and her husband are building a new home for themselves in Winnetka so that she is too busy to return for reunion. After October 1st her new address will be 1040 Dinsmore Rd., Winnetka, Ill.

Betty Bennett writes "If only I had a private airplane you may be sure I should be at Rogers for reunion but as it is I shall not arrive in Boston until the third. If any of my own 'generation' are to be in Boston right after Commencement tell them to look me up at 5 Adams Hall, Trinity Court, the apartment of Miss M. Louise Stockwell. I shall spend most of June with Eleanor Paul, '94, at Sherborn as the doctors say I must have a real rest. During July and August I am to be secretary at Camp Winona, Denmark, Me., one of the Cobb Camps where I have been for so many seasons."

Rogers Hall Alumnæ hope soon to claim one of their number as the first Congresswoman from Massachusetts for Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, has consented to stand for the vacancy in the Fifth Congressional District caused by the death of her husband. The election has been set for June 30th. Edith is deservedly popular in her own right because of the splendid service she has given to the cause of the disabled ex-soldiers and she will also have the support of the host of friends made by her husband in his constituency. We all wish her the best of success in this sacrifice she is making to continue the work of her husband.

THE ALUMNAE REUNION.

Reunion began with the return of one or two early birds on Friday or Saturday but the majority of the Alumnæ waited until Sunday or early Monday. By the hour of the Senior stunts in the afternoon a number had gathered to listen to the reading of the will of the class of 1925 and of a "Who's Who in 1935." Later at supper we talked it all over in between more personal gossip and decided how much more clever were our own respective class affairs!

But our visiting came to a focus as it were at the Alumnæ Luncheon on Monday which was held at the Vesper Country Club. About forty members were seated at the T-shaped table in the attractive dining room with Miss Parsons and Miss McMillan as guests of honor. Leslie Hylan, '14, presided at the Luncheon and at the business meeting following in the unavoidable absence of Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, the president. We all felt that the officers deserved a vote of thanks for the efficient way in which they transported us to the club, for the very delicious luncheon and for finding such a beautiful spot for our meeting. We should have stayed longer but the awarding of the R. H's. called us back to school.

At the business meeting, the eighth biennial of the Association, reports of the officers showed that we are in a healthy condition both as to membership and finances. The establishment of the various sectional branches has stimulated interest in the school and afforded us opportunity for more social contacts with each other. Mary Frances Ogden, '18, as chairman of the nominating committee, presented the following slate of officers and they were elected unanimously:

President—Anne Keith Uhlenhaut, '18.

Vice-president—F. Leslie Hylan, '14.

Secretary—Louise Grover Pihl, '18.

Treasurer—Sarah Hobson, '10.

Alumnæ Trustee—Julia W. Stevens, '97.

The chief item of new business was a discussion of the ways in which the Alumnæ can help the school practically. Miss

Stevens, our representative on the Board of Trustees, showed the policy of the Board towards the extension of the plant and stated that a new recitation building could not be erected without further gifts from the Alumnæ or friends. The method of raising funds as used by Abbot Academy was presented and after discussion our Association voted in favor of the plan whereby each member would be asked to make an annual contribution, no matter how small, to add to the Building Fund which already amounts to about fifteen thousand dollars. The working out of the details of this scheme was left in the hands of the executive committee. It was felt that even so little a sum as a dollar a year if paid annually would amount to a greater sum than larger amounts in more spasmodic giving and of course we hope in many instances for larger contributions.

With the beautiful pageant in the evening and commencement exercises and luncheon the next day, which are described in detail in the School News section, our reunion came to a happy close and we scattered to our homes in the various sections re-echoing one more formal vote of thanks to Miss Parsons for her generous and delightful hospitality during the three days of our stay.

The following girls were back for reunion: Julia Stevens, '97; Helen Hill, '99; Louie Ellingwood Swan, '00; Sarah Hobson, '10; Susan McEvoy Wood and Elizabeth Talbot Towne, '12; Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer and Lillis Towle Jordon, '13; Leslie Hylan, '14; Mary Frances Ogden and Louise Grover Pihl, '18; Marjorie Adams, Marjorie Coulthurst Smith and Faith Shaw, '19; Faith Harrington, Lorna Bugbee Symmes and Helen Smith McCormick, '20; Elizabeth Clifford, Marie Harris and Elizabeth Mann, '21; Betty Ellis Clapp, Marion Dawson, Virginia Gittins, Meda Hulbert and Margaret Smith, '22; Margaret Lins, Aline Phelan and Eleanor Stearns, '23; Martha Cooper, Evelyn Dimeling, Kathryn Howell, Gladys Kay, Dorothy Le Butt, Beatrice Nichols, Helen Shannon, Gertrude Trefethen, Ardis Williams, '24; Estelle Irish Pillsbury, Hilda Nesmith Thompson, Mabel Hall, Ada Chalifoux Stevens, Gertrude Lowell Savage,

Florence Armstrong, Louise Grover de Mesquita, Martha Sheppard White, Helen Faber, Jeannette Farley, Mildred Horton, Charlotte Jealous, Jeannette Stronach, Irene Eno, Julia Nye, Henrietta Page, '23; Alcey Stevens, Helen Nesmith, '10.

In Memoriam

With much sorrow Splinters records for the second time this year the loss to the school of a highly valued member of the Board of Trustees. On March twenty-eighth, John Jacob Rogers, member of Congress from the Fifth District of Massachusetts, and for more than a decade a Trustee of Rogers Hall, died in Washington. Mr. Rogers' public record is too well known to need recapitulation while the "Rogers Bill" constitutes a lasting and worthy memorial of his effective work in the reorganization of our diplomatic service. The passing from public life of a young man who combines the qualities of spotless integrity, undaunted devotion to duty, and keen intelligence, must always be a national loss and Mr. Rogers whose character embodied these qualities has been widely mourned. At Rogers Hall our memory of him includes not only the able Trustee who gave generously of his time and thought, so far as political duties would allow, to promoting the welfare and progress of the school, but the college student who in years gone by came often to Rogers Hall to enjoy school gaieties. In boyhood, as in manhood, he endeared himself to all by his courtesy and consideration.

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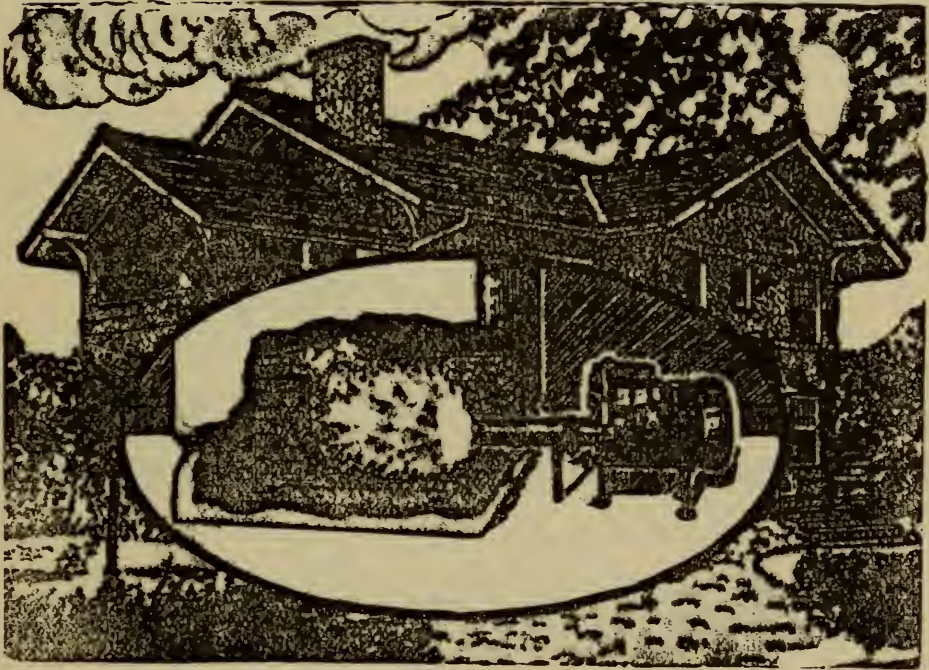
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